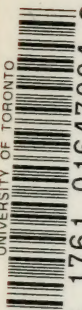
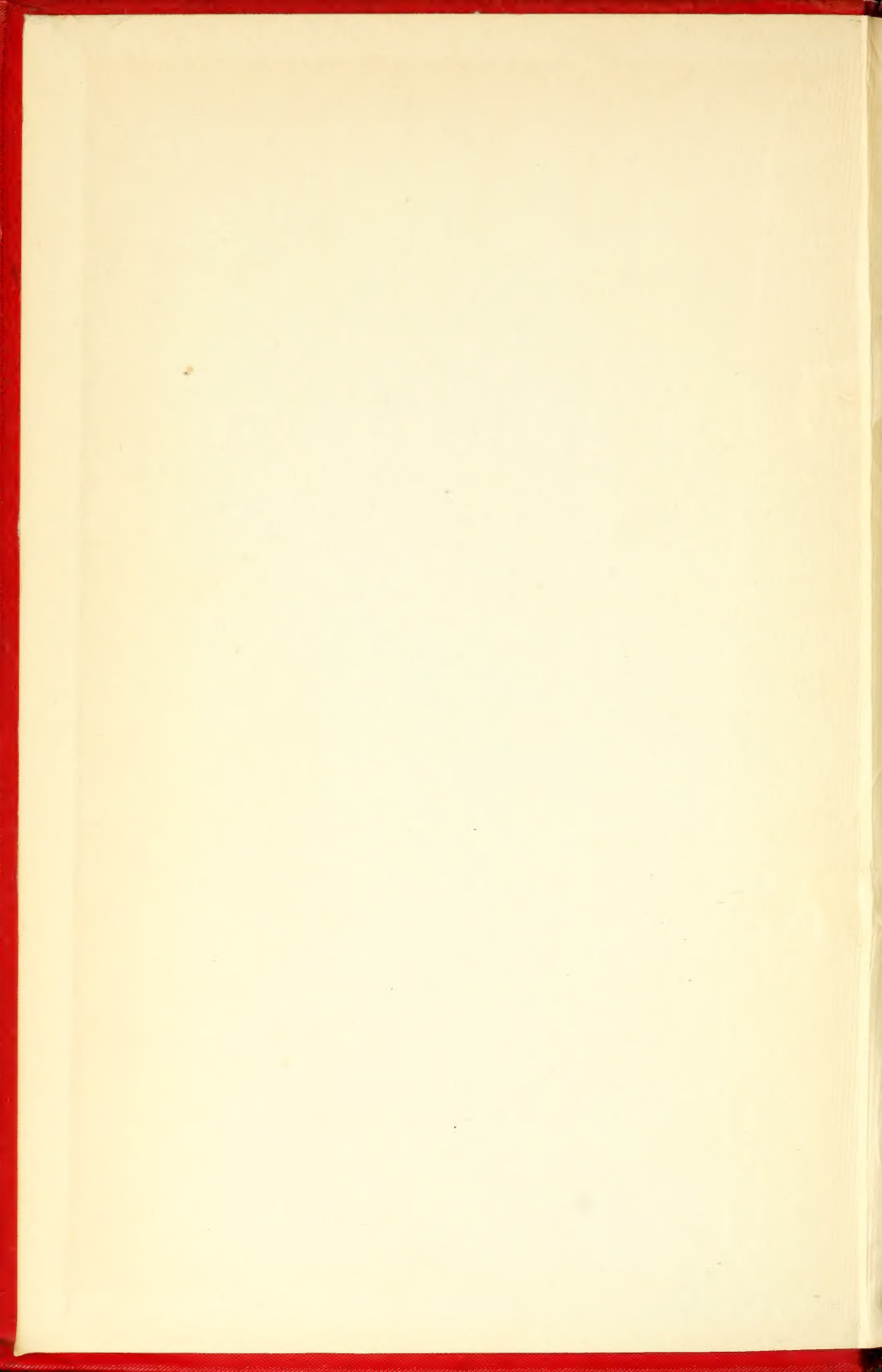


LETTERS AND RECOLLECTIONS
OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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LETTERS AND RECOLLECTIONS

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT



Emily Walker-Paine

M^{rs} Hughes

London: Smith, Elder & Co. 15, Waterloo Place.

LETTERS AND RECOLLECTIONS

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT

BY

MRS. HUGHES (OF UFFINGTON)

On the back of the portrait, which this book owes to the kindness of Mrs. Tom Hughes, is the following inscription:—

"My dear Mary (a faithful servant of the family) wrote
on the 6th of March, 1839:

WRITTEN BY
HORACE G. HUTCHINSON

'Pray accept my very best and warmest thanks
for the charming drawing of Mrs. Hughes, which you
have so kindly sent me. I cannot tell you how much
we are delighted with it, or how vividly it brings
before us the countenance and expression of our
dear old Friend. . . . "

WITH PORTRAITS AND A FACSIMILE

653/12/1
7/7/05

LONDON

SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE

1894

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431
The

LETTERS AND RECOLLECTIONS
OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT

BY
MRS. HUGHES (OF UFFINGTON)

EDITED BY
HORACE G. HUTCHINSON

WITH PORTRAITS AND A FACSIMILE

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LONDON
SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE
1904

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PREFACE

FORTUNATELY alike for myself and for the reader, all necessity for an elaborate introduction to these letters and diaries is taken off my hands by the vivid little memoir of Mrs. Hughes, of Uffington (to whom the letters, and by whom the diaries, were written), which was contributed to the 'Century' magazine when the letters were given to the public for the first time. For the reproduction of this memoir I am indebted to the courteous permission of its writer and of the editor of the 'Century.' To the latter I am further indebted for leave to publish the letters in the present volume. I have also to record my thanks to Mr. David Douglas for allowing me to complete the series of letters, written by Sir Walter Scott to Mrs. Hughes, by the insertion of several which have been previously published in the 'Familiar Letters.'

The diaries, which form the major part of the volume, were written by Mrs. Hughes herself on the occasion of two visits to Abbotsford, in 1824 and 1828 respectively, and have not before been given to the reading world.

A great many of the anecdotes cited by Mrs.

Hughes from Sir Walter Scott's table-talk will be familiar to the reader, but perhaps it will not be any the less interesting on that account to find them here as drawn at first hand from the fountain head.

To Mr. J. B. Atlay I owe especial thanks for invaluable help in suggesting comments and references.

EDITOR.

October 1904.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
PREFACE	v
INTRODUCTION, BY MR. W. H. HUGHES	1
CHAPTER	
I. LETTERS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT TO MRS. HUGHES, UP TO APRIL 1824	12
II. MRS. HUGHES'S DIARY OF THE JOURNEY TO ABBOTSFORD IN 1824	43
III. MRS. HUGHES'S DIARY WHILE ON HER FIRST VISIT TO ABBOTSFORD	59
IV. DIARY OF THE RETURN JOURNEY FROM ABBOTS- FORD TO UFFINGTON	158
V. LETTERS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT TO MRS. HUGHES, UP TO SIR WALTER'S VISIT TO LONDON IN OCTOBER 1826	175
VI. MRS. HUGHES'S NOTES OF SIR WALTER'S CON- VERSATION IN LONDON IN 1826	213
VII. LETTERS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT TO MRS. HUGHES, UP TO THE DATE OF HER SECOND VISIT TO ABBOTSFORD	219

viii LETTERS ETC. OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

	PAGE
VIII. MRS. HUGHES'S DIARY OF THE JOURNEY TO ABBOTSFORD IN 1828	234
IX. MRS. HUGHES'S DIARY WHILE ON HER SECOND VISIT TO ABBOTSFORD	251
X. DIARY OF THE JOURNEY HOME IN 1828	302
XI. LAST LETTERS AND RECOLLECTIONS	312

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PORTRAIT OF MRS. HUGHES	<i>Frontispiece</i>
PORTRAIT OF SIR WALTER SCOTT	<i>to face p. 124</i>
<i>From the portrait by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.</i>	
PORTRAIT OF DR. HUGHES	„ 226
<i>From a portrait by William Owen, R.A.</i>	
FACSIMILE OF A LETTER FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT TO MRS. HUGHES, DATED EDINBURGH DECEMBER 15 [1807]	„ 22

LETTERS AND RECOLLECTIONS
OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT

INTRODUCTORY SKETCH OF MRS. HUGHES

BY HER SURVIVING GRANDSON

W. H. HUGHES

DEAR SIR,—You are about, as I understand, to publish some letters from Sir Walter Scott to my grandmother Hughes, and wish me to tell you something about her and the friendship between the ‘Wizard of the North,’ as he was called in those days by his English admirers, and herself and family.

First as to my grandmother. Her maiden name was Mary Ann Watts. She was born about 1770 at Uffington, a little village two miles north of King Alfred’s White Horse Hill, in the ‘royal county of Berks,’ the only child of the last of a line of clergymen who had, for several generations, succeeded one another in the cure of souls at that little place.

One of these parsons, whose ministry fell in the time of George II., must have been well known as a preacher in his day, for he was appointed one of the

chaplains whose duty it was, from time to time, to preach in the Chapel Royal. He was not, however, called upon for a second sermon in that capacity ; for (the King attending the service in doubtful company) he took the seventh commandment as the subject of his first discourse, and as his text, 'Thou art the man.'¹

With such forbears, it is perhaps natural that Mary Anne Watts was markedly independent and fearless ; also that, not being able to hold the family living in her own right, she should manage to attain to it through the Rev. Thomas Hughes, D.D., whom she married when she was still quite young, and he verging on middle age. She had no difficulty, it may be supposed, in inducing the clergyman who had now become vicar of her paternal parish to exchange that living for the much more valuable one which her husband held, in virtue of his canonry in St. Paul's Cathedral, the reward for his earnest endeavours to bring up the younger sons of George III. as Christian gentlemen. And so a great part of every year was spent at the Uffington parsonage by the Canon and his wife, she continuing the benevolent despotism begun by her there in the days of her father. There also their only son John was born, grew up, settled, and brought up part of his family ; continuing to live there till the death of the Canon, and quite unconsciously affording to his second son, Thomas, the model of the Squire in 'Tom Brown's School Days.'

My sister, Jane Elizabeth, afterward Mrs. Nassau John Senior, was the only granddaughter, and inherited not only the lovely voice of the subject of this memoir, but a persistence which enabled her, under our dear

¹ This outspoken Mr. Watts was Master of the Temple : v. T. Hughes's *Memoirs of a Brother*, p. 99.—Ed.

friend Manuel Garcia, to submit to two years' severe training, and thereby become a finished artist. The grandmother brought tears to the eyes of Sir Walter Scott and her other friends by her rendering of the old English and Scotch ballads; the granddaughter not only did this for an equally distinguished private circle, but was sought by Jenny Lind to sing 'classical music' with her in public. The same inherited persistence, brought to bear on the Liberal Government of her day, led to her appointment as inspector of, and her reports on, workhouse schools, and to her suggestions as to boarding out, which are well known, on both sides of the Atlantic and elsewhere, to those interested in the care and education of poor children.

Six of us were born at Uffington, in a house near the vicarage occupied by my father. We all had the utmost respect for our grandmother, in return for her numberless gifts to us and her untiring interest in our welfare, but not so much love as might have been hers had she not been so determined to run us (in common with the rest of the parishioners) without regard to our wishes and tastes.

For instance, she took from my brother Tom when he was a small boy, without his consent, a guinea given him by one of her friends, and therewith bought for him 'a duodecimo copy of Milton's poetry, in ruddy binding and gilt-edged,' and on its first page wrote 'Thomas Hughes, from ——,' declaring that he would 'value the book when' he 'grew up' as a memorial, 'whereas, had' he 'kept the money,' he would 'only have wasted it on marbles and tops and toffee'! Perhaps; but, referring to this experience, he writes, in a little book of 'Early Memories' for his children: 'I owe to my grandmother a dislike to

Milton's poetry, which I doubt if I have ever quite got over.'

I may mention in passing that on my own life this unfortunate masterfulness had a greater influence than merely causing 'a dislike to Milton's poetry.' My three elder brothers had been destined to the learned professions in my grandmother's mind, and went accordingly to Oxford; my fourth had been destined to one of the two higher branches of the army, which (the artillery) he entered in due time. When I came into the world she decided that I ought to be brought up to the navy, and got her friend Sir Thomas Hastings, admiral of the port at Portsmouth, to be, with my uncle William, one of my godfathers. I was called after my uncle till I was seven years old or so, and liked the name very much. Then the dear old lady, in order to remind her friend the admiral of his coming duties toward his godson, insisted on it that I should thenceforward be called Hastings. I got to know the reason of this; and, though I was not allowed to protest against the change of name, I made up my mind at once that nothing earthly should induce me to take to the sea as a profession, a decision which those concerned had to put up with as best they might; and so Sir Thomas, when he found that he had not to be sponsor for me as a midshipman, gave me, after the 'Royal George' had been blown up, a genuine chunk of that ill-fated vessel, which was made into snuff-boxes and paper-cutters, with a description on inlaid silver, and given away, in my name, to various relatives and friends.

A more auspicious godfatherhood was that of Sir Walter Scott for my soldier brother, who was born in December 1826. This, however, I believe to have

been only indirectly due to my grandmother, for Sir Walter had already, in 1823, in his famous preface to 'Quentin Durward,' shown his friendship for my father by a deadhead advertisement of his 'Itinerary of Provence and the Rhone.' I have found also two letters of his to my father, the first of which, dated '18 May, 1825,' and addressed to 'John Hughes Esqre, Amen Corner, St. Paul's,' refers to a visit to Abbotsford of a few days which my father and mother were apparently contemplating for later in the year. After mentioning his own plans up to August 1, Sir Walter continues :

'Should you think of visiting the highlands, July and the beginning of August is the best time ; as after the 12 Augt the inns are crowded with sportsmen and the weather frequently broken. So should you make such a tour you might calculate to take Abbotsford on your return Southward, and will I hope make us a comfortable visit measuring it by weeks rather than days. My son Charles will then probably be at home and will be happy to assist me in showing due sense of your great kindness to him.

'I beg to offer my respects to Mrs. Hughes. Lady Scott and I look forward with pleasure to the prospect of making her acquaintance.'

Referring to his correspondence with my grandmother, Sir Walter continues :

'I had a letter from your kind mother two days [ago]. She finds the Welch blood much stir'd by the degradation of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne into the Duke of Northumberland's page—he is a folio page to be sure. But something like precedent might be quoted in [the] assuming manner in which Hotspur

conducts himself towards Glendower. I must remind Mrs. Hughes of this.'

Perhaps I ought to explain, as to the stirring of the 'Welch' blood on this occasion, that we Welshmen regard the Sir Watkin Williams Wynne of the day as the real Prince of Wales; so much so that, if our boys go to Westminster, we see no objection to their taking kindly the guinea which he gives every year, on St. David's day, to the boys of Welsh blood among the forty scholars of that public school which has always been so intimately connected with 'the Principality.'

The other letter is dated Edinburgh, December 9, 1829. It is so characteristic of its writer, and contains such references to the improvements of that day in printing and locomotion, as to make it, perhaps, worth giving at length:

John Hughes, Esqr.

'MY DEAR SIR,—Your Christmas Gift safely arrived one day that I happened to be at Abbotsford, so was inducted in safety into its honorable place in my grand standing cupboard, among

“ mugs and jugs and pitchers
and Bellarmines of State ”

as your old college song goes. We have agreed that it shall not get acquainted with mountain dew till the common festival of the Xtian church shall render the opportunity solemn. I think you will find in the notes to Marmion some lines of a hundred years old, addressed to my great-grandfather by his kinsman Walter of Harden, beginning

“ With flaxen beard and amber hair.”

‘The tone of them, though not remarkably poetical, has something in it so amical and cordial that I believe it is owing to these lines that I have always thought anything good should be kept for Christmas day, and endeavoured to draw a cheerful party round the blazing log to sing carols and tell tales. I wish we had Hassein’s tapestry to bring your kind mother and the excellent doctor, and we stretch and draw (for who can tug like a souter of Selkirk) till we made room for you, and you might take Mrs. Hughes and Baby Watt upon your knee. Upon my word, when steam carriages go at the rate of 30 miles per hour nothing can be feared—except an overturn! Betwixt London and Edinburgh will be [nothing] and we will go to John à Groat’s house with less premeditation than our ancestors went [to] Eelpie island. Then will aldermen eat turbot fresh as taken, a dainty they never dreamed off [*sic*], and have slices of highland venison Abyssinian fashion off the living buck.

‘Leaving these applications of modern discoveries to the operation of time, let me thank you for the drawing of Wayland Smith’s cromlech which will do me yeoman’s service. There was a mechanical objection to employing the engraving, with the stereotype, but I have done away with that objection. Pray did not one Lambourne¹ of those parts commit a very cruel murder some time since and would there be any harm in putting it into the notes of Kenilworth? If so perhaps you would give me the date. In our country I should hesitate about this, for fear of getting a dirk

¹ See note A to *Kenilworth*: ‘The name of Lambourne is still known in the vicinity, and it is said some of the clan partake the habits, as well as name, of the Michael Lambourne of the romance. A man of this name lately murdered his wife, outdoing Michael in this respect, who was only concerned in the murder of another man’s!’—Ed.

in my wame for tacking awa' the guid name of an honest family, but you are not I think so touchy in Berkshire.

'I beg you will make my best respects acceptable to Mrs. Hughes and the infant Don Gualtero and believe me

Your truly obliged

WALTER SCOTT.¹

'Baby Watt' and 'Don Gualtero' are, of course, my brother Walter Scott. I do not know in which of the editions of 'Kenilworth' my father's drawing of Wayland Smith's cromlech appears. The legend of Wayland Smith's 'cave,' as we used to call it, was given to Sir Walter by my grandmother, to whom, you will perhaps say, it is high time to return.

The country-parish part of her year, of which I have spoken, must have contrasted strangely with that spent as wife of a pillar of the Church, whose brother canons were Sydney Smith and Barham (the author of the 'Ingoldsby Legends'), at Amen Corner, under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral. Here, during the canonical part of the year, with such a good foundation as her husband and his colleagues, she came as near holding a 'salon' as was possible in the smoky surroundings of St. Paul's Churchyard in the early part of the last century. She sang, as I have said, very charmingly, told stories in such a way as to have them worked into his novels by Scott and into his 'Legends' by Barham, and drew about her many other men

¹ Both of these letters show signs of the high pressure under which Sir Walter lived during his later years; for there is scarcely any punctuation, few *i*'s are dotted or *t*'s crossed, and there are four words necessary to sense (which I have ventured to suggest in brackets) omitted.—W. H. H.

distinguished in the world of letters, art, and music, who valued sprightly talk and genial ways. She also rendered herself agreeable to her intimates by the attention which she paid to their creature comforts. This may be read between the lines of the following anecdote, which she used to tell with delight, as showing how, high and low, all loved and almost worshipped the 'Wizard.' Scott was staying in London at the time, somewhere in the West End. One evening he admired some fish at her table, which she had, as was usual with her, bought at a famous stall in Billingsgate Market and carried home herself. The next morning she included in her purchase some of this particular fish, and asked the stall-keeper if he could deliver it at the West End. Taking a very decided 'No' for an answer, she observed regretfully, 'Sir Walter will be much disappointed.' 'Sir Walter, mum! You don't mean Sir Walter Scott?' 'Yes, indeed, I do.' 'Why, mum, I'd send it to him free of charge if he was in Hedinboro'!'¹

Also, between the lines of this fish story may be read the strict economy and hatred of unnecessary expense which, with all her lavish giving, became, as it seemed to her friends, almost a craze later in life. Only the other day I came across the envelope to one of her letters to me (written soon after the invention of that useful article), which had been carefully turned by her and redirected, after having made its first journey as cover to a letter from one of her London correspondents. Dear lady! how must her true-blue-Tory soul be vexed if she is aware of her only surviving grandson having turned out a Radical, and 'citizenized'

¹ Surely the same story as that given at first hand by Mrs. Hughes in the last page of this volume.—Ed.

in a country in which extravagance and waste are the rule, from the palace on Fifth Avenue to the cow-boy's shanty in Colorado !

The much-beloved canon, my grandfather, who was the kindest and most genial of men, went to his rest in 1833. The living of Uffington passed into other hands, and two years afterward my father bought and moved to Donnington Priory, in the Vale of the Kennett, a livelier part of the county, to the south of the White Horse range of hills. My grandmother, however, could not persuade herself for many years to leave her beloved country-side, with its broad meadows and stiff clay soil, and the simple peasants who had been cared for by her family for so many scores of years. She moved to Kingston Lisle, a pretty village, nearer the northern foot of the hills than Uffington. Here she lived till she was nearly eighty, taking excellent care of successive Mustards and Peppers of the true Dandie Dinmont breed (the ancestors of whom had been given her by Sir Walter), and exchanging, as her teeth grew scarce, with the little boys of the neighbourhood, marbles for the fresh eggs of small birds, which latter she treated in such a way as to make impossible for her grandchildren the presumptuous impertinence (to judge from the proverb) common among English children.

When I revisited the Vale of the White Horse eight years ago, I found friends still living who remembered her in her Kingston Lisle days. Two of these, whose home was three miles from that place, told how she would walk across to their house to early breakfast, accompanied by Mustard and Pepper, and knitting all the way there and all the way back, and start them on their day's work refreshed by her gay talk and amusing stories.

This reminds me that knitting and netting were a passion with her, and that, for many years, all the worsted socks on the feet of seven active grandsons, and all the fish-nets wherewith we were wont to clear our trout-stream at Donnington of the so-called 'vermin'—dace and chub and roach—were the product of her needles.

During those years at Kingston Lisle she made frequent trips to London, so as not to lose touch of her old friends there; and, shortly before 1850, removed to a small house in Reading, the capital of Berkshire, nearer both to London and to the part of the county where her son and those of his family who were still with their parents were living. Here she died in 1853, carefully and lovingly attended to the last by a faithful old servant who, it was found, had been for years married to a worthy butler of the neighbourhood, on condition that she should retain her maiden name and not leave her mistress so long as she should need her services.

I remain, etc.,

WILLIAM HASTINGS HUGHES.

MILTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

CHAPTER I

LETTERS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT TO MRS. HUGHES,
UP TO APRIL 1824

QUITE accidentally my notice was directed to these letters of Sir Walter's, of which Lockhart does not seem to have suspected the existence, although probably he was aware that at one time a considerable correspondence was maintained between Mrs. Hughes and his father-in-law. That this was so he implies clearly (*vide* 'Life of Scott,' page 524. Any quotation I make from this source comes from the edition published by Black in 1881):

'Among Scott's visitors of the next month, first in Edinburgh, and afterwards on Tweedside, were the late amiable and venerable Dr. Hughes, one of the Canons-residentiary of St. Paul's, and his warm-hearted lady. The latter had been numbered among his friends from an early period of life, and a more zealously affectionate friend he never possessed. On her way to Scotland she had halted at Keswick to visit Mr. Southey, whom also she had long known well, and corresponded with frequently.'

One of the results of this visit was the reuniting of the bonds of friendship between these already distinguished men, which had been interrupted for some

years by one of those miserable and petty misunderstandings that not even the friendships of the greatest souls always escape. Scott's conciliatory letter is quite charming, in his own manner. For the moment I would wish merely to point out that in the sentence 'whom also she had long known well, and corresponded with frequently' the 'also' seems to imply on the writer's part a knowledge of the fairly frequent correspondence steadily maintained over a length of years between her and Sir Walter Scott. Indeed, Lockhart himself, in his preface, includes Mrs. Hughes of Uffington in a list of those to whom he is indebted for 'the kind readiness with which whatever papers in their possession could be serviceable to my advantage were supplied.' But in this recognition 'Mrs. Hughes of Uffington' appears only as one among very many others; and I cannot but think that Lockhart, had he known of the extent of the correspondence and its exceedingly interesting character, would not have left it as he did, wholly untouched.

The dates of the letters which have been committed to my hands to put before the public extend over a great period of years, but there is a big gap. There is a letter or two of 1808 or 1809 or earlier. The great man was careless in the dating of his letters, and often the contents are the only guide to the date if, as happens, the post-marked date is undecipherable.

After 1813 there is no letter in the collection that has been handed to me till 1821, an eight years' interval. And it is noticeable that this first letter of 1821—first of the series that has regularly been preserved—denies in pretty direct terms the authorship of the novels. Now it is hardly to be believed, I think, that there was no correspondence between these two

very close and mutually appreciative friends between 1813 and 1821. There is no reasonable doubt that many letters were exchanged and destroyed—more's the pity. But then, in 1821, I will venture to surmise that it suddenly dawned on Mrs. Hughes that this delightful correspondent and life-long friend of hers was an even greater man than she had suspected him of being. She knew him, of course, as one of the most charming of men, most delightful of companions, most perfect of gentlemen, and most gifted of all whom she had met. There seems to have been a really marvellous consensus of opinion on the part of all who knew him to this effect. She knew him as the acknowledged author of the poems, 'The Lay' and the rest. But only now, perhaps, did it dawn upon her with anything like conviction that he was indeed the 'Great Unknown,' the author of those delightful novels that were making the Anglo-Saxon nations young again; only now did she begin to suspect him of being what we know him to be.

But having realised (in spite of his unblushing denial of the authorship) or having at least possessed herself of a good working faith in his authorship of the novels, and perceiving that her correspondent's letters would be of interest not only to the one to whom they were addressed, but to all the world that was filled with his fame, from that time forward she seems to have begun to keep the letters regularly; and I do not think that we have one missing until the last, written in 1831, when the outlook of his great intellect was already clouded by the darkness that closed in on it so prematurely. By 1826 it is quite certain that the interest of the correspondence had revealed itself, for in that year she began to make copies of the letters, prefacing the collection with a note to her grandson,

to whom she bequeathed the originals, in which occurs the following passage: 'These letters will, I am persuaded, be valuable in future as literary curiosities.' She also annotated them with many notes, throwing light on obscure allusions. Most of these notes I am quoting in their place, at the foot of the letters to which they refer.

Over these ten years, from 1821 to 1831, the letters, between forty and fifty in number, extend; and they are written in the main at fairly regular intervals, so as to cover the period without leaving gaps. By covering the period I mean that no very particular event is likely to have been omitted in consequence of any long lapse between one letter and the next; and it is fortunate that the period which this correspondence thus embraces is perhaps the most interesting period of Sir Walter's life—the period of the zenith of his powers and of his fame; the period of the zenith and also of the nadir of his financial fortunes. Naturally the letters are of very unequal length and interest. A few are no more than mere notes. But the great majority are such letters as Sir Walter was likely to write to a friend who was in full appreciation of the literary and other tastes that appealed to him, with a considerable acquaintance among the most interesting people of the day—the literary, artistic, musical world—and of the sex that can give man the most perfect sympathy and understanding.

Besides Sir Walter's letters to Mrs. Hughes, there is one from him to 'Miss Hayman,' there are one or two from Mrs. Lockhart to Mrs. Hughes, and there is an account, in form of a long letter, by Mr. John Hughes (son of the Canon and Mrs. Hughes) of a visit to Abbotsford and of the life there in 1825. There are

also journals by Mrs. Hughes herself descriptive of life at Abbotsford on the occasion of two different visits, the first in 1824, the second four years later. I do not in the least know how it is that this 'Miss Hayman,' as Scott writes of her, turns into 'Mrs. Hayman' in Lockhart's 'Life,' but it is not of much consequence how it happens.¹ Howbeit, as I find this letter here, so I give it; but first, in order to make things clear and save the reader the trouble of referring elsewhere, I may as well give a very short chronological table of Sir Walter's literary productions up to the year 1821. At the date of this letter to 'Miss Hayman'—November 9, 1806—he was engaged, as I gather, on the third canto of 'Marmion.' Previously to 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel' he had published things comparatively little known: 'Ballads after Bürger,' 'Götz of Berlichingen,' 'Ballads,' 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' 'Sir Tristram,' and so on—a goodly show. But of course all were forgotten, consumed, in the blaze of fame which greeted the publication, in the very first days of 1805, of 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel.' After that he was no longer the lawyer with the law as his crutch and literature as his stick, but the writer with the strongest crutch, most gold-weighted, that any writer has ever had in his writings, at liberty to do a little law for his pleasure, as a way of meeting old friends and moving in the world, if he so pleased.

¹ Probably the 'Mrs.' was a courtesy title given to spinsters of a certain age, as to 'Mrs. Honor' in *Tom Jones*. In an undated letter, obviously about the year 1812 or later, the Princess of Wales, in speaking of a certain German flute-player, writes: 'Upon the other virgin's heart, Miss Hayman, he also had much effect'; and Lady Charlotte Bury (*Diary of the Time of George Fourth*, ii. 276) adds a laudatory note of Miss Hayman, in which her character and her musical proficiency are equally praised.—ED.

But still he did not publish again till 'Marmion' came out in February 1808. Perhaps the interval is not long, considering the character of the work, considering, too, that the writer was still busy with law work of various kinds and had so many outlooks on the world; but it is long in consideration of the rate of production of his novels later. Perhaps, too, his breath was a little taken away by the reception of 'The Lay.' Also he was at work all the while at his Dryden.

In November of 1807 he wrote this letter :

'MY DEAR MISS HAYMAN Whatever you admire will I am sure add greatly to the value of the work in which you are pleased to request a place for it. I am just now finishing my romantic poem of Marmion, a tale of war and wonder with notes like Noah's ark, an ample receptacle for every thing that savours of romantic lore. I will take care to distinguish the poem in all honourable fashion of type and introduction but I must beg the favour that you will forward it as soon as possible, as I am printing rapidly, & must drive a peg somewhere into my own poem to hang your friend's ballad upon.

'You do me but justice in believing that I was quite delighted with Mrs. Hughes; I have achieved a doleful song to an ancient Gaelic air and intend as soon as I can get it arranged to the music to send it as a little tribute of gratitude for the pleasure I received from her melody. I have destined a copy of Marmion for you, and the promised ballad will give it double interest. Shall it be sent to Berkley Street or how? I have also one with some ornaments which I should wish to reach Blackheath some time before the work is public, which may I think be in February. Will you be so

good as to inform me who will be in waiting on the Princess about that time. I should be happy if it happens to be your time of duty. I visited Bothwell Castle this summer and returned in the most dreadful storm that ever was raised by Charlotte Smyth or Mrs. Ratcliffe. We narrowly escaped drowning more than once. I sincerely hope that I may have leisure (which according to the best definitions includes time and money) to visit Wales this next summer; it is a scheme I have long had at heart and the pleasure of your acquaintance.

‘I have just abandoned my own hills and glens for this city to which Mr. Wynn (to whom present my compliments) will be so good as to address the communication which I expect with impatience.

‘ Believe me Dear Miss Hughes

‘ with sincere respect

‘ and regard

‘ Yours WALTER SCOTT.

‘ Castle Street

‘ Edinburgh

‘ 10th Novb.’

Miss ‘Hughes’ here is evidently a slip for ‘Hayman.’ Miss or Mrs. Hayman was the friend who introduced Mrs. Hughes to Sir Walter Scott in the year 1806, as described a little later. She was one of the ladies attached to the establishment of the unhappy Queen Caroline when Princess of Wales. The letter, though not dated as to the year, must have been written in 1807, for ‘Marmion’ was published in 1808.

The poem to which Scott purposes to give honourable distinction is the ballad of the ‘Spirit’s blasted Tree,’ in the fifth canto of ‘Marmion,’ and the ‘doleful ditty’ the ballad sung by Fitz-Eustace in the third

canto ; the notes were afterward sent to Mrs. Hughes by Sir Walter, and are affixed to the letter with which they were sent.

The occasion of his writing thus was that the Princess had already shown much interest in a ballad that he had recited from 'The Mountain Bard' by way of obtaining her patronage for the Ettrick Shepherd. Of course the Princess had begged his recitation of one of his own poems ; and, equally of course, he had preferred to do a good turn to a friend.

It was to Mrs. Hayman (to give the lady her more honourable title) that Mrs. Hughes owed her introduction to the great Mr. Scott—as he then was ; and the account of the introduction is pleasantly given by Mrs. Hughes in a note to her Abbotsford Journal :

'My first introduction to Sir Walter Scott was given me by my friend Mrs. Hayman in the year 1806—when Sir W. S. was in town enjoying his first fame after the publication of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

'Queen Caroline invited him, immediately on his arrival in the Metropolis, to visit her at Blackheath ; by which means he became intimately acquainted with Mrs. Hayman, who was a very superior person both in intellect and information, and singularly agreeable. When not in immediate attendance on the Queen, Mrs. Hayman lodged in Berkeley Square, in order that she might have a little home of her own, and relaxation from her most disagreeable duties. Behind her house there was a mews, which opened into Hay Hill, at the entrance of which mews I always saw a half-starved dog—a facsimile of that in Hogarth's 6th print.—I had such a feeling of compassion for the poor, forlorn,

half-starved creature, that I always carried in my muff a parcel of bones in a newspaper for him, and as I visited Mrs. Hayman generally twice a week, the dog was by my gifts kept alive; his gratitude was extreme; I always found him watching for me, and his expression of delight on seeing me is not to be described; but my friend Mrs. Hayman, whose only fault was a dislike to dogs, always quizzed me unmercifully, and told everybody to whom she introduced me, of my folly and *greasyness* as she called it.

‘On the morning when I went to meet Sir Walter Scott he had arrived and was sitting with her, and immediately on my entrance, she cried out—“Well! have you been pampering your nasty, mangy cur!” and when I answered in the affirmative—she turned to Sir Walter and said—“I don’t know, Mr. Scott, whether you will thank me for the introduction, unless she wins you over by her singing; but I must tell you that this simpleton lives in the cloisters of Westminster and comes here twice or thrice a week, bringing with her a parcel of dirty bones, with which she fills her nice new muff, for a nasty half-starved cur and feeds the creature with them.” He made no reply for a minute or two, but leaned back in his chair gazing hard at me under his shaggy brows, but with the most benevolent smile—then thrusting out his hand, he caught hold of mine with a *grip* which I can only compare to a blacksmith’s vice, exclaiming “You and I *must* be friends!” which, during his remaining life, he verified.

‘In the year 1824, when on a visit to Abbotsford we were walking through the Huntly Burn, he turned short round upon me and said, “Do you know what made me take such a fancy to you?” to which ques-

tion I could only reply that I had not an idea, but that, whatever it was, it was a most fortunate circumstance. He paused and said—"Why the *dog* and the *muff*!"—I, who had forgotten the circumstance, thought he was demented and then he said, "the dog in Berkeley Square;" (which recalled it to my mind) "from that moment I was sure that we were in perfect sympathy for I should have done just the same myself."

That his request, proffered through Mrs. Hayman, was well received by the Princess is shown by Lockhart (p. 144):

'As early as the 22d February 1807, I find Mrs. Hayman acknowledging, in the name of the Princess of Wales, the receipt of a copy of the Introduction to Canto III, in which occurs the tribute to Her Royal Highness's heroic father, mortally wounded the year before at Jena—a tribute so grateful to her feelings, that she herself shortly after sent the poet an elegant silver vase as a memorial of her thankfulness.'

In the next letter, the first to Mrs. Hughes, of date December 15, 1807, he again makes reference to the ballad which he purposes to introduce into 'Marmion.' The 'quizzing article' is a pamphlet called 'Hints to Young Reviewers,' by Dr. Coplestone.¹

'MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I was very much diverted with the quizzing article which you were so kind as to send me and particularly delighted as it was a mark of my retaining a place in your memory. I had the pleasure of shewing the critique to our great Judge

¹ Provost of Oriel, of which College the then young Hughes, father of Tom and George Hughes, was a member. Dr. Coplestone was his tutor.—ED.

Jeffrey who considering the strength & sharpness of his claws is the tamest lion you ever saw in your life. He was extremely delighted with the imitations of his style and proposes to write to the author, without of course being supposed to know his name, inviting him to contribute to the Edinburgh Review as he seems so well to understand the rules of criticism.

‘I heard from Miss Hayman some time ago with an elegant Welsh tale, a contribution to *Marmion*, for so is called the new ditty about which you express such flattering curiosity. The said doughty knight (for a knight is he and of merry England) is to sally forth in January—the printing is going on rapidly, but my time is so much occupied with the discharge of my official duties that I have hardly time to keep up with its exertions.

‘My motions in spring are uncertain. I am always easily dragged up to London, but the expense of the journey is an object to a poor bard with four small children; but as this is only a prudential I am greatly afraid it will as usual give way to inclination. I need not add the charms of Amen Corner [where Canon Hughes then resided] will be a great additional temptation. There is in the 3rd Canto of *Marmion* a certain doleful ditty adapted to a curious Gaelic air literally picked up from the Highlanders who have the same attachment to reaping in Scotland that the Irish have to making hay with you; & always descend to the low country (low comparatively speaking) in great bands to get down the harvest. I will endeavour to get a noted copy of this same air which I think has some interest in itself and to which I am certain you could give a great deal. It has much the character of the beautiful Welsh airs to which you give so much interest but is

My dear Mr. Thigbess

I was very much diverted with the quizzing article which you were so kind as to send me and particularly delighted as it was a mark of my retaining a place in your memory. I had the pleasure of shewing the critique to our great Judge Jeffries who considering the strength and sharpness of his both claws is the fittest lion you ever saw in your life. He was extremely delighted with the imitation of his style and proposes to write to the author without of course being supposed to know his name mentioning him as contributor to the Edinburgh Review as he seems so well to understand the rules of criticism.

I heard from Miss Mayman some time ago with an elegant watch tale a contribution to Marmion for as it calls the new ditty ^{about} which you express such flattering curiosity. The serial

The said daughter (for a knight he is
and of many England) is to sail forth
in January. The printing is going on re-
spectfully but my time is so much occu-
pied with the discharge of my official
duties that I have hardly time to busy
myself with its exertions.

My motions in spring are uncertain
I am always easily dragged up to Lon-
don but the expense of the journey
is an object to a poor board with four
small children; but as this is usually
a prudential I am greatly afraid is
well as usual our way to Huelston.
I need not add that the charms of
Aman Pinos will be a great recom-
mendation. There is in the
old canto of Marmion a certain dotted
ditty adapted to a curious Gaelic air
liberally picked up from the Highlanders
who have the same attachment to
rhapsody in Scotland that the Irish
have to making hay with you (always
descend to the low country (low compa-
ratively speaking) in great bands to
get down the harvest. I will enclose

to get a noted copy of this same air
which I think has some interest
in itself and to which I am sure
you could give a great deal.
It has much the character of the
beautiful Welsh air to which you
give so much interest but is
quite irregular in comparison

I beg my best compliments to
Mr. Hughes & am with great regard

My dear Madam

Yours obliged humble servant

Walter Scott

Edin.
15 Dec. }



quite irregular in comparison. I beg my best compts. to Mr. Hughes & am with great regard

‘My dear Madam

‘your obliged humble servant

‘WALTER SCOTT.

‘Edin :

‘15 Dec.’

Mrs. Hughes, as mentioned in her grandson's sketch, was a perfectly trained musician, with a charming voice. All these first two or three letters, before we come to the steady stream of correspondence beginning in 1821, are more or less occupied with the setting to music of the ballads, or discussions of the songs of the people; and we may take it as likely, I think, that the foundations of the long friendship between Mrs. Hughes and Sir Walter, laid by her charity to the starving dog, were cemented in discussion over the ‘Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,’ in Mrs. Hughes's rendering of Sir Walter's ballads as set to music by Mr. Attwood or others, and the like pleasant topics in which they had a common interest.

To the next letter, written from Edinburgh on June 1 of the following year, 1808, he appends the music of the Gaelic air of the song.

‘MY DEAR MADAM I was honoured with your letters some time ago and immediately wrote to Mr. Atwood¹ to express my thanks for the honour he has done my Lullaby in wedding it to his music. I have enclosed the notes of the original Gaelic air, procured after much enquiry and some difficulty, for the character of the High-land music is so wild and irregular that it is, I am

¹ According to Grove's *Dictionary of Music* the orthography of this name is with the double ‘t.’—ED.

informed, extremely difficult to reduce it to notes. I fear it would puzzle any one except Mrs. Hughes her-

A GAELIC AIR

Lamentevole.

self to write the words and music—they do sing however, and I hope, though I fear after more trouble than

either words or tune are worth, you will at length be able to find out how. This ditty should have been sent in search of you long ago, but I really thought I must have waited till the Highlanders came down to get in the harvest, which they do as the Irish with you come over to the Hay making. Should you like the air I will endeavour to find you more Gaelic music for they have a tune and a song for almost everything that they set about. Marmion is much flattered by your approbation. He has been very successful with the public, 5000 copies being already disposed of. The critics (I mean the professional critics) have not I understand been so favourable as to the Lay, but with this I laid my account for many causes.

‘It would give me great pleasure could I hope to see Miss Hayman and you this summer but the chance which there was of this taking place seems daily more uncertain. I believe now that my autumn will be spent in Ettrick Forest. I wish you could come there and make our hills vocal with your melody. Mrs. Scott would be delighted to see you, and so should I to receive Dr. Hughes at my farm. Make my kindest compliments to him and believe me Dear Madam

‘ Your obliged humble servant

‘ WALTER SCOTT.

‘Edin 1st June

‘1808.’

‘I hear with regret that Miss Hayman has been much affected by the loss of a relation.’

The next is of date May 4, 1809, or nearly a year later. The ‘Glee’ that he speaks of here is ‘In Peace Love Tunes the Shepherd’s Reed,’ which Mr. Attwood set to music.

‘MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES Ten thousand thanks for Mr. Atwood’s Glee and the kind expressions which make your attention more valuable. I do now perfectly remember that either one or two copies reached me through Mr. Longman’s house, but as they reached us at our farm we had no means of ascertaining their merit which I understand stands high among all judges. They were borrowed of me by a musical friend and never returned. Will you be so good as to make my best Compliments to Mr. Atwood and at once thank him for the personal attention of sending me the copies and for thinking the poetry at all worthy of his beautiful music.

‘Believe me my dear Madam that the first time I return to London it will give me the greatest pleasure to avail myself of your permission to visit Amen Corner and tire your goodness with my demands on your musical powers. I am with great respect and regard

‘Your very faithful humble

‘servant

‘Bury Street

‘4th May’

‘WALTER SCOTT.

After that there is a desert of silence for more than a decade—a silence that surely must mean the loss of the letters, not the cessation of the correspondence—with a solitary little oasis of a letter in 1813, begging Mrs. Hughes to convey the writer’s thanks to Mr. Attwood for the music to some other glee of his (Sir Walter’s) writing. From the tone of this letter it is evident that it was no picking up, after many years, of the dropped threads of intercourse, but was a part, the only part preserved, of a continued correspondence; and the same observation applies to the letter of 1821,

which is the beginning of such part of the correspondence as is preserved for us with any continuity.

This is the letter of 1813 :

‘MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I am extremely sorry to hear you have been so very unwell, & that your indisposition should have interfered with your delightful musical talents is a general loss to your friends. I assure you I feel the very idea of it severely though it may be a very long time if indeed I ever again have the pleasure of hearing them exercised. A number of little personal concerns which made an occasional journey to London necessary have been last year arranged, and I do not foresee any circumstance (unless my brother in law return from India) which is likely to bring me far south of the Tweed. London for itself I do not like very much and the distance & bustle & discomfort of lodgings prevents me from seeing very much of the few friends whose society is its greatest charm. So that I fear it will be long before I can profit by your kind invitation. You will be interested to learn that the author of the note on Littlecote Hall¹ is Lord Webb Seymour, brother of the Duke of Somerset ; it is certainly an admirable description of the old mansion. Mr. Hawes is at the most perfect liberty to print any part of *Rokeby* which he chuses to set to music. My publishers have had large offers from musical composers to make a monopoly of these things by granting the privilege of publication to one Composer only, but I have always set my face against such proposals as an unhandsome thing from the professors of one fine art to those of another. Of Mr. Hawes’s qualifications I am no judge, but I am

¹ The note on Wild Darrell, in *Rokeby*.—ED.

sure your voice and taste will make his music appear to an advantage which neither the notes or the words could have by themselves.

‘Mrs. Scott begs me to offer her best compliments; we should be truly happy could we flatter ourselves with a prospect of meeting by your taking a Northern trip. In the summer our country is pleasant & I need not say how happy we should be to see you.

Believe me my dear Mrs. Hughes

Your most respectful

& much obliged humble servant

‘Edinb 25 January
‘1813.’

‘WALTER SCOTT.

And after this there is a blank till 1821.

In the desert interval relieved by this solitary oasis, the writer had grown out of a lion strong and vigorous indeed, but still young and of more promise than performance (though of the latter there had been more than a little and of remarkable quality), into so big a lion that he had only to get up and roar himself out as the author of the ‘Waverley Novels’ to become at once the biggest lion in all the world. There were not wanting, as is well known, those who suspected him of this authorship long before the roar was given, and among them, as is very evident from the first preserved of the connected series of these letters, was his old friend Mrs. Hughes. But before we go on to have a look at the series I will jot down a few brief notes of the literary chronology of Sir Walter Scott, in order to give an idea of the growth of the lion during these years.

There was ‘The Lay’ in 1805, ‘Marmion’ in 1808, ‘The Lady of the Lake’ in 1810, ‘The Vision of Don Roderick’ in 1811, ‘Rokeby’ in 1812, ‘The Bridal of Triermain’ in 1813, ‘Waverley’ in 1814,

'The Lord of the Isles' in 1815, 'The Antiquary' in 1816, 'Rob Roy' in 1817, 'The Heart of Midlothian' in 1818, 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' 'The Legend of Montrose' and 'Ivanhoe' in 1819, 'The Monastery' and 'The Abbot' in 1820, 'Kenilworth' and 'The Pirate' in 1821; which brings us pretty well up to the date of the beginning of the regular series of the letters to Mrs. Hughes that have been preserved.

These dates are the dates of publication of the various works. Besides these there were of course an immense number of more or less interesting publications that I have not mentioned, notably the delightful 'Tales of my Landlord,' in three series, and contributions to the 'Edinburgh Review' and other magazines.

Among the most noteworthy incidents of his life, other than literary publication, that occurred in this interval was his removal from Ashiestiel to Abbotsford in 1812; the offer of the poet-laureateship (which he declined) by the Prince Regent in 1813; his acceptance of a baronetcy in 1818; and his election to the presidency of the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1820.

Such may be taken as the title-headings of a few of the more important chapters in his life from 1807 to 1821. He had not yet revealed his authorship of the unrivalled novels to more than a select one or two, who kept the secret with a faithfulness that is not a little remarkable. Nevertheless, the identity of the Great Unknown was very shrewdly suspected in many quarters. Mrs. Hughes, indeed, took the liberty, on which perhaps only a very intimate friend, and one of the other sex, could venture without impertinence, of asking him in so many words whether he had in truth a hand in the authorship of the 'Waverley Novels.'

In 1821 had already appeared Mr. Adolphus's

'Letters to Richard Heber, Esq.,' being criticisms on the earlier novels of the Waverley series, with a very shrewd indictment of Sir Walter Scott as their author. Sir Walter, while slyly commending the ingenuity and criticisms of the writer, in the introduction to 'The Fortunes of Nigel' (published the following year) still preserves his incognito and wishes 'the wit, genius, and delicacy of the author engaged on a subject of more importance,' and adds: 'I shall continue to be silent on a subject which, in my opinion, is very undeserving the noise that has been made about it, and still more unworthy of the serious employment of such real ingenuity as has been displayed by the young letter-writer.'

Certainly the most interesting point in the following letter is Sir Walter's distinct disavowal—denial even is not too strong a word for it—of the charge or suggestion that he had written the 'Waverley Novels.' Whenever put to the question, he unblushingly denied that he had anything whatever to do with the novels.

There are many who express surprise that he should act as he did. The ethics of the case are between a man and his own conscience. More than one man has said to me: 'Well, I suppose that if I wanted to keep a secret I should do as Sir Walter Scott did; but I should not have expected him, having the transparently simple and perfectly veracious character that he had, to do it.'

He probably said to himself: 'It is absurd if a man may not keep his own secret. The only way I can keep this secret is to deny that I wrote the novels. Therefore I am going to deny it.'

This is a position that another great literary man,

of equally deep religious sentiments, equally strong natural sense, but with much more of the habit of analysis of ethical points, has asserted and upheld. Dr. Samuel Johnson's argument is that, whereas you may tell a lie to keep the secret that another has confided to you under promise that you will not reveal it, so you may lie to keep your own secret, on the ground that you have implied to yourself a previous promise not to tell it. That this is a theory liable to abuse, it is not possible to deny. At the same time it is an ingenious justification of the maxim, which common sense tells us is a just one, that a man is at full liberty to keep his own secrets safe from impertinent inquiries. It is not impossible that Sir Walter may have taken for his own justification the argument of the great doctor.

Further, I do think that if Sir Walter once made up his mind to deceive the world in the matter, it was really more in accordance with his character—more honest, if the word is not out of place in the connection—to tell a straightforward, unhesitating lie than to beat about the bush with evasions that would not have served their purpose, and could seem more like truth only to a feeble judgment and a conscience prone to self-deception.

‘ Waterloo Hotel

‘ Tuesday, March 7

‘ 1821

‘ MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES—I have been so completely harassed by business and engagements since I came to this wilderness of houses that I must have seemed very ungrateful in leaving your kind remembrances unacknowledged. You mistake when you give me any credit for being concerned with these far famed novels, but I am not the less amused with the hasty

dexterity of the good folks of Cumnor and its vicinity getting all their traditionary lore into such order as to meet the taste of the public. I could have wished the author had chosen a more heroical death for his fair victim. It is some time since I received and acknowledged your young student's very spirited verses. I am truly glad that Oxford breeds such nightingales and that you have an interest in them. I sent my letter to my friend Longman and as it did not reach you can only repeat my kindest and best thanks. I would be most happy to know your son and hope you will contrive to afford me that pleasure.

‘With best compliments to Dr. Hughes and sincere regret that I have so often found Amen Corner untenanted I am with sincerity

‘Dear Mrs. Hughes

‘Your much obliged humble servant

‘WALTER SCOTT.’

It is, of course, the novel of ‘Kenilworth’ to which he refers in this letter. How far he was sincere in his wish that ‘the author had chosen a more heroical death for his fair victim’ it is not very easy to say. The death of Amy Robsart, falling through the trap-door left unfastened by the villains Foster and Varney, as she rushes out of the chamber in response to Varney’s imitation of Leicester’s summons, is dramatic enough, if not precisely ‘heroical.’ It is a more pathetic ending to the pathetic life, more touching and more terrible, than if the heroine had met her death struggling like an Amazon with her captors. Possibly Sir Walter’s critical speech is meant merely by way of maintaining his character as a member of the general public reading the work of the unknown author.

As for his note about the good people of Cumnor getting their legendary lore into order to fit the book, this is in reference to Mrs. Hughes's telling him in her previous letter that the landlord of the Red Lion in Cumnor had put up a new sign—'The Black Bear, late Giles Gosling.'

In Chapter XIII. of 'Kenilworth' the Wayland Smith legend is most explicitly referred to. Sir Walter in his letter to Mrs. Hughes implies that the latter had spoken of a general clearing and polishing up of their old traditions by the people of Cumnor and its neighbourhood, with a little dovetailing to fit the story of 'Kenilworth,' as we know that they had polished up the Wayland Smith monument.

When 'Kenilworth' was 'on the stocks' it had been the author's intention to send it out under the name of 'Cumnor Hall,' and it was only under persuasion of Constable, the publisher, that he adopted the title under which it won its favour.

'MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I heartily congratulate you on the rising reputation of your son, which has spread from Oxford to this side of the Tweed. The book you so kindly design for me will reach me safely if sent under cover to Francis Freeling Esq, Post Office, who will forward it under an official frank. I have been busied all this season in finishing a sort of a romance of a house here, built in imitation of an old Scottish manor house, and I think I have attained not unsuccessfully the scrambling stile of these venerable edifices. I beg my best respects to Dr. Hughes, and am with a great sense of your kindness in thinking of me

'Dear Madam

'very much your obliged

'servant

'Abbotsford 14th Novr.
'1822.

'WALTER SCOTT.

D

‘My address becomes next week Edinburgh alas !
alas !’

‘MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES—Amidst much less agreeable employment I have the great pleasure of perusing my young friend’s very entertaining account of his tour. It is not only written with talent but with the taste and feeling of an elegant scholar and the ideas and sentiments of a gentleman and greatly increases the personal wish I feel to take him by the hand especially in my own country. Abbotsford is now a good deal more than doubled in point of [accommodation] and will I trust by next summer be ready for the occupation of all of you when you are disposed to venture to the land of cakes and you shall have an international treaty for “song about” in Welch and Scotch. . . .

‘Your son should certainly visit our land of heath and mountain, with so fine an eye and talent for describing natural beauty. We cannot certainly compare to Switzerland yet I have heard people of taste say that the Scots scenery from being brought nearer to the eye was in some places fully as imposing though not in fact on the same enormous scale. But all this Mr. Hughes must explain to me when he comes to see me. In the meantime with kindest compliments to Dr. Hughes and the said tourist

‘I am ever my dear Madam

‘Your truly obliged humble servant

‘WALTER SCOTT.

‘Edinh 11 Dec
‘1822.’

In both these letters he speaks of the well-doing at the university of Mr. John Hughes, son of his

correspondent. The book referred to in the first letter is the 'Itinerary of Provence and the Rhone,' honourably mentioned in the preface to 'Quentin Durward.' His reference to his work in laying out Abbotsford, as 'finishing a sort of a romance of a house,' well describes it in a phrase. Of course he was continually making improvements and additions. In his next letter he refers to Abbotsford in like manner as 'this whimsical place which I have christened Conundrum Castle.'

'MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I have this moment your letter promising me the very great pleasure of seeing Dr. Hughes and you in Scotland, and write in haste to say that I hope you will come to Abbotsford for a day or two at least before 10th May when I have to go to town to attend our courts officially for two months. Remember *town* in Scotland means Edinb. If you come the East road you should not go by Alnwick but by Wooler Cornhill and Kelso—the last town is about fifteen miles from me—the country beautiful. I sincerely hope you will make your visit a little more early than you propose, for I should like to show you the lions of our own country myself. Had you come the west road by Carlisle you pass Selkirk which is only four miles from Abbotsford.

'Should it be impossible for you to come in the beginning of May I would recommend that you postpone your journey till towards the middle of June. You will then have the best weather for the Highlands for which May is rather too early there being no leaves on the oak. We would then do the honours of Edinburgh and supposing you to return by Carlisle about 12 July we should form your first stage from Edinb as

we go to Abbotsford for four months at that time. You really must see this whimsical place which I have christened Conundrum Castle.

‘I will sincerely be glad to see the young Oxonian when his leisure permits, but young folks travel lighter than words. I shall have hopes of showing you my eldest hope six feet two inches high and “bearded like the pard.”

‘At worst you will be sure of us in Edinb after the 11th May but I hope in that case you will stay till we go back to Tweedside in July. With best respects to Dr. Hughes I am always

‘Yours with most sincere regard & respect

‘WALTER SCOTT.

‘Abbotsford Melrose

‘13 April

‘1823.

‘Lady Scott joins in kind compliments.’

The proposed visit, however, had to be deferred in consequence of Dr. Hughes’s ill health, as the following letter shows. In this letter he denies in the most emphatic way that he wrote the novels. He suggests an alternative line of travel to the east coast route which he had advised in the previous letter.

‘DEAR MRS. HUGHES I received with much concern your melancholy account of Dr. Hughes’s health which threatens to deprive Scotland of our promised pleasure in a visit from you. . . .

‘I really assure you I am *not* the author of the novels which the world ascribe to me so pertinaciously. If I were, what good reason should I have for concealing, being such a hackneyd scribbler as I am ?

‘Permit me to hope that your visit may proceed.

If it does not, Lady Scott and I will regret both the disappointment and the cause. You are now in a delightful country, Warwick and Kenilworth within reach and the north road free before you. But what is all this when indisposition makes us alike weary of motion and of rest. I am always Dear Mrs. Hughes with best regards to Dr. Hughes

‘most truly yours

‘Edinburgh 16 May
‘1823

‘WALTER SCOTT.

‘We are stationary here till 12 July.’

Note by Mrs. Hughes.—‘Addressed to me at Leamington, where we were staying for the benefit of your grandfather’s health which was in a state too precarious to allow of our putting our design of visiting Scotland in execution that year.’

By the next letter in the series by Sir Walter, with its dissertation on the literary lion, it would seem that all hope had been given up that the Hugheses would be able to make the Scotch tour that year.

‘Abbotsford 26 July
‘1823.

‘MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES Your son’s most obliging present of two Nos. of the *Provence* views have reached me yesterday under Mr. Freeling’s care and I need not say are extremely acceptable. Make my best thanks acceptable to the ingenious young artist whose dexterity at illustrating the agreeable narrative which he has given us shows his skill as a draughtsman equals his powers of composition. I trust he will one day take a look of our Highland hills.

‘We were much disappointed in the interruption

experienced by you in your proposed Northern visit but in the state of Mr. Hughes's health you would not have reaped the expected pleasure and it is a sort of comfort that the weather has been infamous—too bad almost for Scotland—rain without ceasing and no possibility of seeing with any pleasure out of door sights in a country where there is so little within doors.

‘I was much entertained with your account of the Lions of Leamington. The learned Doctor Parr is certainly one of the first order. I saw him to my astonishment in the streets of Edinburgh at a time when they are deserted by all but tradesfolks and tourists but when some accidental business obliged me to come to town. I heard a prodigious talking and looking out saw the Doctor much like a turtle erect on his hinder claws in full canonicals and surrounded by a sort of halo of satellites male and female to whom he was laying down the law as if the whole town was his town.

‘After all it is very difficult to be a lion in good society if you happen to be at the same time a beast of moderate bearing and of common sense. The part played by the Lion in the Spectator who fought on the stage with Nicolini is much easier. If you do not make some play you are set down either for a sulky or a paltry animal—and if you do there is generally something absurd in it. For my part who am sometimes called upon to be a lion, I always form myself on the model of that noble animal who was so unnecessarily disturbed by the knight of the woeful countenance. He rose up turned himself round in his caravan shewed himself front and rear, then licked his mustachios with a yard of tongue, yawned most formidably and then

lay down in peace. Pray tell your son to practice this in time against his claws and mane attain the due notoriety. I have a notion they will grow rapidly.

‘Adieu my dear Madam. Give Mr. Hughes my best compliments with kindest wishes for his convalescence. His malady was unpleasant but better an enemy who shows himself than internal malady. I am always

‘Dear Mrs. Hughes yours with much respect

‘WALTER SCOTT.’

Dr. Samuel Parr, of whom Mrs. Hughes had written: ‘There is a very respectable Menagerie of Leamington Lions (to use the Oxford term) at present. That “old original lion, which cannot be tamed by the hand of man”—Dr. Parr—resides about four miles from hence, and frequently drives over to snuff up the incense of his worshippers; he moves in a sort of Juggernaut procession up and down the street, dressed in a black velvet fancy great-coaty with a very small triangular hat exactly like those worn by the London coachmen when they drive in state, perched on the top of his huge wig; out of this the broad disk of his fiery face, unsheltered from the sun and bronzed with the red dust of the road, gleams portentously like the sun struggling through a thunder cloud; his voice roars and echoes through the whole street, as he notices his numerous acquaintance, who, cap in hand, approach in their turn and pay their homage; there is so much display and paltry vanity in all this that I cannot connect such *Charlatanerie* with my idea of a great *mind*. I love to see old age *venerable*, and really he makes it farcical. I understand that he is much subdued since his absurd conduct respecting the Queen,

which has lowered the credit of this prophet even in his own country.'

From the next letter it is evident that an improvement in Dr. Hughes's health took place in the course of the winter of 1823-4; so that in the following spring the journey to Scotland was again mooted.

' Abbotsford April 1st
' 1824.

' MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I write in haste to say I have received your very acceptable letter. I rejoice in Dr. Hughes' recovered health and in the renew'd prospect of your northern journey. I would almost have advised the delay for a month or six weeks for our Scotch springs are very chilly matters though our summers are like our neighbours' and our autumns excellent. But we must be thankful to take you when duty and health permit. Our motions are regulated by my official attendance at the court which carry me to Edinburgh from 12 May to 12 July. I shall be here till 12 May therefore, and beg you to come as soon as you can. I would have been delighted to see the young tourist and hope for that pleasure another day. Lady Scott joins in compliments to the Doctor and I always am Dear Mrs. Hughes

' Most truly yours

' WALTER SCOTT.

' All the world knows Abbotsford is four miles from the capital city of Selkirk, lying on the north west road to Carlisle. We hope you will make your visit a week at the very least.'

In the next he briefly notes for them some points of interest in the northern part of their route.

‘MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I write in haste merely to say that from Greta bridge you should go over Stanmore to Brough which brings you into the great North western road by Appleby Penrith and Carlisle and from thence by Longtown, Langholm, Hawick & Selkirk which last place is within four miles of the house I am writing in. Not being sure at what rate you venture to travel on account of Dr. Hughes’s health I cannot chalk out your route further than to say that neither Brough Carlisle nor Langholm are very good sleeping places but may all be borne with in case of necessity. The horses are plenty but the stages between Penrith and Hawick are long and heavy. In hopes of seeing you about the fifth I am very truly

‘Your most respectful & obliged

‘WALTER SCOTT.

‘Abbotsford Melrose

‘Saturday

‘April, 1824.

‘There are fine old ruins at Bowes, Brough, Penrith, Appleby, memorials of the grandeur of the Cliffords. The castle at Appleby is particularly well worth a visit. If you stay a little at Greta bridge pray see Rokeby which is close by. If you drop a line there apprizing us of your motions we shall know when to expect you & the Dr.’

The last letter brings us to the commencement of Mrs. Hughes’s diary of their journey to Scotland and first visit to Abbotsford. Although some portion of the journal treats of the travelling by post-chaise to and from the home of the great man, and even embraces a circuit and diversion by the way, it is hardly possible that this account of the country nearly a century ago and of a style of travel so different from our own, told

as it all is in Mrs. Hughes's excellent and vivid manner, can fail to interest the reader. Certainly no apology need be made for its inclusion in the present volume although its connection with Sir Walter Scott and Abbotsford is only indirect.

CHAPTER II

MRS. HUGHES'S DIARY OF THE JOURNEY TO
ABBOTSFORD IN 1824

'*April 26th.* Left Uffington at 7. *Chipping Norton* by *Burford* 27: the road pleasant from *Burford*: at *Shipston* good old house of Sir John Reade: to the left, over a flat, open meadow *Boncon Abbey* standing in a considerable wood: *Stow Tower* in the distance. *Sarsdon* (Mr. Langston's) to the right three miles from *Chipping Norton*. *To Banbury* 13: rain great part of this stage, but it cleared when we were about three miles from *Banbury*, and we had a good view across the country to *Deddington*, with *Aynho* on a hill in the distance. The village of *Bloxham* neat, and the church and spire handsome, with a curious old door, and grotesque figures above it.

'*To Southam* 14: country dull, but fertile.

'*To Rugby* 11: the regular stage is *Dunchurch* which we passed through, and by breaking the stage exposed ourselves to the very gross imposition of the innkeeper at *Rugby*, who made us pay 9 instead of the proper distance *to Lutterworth* 7: *Dunchurch* stands pleasantly on a hill commanding an extensive view. We called on *Aldred*¹ *Twining* at *Rugby School*, which is a beautiful specimen of modern Gothic. After

¹ So spelt in the Diary. There is an 'Alured' *Twining* in the school lists of the date.—ED.

passing Lutterworth about 3 miles extensive plantations of Mr. Grimes at Cosby Hall.

‘*To Leicester* 14. The whole drive from Southam to Leicester has the same character: a habitable, plentiful country: rich pastures full of fine cattle, the hedges full of fine timber, everything bespeaking peace and plenty, but there are none of the striking features which leave an impression on the recollection. Leicester has more the air of a thriving town than any I have seen: many streets of small houses lately built, and building going on in every direction: several large, handsome, stone-fronted houses starting up amongst their plain red brick neighbours, and shewing that their inhabitants had made fortunes which they chose to expend on the spot in which they had been acquired. The ballad speaks of Leicester¹ ‘famed for maids so fair.’ I was unlucky in the specimens I saw—the very ugliest woman I ever beheld shewed me the way to the Post Office, and I met several who gave the lye to the ballad. The Crown Inn good and people civil. The Market Place spacious but irregularly built.

‘*27th. To Loughborough* 11. As we left Leicester, large flat meadow to the left: country cheerful and populous. From a height three miles distant from Leicester see to the right Syston and Queneburg² tower and spire, and a great extent of country: the road one of the best specimens of the MacAdam system: nowhere might he more properly invite a friend “to come up into his chariot and see the great works he has done,” for it is evidently a country where roads must naturally be deep and heavy. Pass through Mount[sorrel]

¹ On recollection I believe the ballad says *Leinster*, if so the Leicester ladies ought to have remained unremarked.

² The more usual spelling seems to have been ‘Queniborough.’

(to the left the forest of Chartley), and Quorndon a very pleasant village: to appearance this is the last country where a great hunt would be established: small inclosures, high hedges; a river, and a canal intersecting it in every direction. Loughborough is a mean town with large manufactures of lace and stockings: we went into the church, which is very handsome on the outside, but vilely deformed within by clumsy galleries, and by the tops of the pillars, from which the fine Gothic arches spring, being painted with a broad band of bright blue edged with gold.

'*To Nottingham* 15. At Bunney a handsome seat of Lord Raneliffe's: an old tower which is a part of the Mansion hangs over it in a threatening manner. At the top of a hill three miles from Nottingham there is a fine view of the town which is situated on the side of a steep bank, at the foot of which, winding through broad, green meadows, runs the "smug and silver Trent": the town seen as you approach it has a most imposing appearance *en masse*, and its lofty castle on a bold promontory of rock at the west end has a grand effect: but when you enter it, the streets are narrow and the greater part of the houses mean: there is however a broad, handsome though not a very regularly built street leading to the castle, with porticoes projecting from the shops which allow two persons to walk abreast sheltered from the weather, and there is a spacious Market Place: the shops are remarkably handsome and the whole town looks wealthy and like the heart of a rich and thriving country: the Infirmary and Town Hall are respectable buildings, and there is an excellent public library formed by subscription and receiving annually large additions: the broad paved terrace surrounding the castle commands a very

extensive view, particularly agreeable towards the village of Clifton to the S.W.: we were told that Belvoir Castle could be seen, but our stupid guide knew nothing beyond the town, and could not point out a single object: the old church of St. Mary's is a very large and a very handsome Gothic edifice: we went to see it and were locked into the churchyard, from which we were liberated by a lady who had a private key and took pity on our forlorn situation. Dr. H. did not pursue the enquiry for the sexton further, deterred I believe by a sight of the new aisle lately added, and which presented three round windows with a large stone funeral urn at the top, and sundry *devilries* in the same *pure* taste. I wish the rebuilder of the Castle had not been seized with the same sort of mania: no vestige is left of the old castle which Colonel Hutchinson (the only roundhead I could ever endure to think of), so gallantly defended, and with which his wife's delightful narrative had made one so well acquainted: the present *castle* (if castle it be) is a large, square, milk-white house with high sash windows, a good deal ornamented with heavy carvings, and a strutting figure of the founder (one of the Cavendish family I believe) in a niche overlooking his great Babel.

'*To Mansfield* 14 through Sherwood forest: the first few miles ugly, as all newly inclosed countries are: the rest without any wood higher than Robin Hood's knee; not even the stump of an oak left under which one could imagine the bold Archer had ranged: neither buck nor doe nor any animal bigger than a rabbit to be seen, not one vestige of "merry Sherwood": at about 7 miles to the left Newstead Abbey, which Lord Byron sold to Colonel Wildham: the Colonel as well as the Duke of Portland have planted extensively,

but chiefly Larch and in regular rows, so that at present the whole tract looks like asparagus beds in August. Mansfield is a mean, uninteresting place.

‘*Worksop* 12, by a new McAdam road: it shortens the distance 2 miles and avoids a very heavy sandy road; but at the same time it avoids Welbeck Park, which we skirted leaving it to the left, and the woods of Clumber to the right. Worksop is a small town: the large Manor house we saw to the left.

‘*To Doncaster* 17 miles: the country becomes more interesting from the increase of timber: many good old trees, mostly witch elm: the village of Carleton very pretty, the church, and handsome vicarage very pleasantly situated. The tower of Blythe seen about 2 miles to the right. At Tickhill, the remains of the old castle mount, and a house on it: the race ground of Doncaster to the right, very low and flat, two miles from the town. We found the old Angel a very inferior inn to what we had expected.

‘*To Pontefract* 14. The first mile from Doncaster the road broad with fine trees on each side: a new MacAdam road for the last 9 miles: certainly, if England were a Catholic country, McAdam would have a votive chapel, which might be hung round with the legs of post horses, the springs and wheels of carriages, the backs and hip bones of travellers and the hinder ends of post-boys: to be sure as Lady Elinor Butler’s old servant said “he has it out of us” in turnpikes, for the tolls on all his roads are excessive, and we now and then find them doubled *in preparation* for repair: the country fertile but flat with some fine trees: a rich, dead flat extends far as the eye can reach, particularly to the east. At Pontefract the castle is gone: at least nothing but two shapeless lumps like hassocks, and a

few pieces of wall: we breakfasted in company with two magistrates who were attending the Sessions from the clothing country: one of them, a Mr. Stocks, an ample man of many words, talked to us of the value of long wool and asserted that it will not grow except in Leicestershire, Nottinghamshire and part of Yorkshire, a fact which I do not presume to deny, tho' it surprises me.

'*To York by Tadcaster* 24. On leaving Pontefract there is a fine old ruined mansion with square towers at each end belonging to Lord Howard, and adjoining a noble fragment of gateway stands a pert, vile new house with green doors and white stone front. I admired the ferry bridge, the fine, rich, flat meadow to the right, and at Tadcaster a handsome house to the left on a high bank overhanging the Wharfe; it belongs to Mr. Brooksbank. Arrived at Mr. Telford's at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12. Walked to the noble Minster over the *new* Ouse bridge, which, as the *convenience* is nothing to me, I sorely grieved to find replacing the old Rialto-looking one so familiar to me from prints: in order to collect the heavy toll (of which the inhabitants complain as it is exacted *every* time the bridge is crossed) a square brick box has been placed about half way, and rather on one side, which would mar the effect of Waterloo itself. We also went to the fine ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, and the Manor house inhabited by James 1st on his first coming from Scotland, and afterwards by Charles 1st: the gate-ways are grotesquely and richly carved: at each side of one is J. R. and the Scottish crown: over another the Royal arms and C. R.: on a third the arms of the unfortunate Strafford, the putting up of which was one of the articles in his impeachment. I thought it "foul scorn" to see the Mickle Gate Bar outraged by Placards of "Buy

Sisson's blacking, Prince Blucher and the Royal Union coaches, Sales of Beasts and cattle," and *beasts* they were who committed such profanation: but there seems to be a great neglect of the *antiquities* of York amongst its present rulers: all the Bars, as the gateways are called, are in a state of decay, the city walls in a very ruinous state, and what offended me still more was a project I heard of to remove Clifford's tower in order to build a prison for female convicts at the suggestion of Mrs. Fry: if this is done the most striking feature of York after the Minster will be destroyed, and with all my respect for Mrs. Fry's intentions, I shall wish she had confined her exertions to Newgate, or had other fish to *fry* than meddling with this noble old remnant of the olden time. York delighted me after the long succession of thriving, trading towns that I had seen: I rejoice that trade flourishes, but I hate to see the *process*: I love sugar but I do not want to see it while it is refining with lime and bullocks' blood: I dislike the rows of mean, red brick cottages, with flaming tiled roofs, and dunghills in front worthy the pen of Mr Crabbe, the stone fronted Bank, or the great Attorney's house with its Veranda Balconies: the hundred-eyed staring manufactory: the odious population of bold, dirty children, the lounging Ruffs in ragged cossack trousers and Belcher handkerchiefs, and the trollopping unkempt wenches sauntering from the workshops in pairs, their heads covered with papillotes, and elbowing you into the Kennel: after all this the ancient dignity of such a city as York, and the respectable appearance of the inhabitants is doubly striking.

'29th. Went to prayers at the Minster. The extraordinary magnificence of this glorious structure grows upon one, the more one gazes at it: it seems as if the

Giants had built it, and employed the fairies to finish it so ample are the proportions, and so exquisite and minute are the carvings of the ornaments: the choir is far broader than in any Cathedral I have seen, and the stalls so ample that Daniel Lambert might have sat in them at his ease: nothing can be finer than the fillagree work of the screen and of the pinnacles over the stalls: every window too glows with rich painted glass. From thence we went to the Castle, saw Clifford's tower (which I trust will not be moved by Mrs. Fry's spirit) and proceeded to the Quaker Lunatic Asylum, which is a most gratifying sight: no place can contain better accommodation; it stands on a rising hill about half a mile from the city, and has large and pleasant gardens, in which the patients pass a great portion of their time: the system pursued is, indulgence as far as it is possible consistent with the safety of the patients: we saw some of the women at work, for everything is done to induce them to employ themselves, and an old man was busy in the garden, and much gratified by our praises of his early lettuce: he generally works in a hat trimmed with peacock feathers. After dinner we walked to the part of the city wall called the Old Bail, and to the City Gaol.

'30th. *To Boroughbridge* 17. At the 6 mile stone we passed over the spot on which the fatal battle of Marston Moor was fought; it is now inclosed: at a short distance to the left is the wood in which Cromwell was stationed with his reserve, and from which he made the movement which turned the day in favour of the Parliament army. To the right an extensive vale bounded at 20 miles distant by the high range of hills called Black Hambleton.

'*To Rippon* 6 miles: the prospect very delightful,

particularly at the first view of the fine Minster of Rippon in the vale watered by the Yore, which is of a good breadth near the town: we passed close to a canal. The town of Rippon is neat and *rather* handsome, with a large, square Market Place. We proceeded straight to Studley two miles further, and walked over the beautiful grounds and to Fountain Abbey: nothing can exceed the elegant neatness of the walks, and we were much pleased with the style of the whole, though old fashioned and formal. The statues are so numerous that I was reminded of the groves of Blarney.

‘Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Alexander
All standing naked in the open air.

Our guide pointed out “Venus de *Medicine*,” and Hercules “strangling Anthony.” Miss Lawrence spares no expense to keep up the whole in the best manner: last year she laid out 2,000*l.* in the repair of Fountain Abbey, chiefly on the long range of Cloisters: the old house called Fountain Hall is a fine specimen of the Elizabeth or James’ age.

‘*To Masham* 10 miles cross country road, but very good, through North Stanley and Tanfield, where we crossed the Ure or Yore, and saw a square ruined tower adjoining the church. The vale into which you descend to Masham is very lovely, and the little town is most agreeably situated on a bank above the Ure: Swinton Hall to the left with a high hill beyond it.

‘*To Leybourne* 12 miles of beautiful country through Wensley Dale: the vale much resembles that of Mold: at 6 miles pass Jervaulx Priory—a very considerable ruin carefully preserved as it appears. Prior Aymer was well lodged and his lot cast in a fruitful ground.

‘East Wilton, a large neat village with a handsome new church : cross the river and leave Middleham, with a noble ruined castle above it about a mile and half to the left. This town forms a beautiful object all the way to Leyburne, backed by wild steep hills, and having the river running at its foot. Pass through Spennithorne, a very pretty village on the hill opposite Middleham : Leyburne lies high and bleak, and from the garden of the inn we saw Pennel, a very high saddle shaped mountain, one of the three highest in Yorkshire and a great landmark.

‘*To Richmond* 9 : at 3 miles enter the Astrigg road, and to the right command a view over the great vale of Yorkshire bounded by Black Hambleton. Road good, hilly, and very ugly : at five miles look over high ranges of barren hills, and at a blue distance see some of the Westmoreland fells. The country *round* Richmond much disappointed us, but the town is handsome and the situation romantic and beautiful : there is a fine open square of good houses : there are few things finer than the massy ruins of the castle, the broad walk which surrounds it, and the Swale running wildly at the foot of the abrupt precipice on which the old towers stand.

‘*May 1st.* Walked again round the castle and over the bridge : the walks on each side the river look most temptingly : green paths winding through woods close to the romantic stream which in colour and wildness of course reminded us of Llangollen.

‘*To Greta Bridge thro’ Gilling* 12 miles : there is a nearer, but a more hilly road by Kirby Hill and Ravensworth. Passed Ask the seat of Lord Dundas, which is well situated, but a heavy, ugly house, and the grounds kept in a very slovenly manner. Saw the

ruins of Ravensworth castle to the left : country newly inclosed and bare of trees. Our usual good fortune a little deserted us at our first entrance to Rokeby : the bright rainbows which had embellished our view for the last six miles as usual brought rain, and we were caught in a very heavy shower : it cleared however sufficiently to allow us to take the beautiful walk by the side of Greta under the precipitous rocks on which the mansion of Rokeby stands, and to view the river dashing over large rocky fragments, and forming cascades till it rushes under a high, single arched bridge to meet the Tees : we went into a banquetting house overhanging this scene, then to the junctions of the rivers, to the tower of Mortham and the tomb, and were lucky enough to get to the house where the carriage took us up, before another hard shower fell. We went round by Barnard Castle to *Brough 21 miles* : crossed a magnificent bridge which unites Durham and York, from which we had a fine view of Eglestone Abbey : looked at the ruins of Barnard Castle, and with our heads full of the poem of Rokeby, entered upon Stainmore, the finest of all dampers to enthusiasm : passed through Bowes, a very poor straggling village with an old ruined castle : nothing endurable at Stainmore but the beautiful black-faced and black-legged lambs : at five miles from Brough the view expands, and becomes rather interesting. Kirby Stephen to the left and very high hills beyond. One I took for Pennel from its shape, yet it could hardly be : the Ken [?] cross stone is thrown down by the roadside and will probably ere long be McAdamised, for it is wholly neglected to appearance. Brough another poor place with a larger castle than Bowes.

‘*To Appleby 8* : tho’ there is better cultivation the

soil looks poor, and as if only half recovered from the moor, though inclosed. Saddle-back and the Shap fell to the West. At Appleby we walked up to the Castle which is a handsome residence: the old square tower only used for lumber: it was market day and the town full: the only street leading to the castle is broad, but the houses are poor, and some very wretched thatched cottages. The Eden very beautiful at Appleby, and often in sight for the first five or six miles to Penrith.

'To Penrith 14 miles. Saddleback with a bit of Skiddaw peeping over it, in sight all the way: to the right very high hills towards Alston and the Maiden way: Cross fell had patches of snow near the top. Duster fell, and Pike fell were pointed out to us by a young man whom we met at Appleby castle, and we had them on our right for the first 9 or 10 miles. The village of Temple Sowerby neat and pretty with a cluster of small gentlemen's houses to the left. One of the new projected lines to Scotland through the fells and across Liddesdale will run in the direction of Alston. At three miles from Penrith, a fine view of Lowther Castle (on which the sun shone brightly), the hills above Pooley bridge, the gorge opening to Ulleswater, Helvellyn, Saddleback, and Brougham castle close to the road on the left, and Brougham Hall some little distance: the grounds about it seem poorly cultivated: cross the Eden which at Lowther bridge is broad and handsome: Penrith is a good town, with a fragment of an old castle: the situation beautiful from the views of the Cumberland mountains.

'To Carlisle 18 very dull miles, the road straight and in no part interesting as you look *forwards*: on the *return* to Penrith, the fells must give a great interest to the view. I amused myself as I looked to the right

with the recollection of Harry Bertram and his little Wasp, gaily treading the Maiden way, which lies in that direction. At Hesketh, half way, a small lake to the right, Barren wood house, and a deep dell in which the Eden runs, with high hills behind, *rather* pretty : Carlisle seen at 7 miles distant ; the entrance to the city striking, between two huge round towers containing the courts of justice : my head was full of poor Fergus McIvor, and Evan Dhu, and Madge Wildfire, Jeanie Deans, and the courtly Mr. Archibald, and Haribee, &c., &c.

‘ *May 2nd.* When I rose at 6 “ the sun shone fair on Carlisle wa,” but the day grew cloudy afterwards. We walked on the walls past the Deanery to the castle, which we went round and about in every direction : the beautiful green flat meadow at the foot reminded us of Chester and the Rhu Dee. We walked round the towers, once the citadel, which we passed in coming in : I wish they could be drawn out like a telescope, for they are frightfully short compared with their great dimensions. We went to the Cathedral and heard the service performed with great decency, to a most attentive congregation, but in the very worst manner as to musical effect I ever witnessed. Seven men without voices (at least musical voices) chanted every response with a wrong emphasis ; it was enough to raise the ghost of poor Bartleman : the cathedral consists almost wholly of the Choir, which is handsome and neatly kept : a large part of it was destroyed by Cromwell : at the west end there is a small parish church patched on to it, in which service was performing.

‘ *To Longtown 9.* Passed over the handsome bridge which crosses the Eden, and thought of Christie’s Will : the country flat but pleasant ; indeed what country

is *not* pleasant "when wheat is green, and hawthorn buds appear," when you are cheered by bright sunshine, and fanned by the soft air of spring? Burnwark to the North West and Criffell to the west, both fine objects: a view of the Solway Frith just before we entered Longtown, which consists of one wide street of decent houses: a new road to Gretna green turns off about 4 miles from Carlisle, avoiding Longtown.

' *To Langholm* 12 miles, beautiful every step: about 2 miles and half Netherby Hall to the right: an old brick tower on the edge of the river just at the spot where young Lochinvar might be supposed to land with his fair prize: the beautiful Eske is near the whole of this drive; we crossed it at Cannobie, where there is a pert new church on the high bank overlooking Cannobie Lee and a broad green meadow nearly encircled by the river, and admirably adapted for "racing and chasing." After about a mile we crossed the stream again over a fine bridge of one arch, from which the view up and down is singularly wild and beautiful: the old ruined square tower of Gilnockie to the right on a green flat meadow, round which the Eske winds and is lost for a quarter of a mile in a woody dell: the banks are richly fringed with forest trees interspersed with fir and larch, the sombre colour of the one contrasting beautifully with the vivid green of the other. We passed a house situated so like Nefan that I could have fancied myself there, and indeed the whole character of the Eske during this drive strongly resembles that of the Dwy Vaur and the Dwy Bach as they run through Gwynfryn and Nefan Woods, and as the former appears about and below Llanystyndwy bridge. Cross the river once more at a handsome bridge about a mile and half from Langholm.

‘*To Hawick* 23 miles, which we went with the same horses. Langholm Castle, a seat of the Duke of Buccleugh’s, a handsome modern house of grey stone, stands about a mile from the town, the Eske dividing near it, and backed by a high green hill which closes the prospect behind it. For the first 10 miles a small branch of the Eske still attended us, and the road wound through beautiful soft green hills, sometimes very high, all of a conical shape and presenting to the eye the most perfect picture of true pastoral scenery: part of it is called Ewesdale. A mile and half before we came to Moss Paul Inn, the road contracts into a deep and narrow defile leaving just room for itself and the channel of a mountain rivulet. From Moss Paul the country is ugly for about six miles. The infant stream of the Teviot rises about 2 miles from Moss Paul and gradually widening becomes considerable under the walls of Branksome Hall, the old tower of which joins to a respectable modern house, and stands most pleasantly on a high bank above the road, and near enough to the stream to have enabled the Lady of Branksome to hear the dialogue of the Spirits of the water and the fell, which rises opposite to it. At a handsome bridge we crossed the Teviot for the 2nd time under a high bank on which stands the old square ruin of Goldilands: the approach to Hawick handsome, the town neat and appears to be in great measure new built. We saw on Saturday for the first time near Carlisle decently dressed women walking barefoot; to-day we met several respectable looking females, and one woman in a purple silk spencer, and a straw bonnet with a profusion of ribbon, walking in the dusty road with neither shoe nor stocking: the plaid of a small brown and white check is universally worn: the

men throw it round them very gracefully, and it is a far more picturesque and I should think an equally good defence from weather than the heavy frieze coat of our shepherds. The inn at Hawick is built on the site of the ancient castle: some of the rooms are a part of the old building: that in which we slept had walls 8 or 9 feet thick.

‘3rd. Rose at 5 and walked about the town in which there is nothing to remark, but that it is clean and airy, a church on a rise above the main street, a town house with a little steeple, and two or three small bridges over a busy stream which comes from Liddesdale to join the Teviot. As the present offered little interest I contented myself with the past, and was amused in *fancying* the path over which William of Deloraine dashed in his night journey to Melrose.

‘*To Jedburgh* 10 to breakfast, the first six miles by the side of the Teviot and uninteresting: at that distance turned off near Minto to the right from the Kelso road over a very high heath and passed close to the Dunyon: the descent to Jedburgh is very steep: the first object that strikes you in approaching the town is a large handsome Gaol, so I conclude they do not act as formerly on Jedburgh law which hung people first and tried them after: the Abbey is a large ruin with one very beautiful round window frame; it is not worth coming ten miles to see, but it is *border classic ground*: Minto Crags, the Eildon¹ hills rising behind them, the Dunyon &c.: we saw a pillar above Ancrum, which the Marquis of Lothian was erecting in memory of Waterloo, but he has not lived to finish it: at Jedburgh I first saw over a Butcher’s shop “Flesher” and was reminded of Richard Monniplies’ father.’

¹ Commonly ‘Eildon.’

CHAPTER III

MRS. HUGHES'S DIARY WHILE ON HER FIRST VISIT
TO ABBOTSFORD

'To Abbotsford (through Melrose) 16. We passed over Ancrum Moor now inclosed, and left Smaylhome tower and Dryburgh Abbey to the right. Walked round Melrose Abbey : there are things which beggar all *common* description, and in the number Melrose may be included : I wish that the same Master hand which gave so faithful a picture of these matchless ruins would describe his own creation at Abbotsford, for I know no one else who could do it justice : the plantations are very extensive, and the house so admirably *old* (in appearance), so finely finished in every part according to the Gothic style, so appropriately furnished, there are so many towers, and turrets, and pinnacles, and bartizans and all that one ever read of in ancient story, that it is hardly possible to conceive oneself in a modern residence : the fitting up is copied from the ornaments of Melrose Abbey : ceilings, passages, all encrusted with roses, leaves, fruit, groupes of figures, imitated in plaister, and painted like oak with such exactness that it is impossible to detect it from the finest oak carving without scraping it ; an operation in which Sir Walter found a sceptical Swiss Baron engaged one morning, when he came down earlier than his guest expected : there is a fine hall with painted glass windows fitted up

as an Armoury: all the coats of arms of the border families are round it on separate shields, the mottoes as Sir Walter explained them appearing to have a reference to their former pursuits: there was an inscription in Latin signifying "these are the brave men who defended the border": over one door are the horns of the "Mountain bull," which must have been a most formidable animal: over the other the enormous branching head of a Red Deer: two compleat suits of armour fill niches on each side of one door, that on the left hand having been at Bosworth Field: the walls are compleatly covered with every description of ancient weapon: a small armoury between the drawing and dining room is now compleating to contain the overflow of treasure which Sir Walter possesses: he showed us Rob Roy's gun, Claverhouse's pistol, and the Marquis of Montrose's sword: round the great Court which is in front of the house runs a high wall in which are placed many pieces of sculpture, some of them relics of Edinburgh cross: the gateway which leads from another court down to the Tweed, above which the house stands, is the doorway of the ancient Tolbooth of Edinburgh, so celebrated in the "Heart of Mid Lothian": when Sir Walter obtained a gift of it, on its being taken down to widen the High Street, he had every stone numbered, that it might be exactly replaced: there are marks of fire on many of the stones: the house is entirely lighted by gas and the effect is very brilliant: Sir Walter has just compleated a noble library entirely fitted up with cedar shelves for the books: those however who go to Abbotsford will think little of the house—for all their faculties will be absorbed in attending to its Master: to hear him converse is like swallowing large draughts of champagne without being

intoxicated: the brilliancy of his fancy, the perfect good breeding, cordiality, and extreme simplicity of his manners, his boundless store of anecdotes, grave and gay, ludicrous and pathetic, and his graceful manner of telling those anecdotes, would make any person delightful, but when one considers him as the author to whom for so many years we have been indebted for such a store of information and interest, it really seems too much pleasure to be enjoyed *soberly*. It is quite impossible to describe the effect of his conversation, and all I can do is to minute down some of the anecdotes which in this disjointed state lose half their value, and are as different as diamonds thrown loosely together in a drawer of Mr. Rundell's dingy shop, are to the same stones brilliantly set and worn by a beautiful woman at St. James's: however they will serve as Memoranda to myself and Dr. H. and will enable us to live over again hours which passed so pleasantly. He described to us the Highland manners at a public dinner: the shriek with which they cheer, the snarl, and snort when angry, with the happiest comic effect. In speaking of Smayl-home, close to which his father lived, he mentioned the story of a woman who came to Sandy Knowe as a pauper pretending to be deaf and dumb: she was suffered to remain a day, during which she excited so much compassion that she was fairly established in the family, where she made herself useful by taking care of the poultry and general assistance in the several household departments: she remained there seven years, during which no one of the family had the slightest reason to suppose that she had the use of her tongue or her ears: at the end of that time she was left at home one Sunday in care of the dinner while the rest of the household went to church: the shepherd boy, thinking

it a good opportunity to pilfer some trifle from the pantry to which he had a mind, came in from the fold and was caught by her in the fact: in her surprise she exclaimed, "Oh! you little villain." The boy terrified out of his senses ran to the church and disturbed the congregation with an account of the miracle: after this, Mr. Scott and his family tried every means to make her speak, but in vain: after 6 months, as if tired of the persecution, and finding herself detected, she suddenly disappeared and never returned, tho' she was afterwards seen at Edinburgh in the full use of her faculties. Who but could think of Fenella? He spoke a good deal of the King's visit to Edinburgh: of the trouble which Mr. Mash's impertinent conceit gave him: Sir Walter was much referred to with regard to the ceremonies with which the King was to be received: Mr. M. interfered continually, till, unable to bear remarks which were constantly prefaced by examples of what was done on the royal visit to Ireland, Sir W. said: "I beg Mr. Mash to hear no more of Ireland:—Ireland is a Lordship: when his Majesty comes amongst us he comes to his ancient kingdom of Scotland, and must be received according to her ancient usages: if you persist in bringing in English customs, we turn about one and all and leave you:—you take the responsibility upon yourself"—after this Mr. M. was quiet. The Marquis of Lothian had a little boy about three years old who had a trick of calling everybody "old fat goose": it was resolved when the King came to Newbattle that this child should be carefully kept out of the way: but the King very graciously asking the *number* of the family and desiring he might see them all, made it necessary to bring him with the rest: Sir W. who did not know the child's propensity was surprised to see

Lady Lothian turn as pale as death, and remarked to one of the Lady Scotts (her sister) that he feared the bustle was too much for her: "Oh! no!" she replied "she is only sick with terror at the thought of what that child will certainly say if the King notices him:" the matter seemed fast coming to a crisis, for the King attracted by the comic countenance of the boy immediately addressed him, when the Marquis seeing his mouth beginning to open, and well knowing what would come forth, lifted him up and conveyed him out of the room, before he had uttered a syllable, to the surprise of the King and the relief of all the party, who were in the secret. Nothing could exceed the kindness and the propriety of the King's manner to the young Duke of Buccleugh at whose palace of Dalkeith he chiefly resided: he paid him the greatest attention, always addressed him as "my young host," placed him constantly at his right hand at dinner and took the most sedulous care that nothing might pass in the conviviality of the day which it was not strictly proper for a boy of his age to hear: after dinner one day while (Gen?) was playing in the adjoining room, the King was particularly pleased with an air and sent the Duke of Buccleugh to inquire the name: the boy came running back, and Sir Walter who knew what was coming longed to intercept him, but there was no help—"Sir, the air is, Cameron has got his wife again"—everybody felt awkwardly, but the King instantly relieved them by smiling, and pretending to shudder and saying, "Oh! that is too much for me, you will send me off from you."

'Sir W. repeated poetry very often, chiefly the border ballads which the scenes around us gave him continual reasons for referring to, and there is a grand expression in his countenance when he begins to recite,

and a melody and depth of tone, which makes it the most impressive thing I ever heard.

‘ Abbotsford is the paradise of dogs—they abound in it and have free quarters in every room : a venerable old Highland Deer Greyhound of the breed of Ban and Buscar who in his prime of days could seize and overcome the powerful red stag, three terriers of Dandy Dinmont’s breed, avowed “ Mustards and Peppers,” with a black long haired pet of Lady Scott’s are constant inmates, and Sir W. is seldom seen without a four footed follower : the manner in which he describes the habits of dogs is one of the many clues which lead to identify him as the author of the Scotch novels : he diverted us with a scene which often takes place in the kirk at Yarrow, where the dogs always contrive if possible to follow their shepherd masters, and are sure to unite their voices in full chorus when the psalm begins : also the suppressed growls, the bustling, the fiery glances with which they eye each other, and meditate the quarrels which are sure to be fully discussed in the Kirkyard as soon as service is over. Sir Walter acquired his knowledge of the transactions of *the 45* from Stewart of Inverhayle,¹ an old Jacobite chieftain who followed the fortunes of the banished family in every attempt made to restore them : after the battle of Culloden, he was concealed by his family in the manner of the Baron of Bradwardine, and met with similar proofs of attachment from his dependants : he was, after undergoing many dangers and hardships, pardoned : “ this man ” said Sir W. “ was the delight of my childhood—he was often at our house, and I

¹ Some account of this gentleman, Stewart of Inverhayle or Invernahyle, is given in Lockhart’s *Life*, page 45. He is the original of ‘ Pate-in-Peril ’ in *Redgauntlet*.

was never out of his sight and never weary of the anecdotes which he was pleased to tell one who, young as he was, had such real pleasure in listening to him : he had fought with Rob Roy in his early youth and merely as a trial of skill—Rob who was then very old was not able to cope with Stewart, who was a very powerful man and particularly adroit in the use of the broad sword : he had been in the battle of Sherriff Muir, and I asked him how he felt before he went into action—his answer was “ ’troth Laddie, when the bonnets were taken off to say a prayer, the guns fired and thrown away, the Claymores drawn and the pipes blawing I’d hae gien ony man a thousand merks who would have insured that I should na rin awa’.”

‘Speaking of the habits of drinking, which are much less prevalent now than they were formerly, he told us of a party of West country Lairds who met and drank together without stirring for three days and three nights : one of them at last looked across the table and said “ Mackinnon looks gash : ” (ghastly)—another who was famed as a Pococurante, gravely replied “ Gash!—likely eneuch—he has been dead these five hours.” All started up in dismay—“ And what for did na ye tell it before ? ”—“ And what for disturb gude company for a bit body like him ? ”

‘4th. Walked after breakfast all through the plantations with Sir Walter : his woodman and Jack of all trades Tom Purdie attending us part of the way : he is a remarkably shrewd, acute fellow who has been many years in Sir W.’s service and who as he says generally contrives to be his master : “ now and then I run restive and insist upon my own way : then comes the tug of war—Tom retreats and re-appears in about two or three hours, with, ‘I’m thinking whether ye’re no

right in this matter and I'm no sure I'll not take your way.'” Tom Purdie made the speech given to Andrew Fairservice, during a continuance of rainy weather in harvest time. “If there is one fair day in seven, Sunday is sure to come and lick it up”: this Sir Walter told us after tea yesterday, and Dr. H. was so struck that he exclaimed involuntarily “Oh! that is in Rob Roy!”—it was curious to see the arch smile which lurked at the corner of Sir W.’s eye and the beam from under his overhanging brow as he carelessly answered “Oh! I daresay it has been often said in a wet season.” We walked to the spot where Carr of Cessford was buried after the action recorded in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*: it overlooks the spot called “The Skirmish field”: a large stone marks the place and it is inclosed in Sir Walter’s plantation and commands a lovely view of the Tweed, the opening to Gala Shiels, Melrose and the beautiful Eildon Hills.

‘Murray (of Broughton),¹ the ancestor of Mrs. H. Siddons, was a great partizan of the Stuarts in the 45 and trusted with their dearest secrets: when taken to London and examined by the Privy council his courage failed, he confessed all, and by so doing deeply implicated his hitherto friend Sir John Douglas²: a messenger was dispatched to convey Sir John to town that he might be confronted with Murray: this news greatly alarmed many of the Welch and Cheshire Jacobites who were pledged to assist the Pretender’s cause: a lady of the Wynnstay family was sent to Preston to meet Sir John and if possible find out how

¹ He was the Prince’s secretary. His papers have lately been published by the Scottish Historical Society.

² Of Kelhead. *Vide*, for the whole story, Lockhart’s *Life*, p. 53, *note*.

far he might be trusted : as soon as he saw her he requested permission to pass a few minutes with *his sister* ; this was granted on condition that the messenger might be present : after a few words he said "My dear sister, desire our friends to be perfectly easy on my account—I am positive they have nothing to fear for me—I am perfectly innocent of the charges imputed to me and have no doubt that I shall make it appear so : " this, with a pressure of the hand, so far re-assured the lady, that from her conviction of his firmness they all remained quiet, tho' many had intended to quit England without delay, had there been any apparent want of firmness on the part of Sir John : when he was brought before the Privy counsel he denied all knowledge of what he was accused of, and on their producing Murray to confront him he positively declared he did not know the man—" Murray of Broughton is a noble, gallant gentleman—I always held him for such—I knew him well—of *that* man I know nothing." In short by his bold denials and his unshaken firmness he succeeded in getting safely back to Scotland.

' We called at Mr. Laidlaw's, Sir Walter's steward : he was Hogg's first master, and has been unfortunate in farming, but fortunate in obtaining so kind and generous an employer who treats him as an equal and of whose goodness he spoke to me with tears in his eyes : he is the author of the admirable account of a snow storm, and the destruction it caused amongst the sheep in 1794, published in Blackwood's Magazine, to which he is a frequent contributor : he is a very superior man in mind and manners, a natural gentleman : his brother, a very intelligent looking person, was on a visit to him : this Mr. Laidlaw with

an elder brother has a large sheep farm in the Highlands: he is settled near the "wild McCraes," who have been committing great outrages in consequence of a quarrel with their London bred Laird: when he came to the estate, he renewed the leases of sundry farms to Donald, Roderic, Dougal &c. &c. McCrae, and duly entered the agreements in a calf-skin ledger:—cattle sold ill and the rents were not ready at quarter day: the Laird took the unheard of step of distraining, and next day his cattle were killed and his barns burnt: in this *splore* the Laidlaws who were also his tenants suffered; a barn of theirs with its contents was burnt: they are both powerful men above six feet high: they collected their six shepherds and went down to the McCraes' village where the elder brother desired a conference with the heads. "We come to know why you thus injure us: if we have offended say in what, and take your choice of three things: either refer it to the sherriff, or to the arbitration of a friend, or if ye like the old fashion come out one, ay two, of the strongest of you, and fight it fairly out with me." This made all easy, the McCraes were delighted, apologies were made and declarations of good will given, and the Laidlaws have been unmolested ever since: amongst the most outrageous of the rioters was a scapegrace lad named Duncan; when the business was made up with the landlord and securities given for future good behaviour, nobody cared to be bound in a penalty of £10 for Duncan: Mr. Laidlaw stept forwards and offered bail. Duncan said nothing but squeezed Mr. Laidlaw's hand hard and went away. In a few weeks a heavy snow came on: the Highlanders leave their sheep to die: the Lowlanders often die for them: the Laidlaws and their shepherds drove their

flocks thirty miles through fir woods and over hills and saved them all: in the midst, at the head, the most active of all, was seen "the Duncan creature."

'We drove to Melrose and saw every part of the Abbey, sat on a stone where "a Scottish monarch slept below" with Sir Walter, and felt convinced that it was better to visit it with him by *any* light than by "the pale moonlight" with anybody else: drove round by Mrs. Lockhart's cottage at the foot of the Eilden, and back through Darnick and the skirmish field; at Darnick we saw one of the little border keep towers where the villagers sheltered when the raids were going on: saw a glen and cleft in the green hills exactly answering the description of the road to Glendinning: Sir W. pointed it out as the haunt of a bogle: nothing can be clearer than that the Monastery describes Melrose and its vicinity: there are the remains of an old bridge corresponding with the scite of that kept by the surly bridge ward. It was pleasant to see how everybody greeted Sir Walter—every hat off, every eye beaming that looked at the benevolent face which his little blue Scotch bonnet left wholly unshaded. An impudent wench of fourteen must have had some dependance on his good nature, for she actually, while we were stopping in Melrose, scrambled up at the back of the Sociable and fixed herself behind; instead of rating her as most people would have done, he only said calmly "Get down my girl, get down": he made us laugh by an account of an overturn he witnessed of four old maiden ladies: their little Messan dog got upon the window which was uppermost and barked and bit so furiously at all who came to their aid, that he attracted the vengeance of a huge old Colley: this great dog attacked the favourite

cur and they both fell into the coach amongst the party: when we came back he showed us an Adder stone which was in the time of the Druids a powerful engine of superstition, and a Toad stone which belonged to his mother, and which he recollects she used to lend to her neighbours before childbirth in order as *they believed* to ensure a safe delivery: this was the ancient superstition of the Scotch relative to the Toad stone, but not the belief of the lender, whose picture shows a countenance of great sense and intelligence, and who was from her son's account a very superior woman. We saw also a ring containing a small portion of the hair of Charles 1st taken from the head when the coffin was opened at Windsor, and sent by Sir Henry Halford.

‘Rob Roy turned Catholic because the Drummonds had helped him out of many a difficulty, and he did not know how he could show his gratitude so well: when he was spoken to on the points of the Catholic faith, and Extreme Unction was mentioned, he shook his head, “Oich ! tis a sair wastrie o’ gude oil.”’

‘Dandie Dinmont was a real character—his name Jemmy Davison; he lived in Liddesdale and strange to say was at first much offended at being universally recognised as the original of that delightful character: he had a numerous collection of dogs besides the tribes of Mustards and Peppers: he never entered in his tax paper more than two: one day the little fat gauger whose short legs hardly reached the saddle skirts of the poney he was mounted on, rode up to the farm: out flew all the generations of Mustards and Peppers and attacked the heels of the poney—the gauger held fast by the mane, and in the midst of all was seen Dandy with a horse whip which he brandished

with great effect, vociferating to the dogs, "De'il be in yere sauls, gang yere ways in," and to the terrified Exciseman, "Ne'er mind them Gauger—saul, mon, but they're a' Whalps but twa." Dandy died last September, and for some time previous had been constantly attended by the Minister of the parish: the day before he expired he was visited by the Minister who, on enquiring how he felt himself, was answered, "that he found himself much refreshed by the sight of the hounds who had passed his house that morning: he had been lifted to the window to see them gae by, and was much the better of it: it would have been too much for a puir sinner like him to expect sic a faver as seeing the tod,¹ but it was a special mercy to be permitted to look at the hounds."

'The story of the luminous boy,² which appeared to the late Lord Londonderry, when Lord Castlereagh, was literally this, as he related it to Sir Walter at the Duke of Wellington's at a very small party where he acceded, with evident reluctance, to the united request to hear it from his own mouth: "I give you his very words"—said Sir W., and as I wrote it down in half an hour after I heard it, I am quite certain I have neither added or diminished a syllable. This is the narration. "I was quartered with my regiment in barracks in a distant county of Ireland:—my room was a large desolate waste: I went to bed and for some time watched the decline of the fire opposite the foot of the bed: just as the last spark was extinct, it began to kindle again, till it rose to a bright flame, which

¹ Fox.

² Vide note to *Ingoldsby Legends*, iii. 264 (edition of 1894), by Lady Bond. The 'Legend of the Radiant Boy' was apparently told to Barham by Mrs. Hughes, who supplied him with very much of his material.

gradually assumed the appearance of a naked boy—I saw him step over the bar of the grate and advance towards the bed, increasing in size at every step till he appeared like a youth of sixteen or seventeen. I was not accustomed to fear anything—I said to myself—‘I will not fear him’: I jumped out of bed, faced him and marched him back: he retreated diminishing as he went till he reached the fire, into which he stepped over the bar and I saw him no more.” Sir W. ventured to ask if he had been living freely as to wine, but Lord C. assured him to the contrary.

‘After tea he gave me the detail of his sad illness five years ago: it was cramp in the stomach and so acute as to produce temporary delirium: he was conscious of it, and of the pain he gave his daughter by his wild language, and begged them to leave him: one morning he found his legs drawn into knots and holes which plainly shewed he had suffered violent cramp in them, but of which the intense pain in his stomach had made him wholly unconscious: he was relieved by the application of hot salt, so hot that his shirt and under waistcoat became like tinder.

‘The Duke of Gordon married a mistress he had long lived with, very shortly after the death of the bonny Dutchess; she also died last winter: she never took any state, or wished to be acknowledged, but continued to live in the small house she had before occupied in the village of Huntley: the old fish wife came the day after the marriage and tried to make a hard bargain, “Ah! yere gude Grace winna think of standing out wi a pure auld fish wife, but gie her bit price for a wheen flukes and partans”—“None of yere fleeching, gude wife, Grace me no Grace, but e’en let me hae the fish at the auld price.”

‘ There is in the drawing room an original portrait of Will—a noble grave-looking Cavalier with a ruff of the most formidable dimensions, and in the dining room a very fine likeness of Mary Queen of Scots taken after her execution : it is merely the severed head : the beauty of the features, the form of the closed eyelids, the deep dark eyelashes resting on the bloodless cheek, and the fair open forehead are most beautiful : there is also amongst many others a small whole length of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles 1st : what I most coveted was three drawings by Kirkpatrick Sharpe, which in design and execution are the most perfect things I ever saw. One tells the story of Muckle-mouthed Meg admirably : the obstinacy of the old Elibank, the shrewd interposition of the cunning mother, the awkward, half-pleased grin with which Meg surveys the “ winsome young Laird of Harden,” who with one eye directed to the mouth which divides her face in half, and the other on the gallows, to which the priest points while he evidently exhorts him to comply, seems utterly unable to decide which is the least evil of the proffered alternative. The other describes a Border lady producing a pair of spurs¹ as the only dish at table, in order to hint to her husband and sons the necessity of riding for a supply to the larder : the arch look of the Lady as she takes off the cover, the disappointed gaze of the assembled party, the dismay of a little girl who seated on a high stool is brandishing her knife and fork in expectation of her portion, the manner in which the great fat Priest is blessing the meat which he expects will greet his uplift eyes when he turns them to the table, the

¹ Vide *Border Minstrelsy*, iv. 375--‘Feast of Spurs,’ by Rev. J. Marriott.

grievous disappointment which you are sure he *will* suffer, the beauty and grace of the elder sons and daughters, the grave dignified deportment of the Laird, who at the sight seems to be calling to "Boot and Saddle," all this is delineated in so masterly a manner, and executed with such perfect finish, that I would rather possess these drawings than the finest Hogarth I ever saw.

'The clergyman of Melrose, Mr. Thomson,¹ is one of the most absent men living: he had just been to Glasgow and amused Sir W. much when he saw him in the churchyard at Melrose, by confessing that when he saw Mrs. Lockhart (a person he had known for years) at her father in law's Dr. Lockhart, he totally forgot who she was and addressed her as the Doctor's own daughter: the Dr. set him right by saying "Mr. T. you forget that this is only the daughter of my *choice*:" Mr. Thompson went to a funeral in the hills and borrowed General Gowdie's Poney: he told everybody who asked him where he was going that it was to General Gowdie's funeral: he rode to a house where he had attended a burial the week before and on enquiring if he was in time to attend the corpse was greeted with, "Hech! Sirs! it has been in the grave these aught days:" he then trotted off to the right house and learnt that the body had been interred two hours.

'*May 4th.* Walked round the plantations to the west on the bank of the river which are now, (and *will* be *most*) beautiful, with Sir Walter: we were out from six till half past 9: he told me much of his family history, of a strange mortality which befel it some eight years ago, when, without epidemic disease, he lost in

¹ He was father of the Rev. George Thomson, later at Abbotsford and the original of Dominie Sampson.

one week his mother, uncle and six other near relations. His Grandfather, a younger branch of the Harden family, was left penniless in consequence of *his* father being out in the 45: he went to the Laird of Harden for advice and assistance who offered him the farm of Sandy Knowe, on which Smaylhome tower is situated as a *being*, but told him he had so many demands on his purse that he was unable to assist him with money to stock it: Robert Scott departed full of heavy thought and as he was slowly proceeding was overtaken by his father's old shepherd, a Hogg: "I'm hearing Maister Robbie, that ye'll be taking Sandy Knowe: 'tis a bonnie bit, but ye'll want the plenishin': I hae £35 a' gat in yere gude father's service, and ye sall hae the loan on't to put something on the farm, and we'll awa to Wooller tryste to-morrow and buy a flock." Master and man set off next morning and while the old shepherd was anxiously examining every bught and cheapening the contents, Robbie was looking at a noble young hunter: the old man in a few minutes saw him mounted in his shirt sleeves and trying the horse's paces, and in conclusion they left the fair with all their worldly goods resting on four legs: how the journey back passed, Sir W. knows not¹: his grandfather spent much time in teaching this noble animal all that horse could learn: the first day that Harden's hounds were turned out he headed the field, exhibited in his horse the most perfect specimen of a well broken hunter, and sold him on the spot for treble the sum he had given, became a steady careful Scotch

¹ Lockhart winds up this part of the anecdote by quoting Sir Walter as saying: 'Moses's bargain of green spectacles did not strike more dismay into the Vicar of Wakefield's family than my grandfather's rashness into the poor old shepherd.'

farmer at Sandy Knowe, and accumulated a moderate fortune in a manner which reflected the highest honour on his character as a gentleman, a title he never lost sight of: he married a woman of some fortune and at all times kept his place in society: when family meetings took place he wore a handsome coat and well mounted sword and mixed with the gayest and best: at home he never disdained the habits of a Scotch farmer.

‘On looking up a glen which opens to the west from the Tweed which lay sparkling at our feet in all the glories of a bright sunshiny Spring morning Sir W. told me the following legend which is firmly believed by the country people. Two old men who lived in the neighbourhood were in strict habits of intimacy: one of them, named Grinapple, had been at the battle of Philiphaugh and loved to boast of his feats there: the other whether from suspecting exaggeration or from the love of mischief was sure to remark, as if to hint that his friend ran away, ‘Hech! Gudeman but ye’re mighty souple,’ and this always brought on fierce resentment on the part of the old Philiphaugh soldier. Grinapple died at a good old age, and his friend attended the funeral: on his return as he was quietly pacing through the glen he heard someone behind him—he turned—it was Grinapple: he mustered all his courage to address the ghost, “In the name of God whar were you an hour ago?” the spirit in reply named a spot 200 miles off: the old bone of contention irresistibly occurred: “Hech! Gudeman but ye’re mighty souple”—no sooner was this uttered than he was kickt by the indignant ghost across the river and ere he could recover his legs conveyed back again in the same manner and was thus made a football till he heartily repented his joke. Two stories of presence

of mind in women of this country; one a girl of 17, servant to an old farmer in a lone house on the hills, who watched a thief making his way into her master's apartment till he was half in at the window: she then belaboured him with the kitchen tongs with such effect that he was glad to make off on all fours, being tracked by his blood for near half a mile: the other, a shepherd's wife, a woman of uncommon strength of mind and body who was preparing barley cakes for her family in a cottage many miles from any neighbourhood in Ettrick forest, during the year of scarcity (I believe 1801)—a very ill looking fellow dressed like a sailor walked in and seated himself: she asked what he wanted—he answered surlily “bread” and that he would have it—she replied it was what they all wanted, but he was welcome to such as she had prepared for herself and children: she handed him a barley cake, which he threw down disdainfully and fiercely told her to produce better fare instantly; she made no reply, but stepping to a shelf took down a large knife with which her husband killed sheep and deliberately began to whet it on the table which stood between them keeping her eyes firmly fixed on him, “And what is that for gude wife?”—“What ye'll shortly see” she replied, and looking still more earnestly and flourishing her knife she said in a firm tone “did any living soul see ye come into this house?”—the fellow intimidated by this hint ran off.

‘Drove in the Sociable to Ashestiel: crossed the Tweed at the Abbots ford which was deep enough to frighten Lady Scott and to reach the edge of the carriage: it was rather formidable to a stranger, but I comforted myself with the idea of being immortalized in case of drowning with Sir Walter: just as we were

in the deepest he touched my arm and said "Swim we merrily"—we called at Mr. Pringle's of Yare, a lovely spot on the banks of the Tweed; he was an old friend of Dr. Hughes's brother. Ashestiel is a wild and romantic situation on a high bank above the Tweed—the house small and looking to the green hills which separate the Tweed from the Ettrick and Yarrow: there Sir Walter wrote *Marmion* and he seemed to enjoy the recollection of past times with a shade of melancholy which heightened the interest of the descriptions he gave us of the life he led there: all at once he changed to a gayer mood and described the difficulties they were sometimes involved in when visitors came from Edinburgh and the carrier disappointed them of their hamper of provisions: once when Lord and Lady Melville were their guests this mishap befel: they killed a sheep, and sent round to their neighbours: everyone contributed a leg of mutton till with their own they had nine in the larder and no other sort of meat: then he described the day of their removal to Abbotsford—"everything went wrong—the horses refused to go into the stables, the cows and the sheep ran out of the pasture as soon as they were put in; the hens flew out of the chicken yard—the kitchen fire would not burn, the oven would not bake, the jack would not go, the pump would give no water, the men swore, the maids wept and Lady Scott scolded: everybody came to my study into which I had taken refuge with complaints of each other—at last not being able to endure it any longer I came forth, broke into a tremendous passion, I am not sure that I did not swear an oath or two, and in half an hour everything and everybody were in their right places." We crossed the Tweed just below Ashestiel at a very deep ford, and returned

by the old tower high in a fine wood, and the modern square house of Torwoodlee: the family burial place is in the midst of a large Heronry: we saw the owner another Mr. Pringle whom Sir W. hailed with "How's a' wi ye Torwoodlee?" as he had before addressed Mr. Pringle of Yare with the title of "Whitebank" from the name of his oldest possession: this is the custom in order to distinguish the gentlemen of the same name who abound in this country. The old tower of Torwoodlee was pillaged in the 45 and all the family records of great value burnt by Colonel Drummond on a hill near it: the heir fled, taking with him a letter of James 4th addressed to his ancestor, calling him the Gudeman of Torwoodlee and announcing his purpose of hunting in his woods and dining with him.

Passed Bucklivie where the last authenticated Ghost abode. [See the notes of the 'Border Minstrelsy,' i. 200, where the laying this ghost by the Minister is related.] All the way Sir Walter illustrated the spots he shewed us by legends in verse and prose, and anecdotes of the most amusing kind. Just as we had crossed the stream below Ashestiel he mentioned a remarkable illusion of sight which befel him at the bottom of the glen: he had sent a very careful servant with a horse and cart early one morning to Melrose expecting his return soon after breakfast: as the day wore away and the man did not appear Sir W. grew uneasy and began to fear some accident had befallen him: with this impression he walked out at the gloaming, and looking down the glen thought he saw distinctly the cart coming slowly along with a stranger leading the horse: he hastened forwards and in an instant saw no more of the objects which appeared so perfectly in his view: the man arrived late in the evening and accounted satisfactorily

for his absence, but Sir W. remarked that had anything befallen him there would have been an established case of second sight from the very odd deception of his senses.

‘The original of Edie Ochiltree may be traced in Andrew Gamel an old beggar who was well known all over Selkirk, Roxburgh and Ayrshire, and whose character as described by Sir W. was precisely similar : he had free access to the houses of all ranks, stayed a night or more wherever he pleased and spoke his mind freely to everyone gentle and simple : he has frequently been seen at Gala, playing Brag with the Laird at the open window, the Laird within and Andrew without, the window sill forming the card table : after Mr. Pringle had built his new house at Torwoodlee and forsaken the old tower, he met with Andrew, and asked him how he liked the new place : “It’s a’ vara weel Torwoodlee but I’d no hae thought to see yere father’s son sell twa bonnie farms to build a Gowk’s nest on the side of a hill :” in his latter days he complained that the trade of begging was £50 a year less to him than it had been, and declared that if he had a 100 sons he would not breed them to it, for he had himself at one time serious thoughts that it was na the trade of a gentleman : he could always give change for a guinea. Sir Walter thinks highly of Miss Austen’s novels, as the very best as to perfect delineation of *real* life. Speaking of the great eagerness which the poor of Scotland have to secure a decent burial dress and of the preparation they always made of one if in their power, he related a scene which, when he was young, passed in his presence : his Aunt Miss Rutherford (of whom he always speaks with the greatest affection) had an old dependant named Tibb Hogg to whom she was

remarkably kind : one day when he was waiting in the parlour, Miss R. sent for Tibb, and producing a large roll of fine old linen they both began to shape and contrive it much to their mutual satisfaction, Tibb curtseying every five minutes, and only expressing a fear that it was o'er gude for the like of her : this was her shroud which Miss R. assisted her to put together and the whole transaction appeared perfectly natural to the giver as it was acceptable to the receiver. Came back by Gala Water and through the little thriving town of Gala Shields, crossing the Abbots-ford on our return. Sir W. got out in the town on an errand of mercy to a poor widow left destitute with six children, who seem by his activity and interest to be in a fair way of being provided for.

'Lady Johnstone, widow of Sir James J., was a very witty and a very strange person : when Sir J. died she was a very sincere mourner, for they had lived most happily together more than thirty years : she took to her bed in which she sat weeping bitterly, rocking herself backwards and forwards and repeating "Never was sorrow like my sorrow : " a young relation present who was a widow with six little children slenderly provided for, quietly consoled her by suggesting that others *had* suffered as much ; upon which she replied still seesawing and crying, "Oh ! no ! never was sorrow like mine—ye indeed !—ye're young and bonny and may get another Gudeman, but wha will hae me ? " On her deathbed this humour did not forsake her : it was a dreadful night of storm : a fierce north wester drove the rain in sheets against the window and shook the house : the friends who were watching the parting spirit often walked shuddering to the window and spoke to each other of the tempest : all of a sudden Lady J. put back

her curtain, and faintly said "Hech Sirs ! and is na this an awful night for me to be bleezing awa thro' the lift ?"

'The only verses David Hume was ever known to have written were on a windowpane in the Bush inn at Carlisle where Sir W. saw them many years ago.¹

Here chicks in eggs for breakfast sprawl,
Here godless boys God's glory squall ;
Here Scotsmen's heads adorn the wall,
But Corby's walks atone for all.

Methinks he did well to confine himself to prose.

'The late Duke of Roxburgh had a Mr. Cole residing with him who acted as a sort of gentleman usher when he had company to shew the place : one day when Sir W. was at Fleurs² there were two Miss Paisleys (daughters to the Admiral) to whom the place was to be exhibited : they set out in a coach, and when they arrived at the famous thorn in the Park Mr. Cole began, "Here Ladies is the spot on which the battle &c. &c.—" The ladies instead of listening were tittering and laughing with each other. Mr. C. stopped short and said "Turn about, Coachman, these ladies care nothing for history no more than I do myself."

'A fancy ball was given at Edinburgh last winter, and Miss Scott was desired to come in character : Sir W. was asked how she would be dressed—"As a Scottish gentlewoman." From his well known skill in antiquity great were the expectations formed of her head tire, her wimple and curling pins : to the great disappointment of the company she appeared in her

¹ The pane is preserved at Corby Castle, with the lines still legible. Sir Walter, in a letter to Morritt, quoted by Lockhart, p. 339, suggests a comic 'Advertisement' to 'The Poetical Works of David Hume.'—Ed.

² Now spelt 'Floors.'—Ed.

best gown only: "I have not the least objection to my daughter disguising herself at a Christmas meeting in my own house, and playing the fool in a party of friends, but I hold it unlike a real gentlewoman that she should make an antic of herself in public: my daughter will I hope never wish to look otherwise than what she is, a plain gentleman's child." Miss Scott seems compleatly imbued with this spirit: she is quite free from every sort of pretence or affectation, with a *petit brin d'espièglerie* which one does not find out at first.

'On the night of the Porteus mob an aunt of Sir Walter's was going to pay a visit in a Sedan chair: on entering the High Street two men in leather aprons and their faces blackened as if to disguise them stopt the chair and told her she must go back: she insisted on proceeding, but they in terms of perfect good breeding told her it would not be safe, that a dangerous riot was about to take place, and that they would protect her to her home: they did so, and one of them handed her out of the chair and bowed so gracefully, that she was convinced he was a gentleman.¹ Sir Walter has a very great dislike to the Americans, or rather says he has been unfortunate in the specimens he has seen: their intolerable curiosity and coarse manner of putting questions he particularly remarks on: an American came last year to Abbotsford without introduction, and being civilly received set no bounds to his impertinent inquisitiveness: "he asked me my own age and that of my children: this I readily told him—then he enquired how old Lady Scott was: that (with an arch glance at her) I dared not tell him: then he proceeded to the same enquiry relative to Tom Purdie, my horses

¹ In the note to Chapter VI. of *Heart of Midlothian* he is described as a Baxter, or baker's boy.—ED.

my cows and my dogs : I satisfied him as well as I could as to these points but when he asked me the age of the cocks and hens I lost all patience, told him he really went beyond me and that I must refer him to the henwife."

'*May 5th.* Walked again to the stone in memory of Kerr of Cessford and looked at the large stone with a Runic inscription which is in the adjoining plantation, and returned in time for a long ramble with Sir W. A pointer bitch of Tom Purdie's came running to us, and Sir Walter called her by the name of Di; "when she does anything to please Tom he calls her Di Vernon." The carpenter followed by his little terrier, called Rob Roy, came up for orders, a very intelligent looking young man: Sir W. said "I would not be in the range of that lad's gun at 60 yards for my life; he is the best marksman I know"—"As good as Cuddy?" said I; he laughed and replied "Yes—he gets up in the morning at three o'clock to shoot the hooded crows, but he never neglects his business, is an excellent fellow and an ingenious workman; he has another resemblance to Cuddy for he is the only son of a widowed mother, who is however a very different person from Mause: he is very kind and dutiful to her, and all her care is that his passion for shooting may not lead him into dissipation: last year I went to meet the Duke of Buccleugh on the hills to shoot, and took this young man with me to hold the dogs, and I had two or three more by way of a little tail: the poor old woman begged me for God's sake not to encourage her son to shoot *Dukes* for so ducks are pronounced here and she had mistaken our errand: last winter she was seized with a cancerous disorder and he took most dutiful care of her, but I wished her to have the

best advice and proposed her going to the Infirmary at Edinburgh—he hesitated and objected and said he did not mind any expense in his power: I explained that it was in order that she might have the first assistance and that I did not consider her in the light of a person who wanted charity: ‘Ah Sir Walter, if it is na charity it’s unco like it’ was his answer.”

‘Sir W. repeated to me a very long and admirable ballad written by Lady Louisa Stuart on the story of Muckle Mouthed Meg and told me he had a copy of complimentary verses by a lady which cost him fifteen shillings, by post, and two days after another copy for fear of miscarriage, which cost him 18. Mr. Rose, the translator of Ariosto, who is a great friend of Sir W.’s, has a servant who very much resembles the character of the fools in old plays: he is entirely attached to his master and singularly useful to him in sickness, but he presumes on a sort of half witted humour and says and does most extraordinary things: Mr. Rose, who one should think must also be a little crazed, had an ox hide dressed, and made into a habit for his man with the horns so fitted as to be worn on the head: one day he was walking in the New forest with this attire in a bundle; rain came on and in order to keep himself dry he put it on: tho’ the rain soon cleared he continued to wear the hide and having a book sauntered on slowly by the road side: a gentleman and a lady driving in a gig met him and were in utter astonishment at the sight of an ox on his hind legs appearing to read very intently; the horse equally alarmed ran away threw them out of the gig and the lady was seriously hurt: notwithstanding this warning this “knave” saw a fine grey ox skin the last time he was at Abbotsford which

he wanted to convert into a dress and Sir W. had some difficulty in rescuing it from him. We went up to Sir W.'s apartments: from his dressing room a winding staircase leads to a turret and a bartizan which I boldly told him I was sure was the exact pattern of Rose Bradwardine's; he smiled and said I was right: he shewed us the portraits of his father and mother, two grandfathers (one the Robert Scott whose history I have noted down, the other Dr. Rutherford) and drawings of Jeffrey, Wilson and Mr. Erskine: two small whole lengths of Mrs. Lockhart and Miss Scott: the former is caressing the favourite deerhound Maida: and an original and very handsome miniature of the Chevalier: it is a very fair and very handsome countenance with light hair; at the back he drew out a sliding board on which was an original letter of the Chevalier's covered with glass. As we were here he spoke of the simplicity in which he had endeavoured to educate his children, and the active habits in which he had trained his sons and quoted from the old ballad,

And I hae learnt my gay Gosshawk
Right weel to breast a steed,
And I hae learnt my turtle duv
As weel to write and read.

'On the stair was a portrait of Claverhouse: he looks like a cavalier who would sigh to a lute all day "and make ballads to his mistress's eyebrow"—very handsome and with a soft and even languishing expression. In the following anecdote, which Sir W. says is authentic, may be traced the germs of the character so finely drawn in *Old Mortality*. An old and particular friend sent his son with a troop to join Clavers when he took arms in support of James 2nd: in a skirmish the young man ran away. Clavers

screened him, by saying he had commanded him to the rear, but he sent for and reprimanded him, desiring that he would go home, for that he knew by his eye he would never be a soldier: the lad replied, he would never return to his father, for he knew he would not receive him, and that he was quite sure of himself in the event of another action. Clavers replied, "You stand on a fearful precipice—take my timely warning. I have a desperate purpose to accomplish, to restore my King to his throne, and no minor consideration will stand in my way: should you falter again, your life would be of no more value in my sight than that of a fly: be advised in time": the young man would not listen: in the next affair he failed again. Clavers rode up, and said, "Your father's son must not meet his fate from the Provost Marshall," and drawing a pistol from his holster, he shot him through the head.

' This anecdote led imperceptibly to one of the early life of the Duke of Wellington¹: when he was first employed under Lord Lake in India he conducted himself so little to his lordship's satisfaction that he spoke of him to Sir David Baird as a young man for whom

¹ A number of curious errors are embraced in this short story, whether the culprit were Sir Walter or Mrs. Hughes. 1st. Baird and Lake were not in India at the same time, or not more than a month or two: they never served together. 2nd. When Lake came out as Commander-in-Chief in October 1800, Colonel Wellesley was already one of the leading soldiers in India. He never served under Lake, but held a distinct command—of which Assaye and Argaum were the fruits. 3rd. Baird and Wellesley were not on very good terms, the former being very jealous, and not without grounds, of the way in which Wellesley was put forward by his brother. Such slender foundation as the story has may be found in Sir Herbert Maxwell's *Life of the Duke of Wellington*, i. 33. Lord Harris was in command of the operation in which the incident occurred that may have been the basis of this anecdote.

he feared nothing could be done : Sir D. differed wholly in opinion and said that he only wished Lord L. to make a further trial of him, and give the young soldier the command of an expedition about to take place on which much depended, and that he was perfectly sure he might be relied on : Lord L., with great emotion held out his hand to Sir D. and assured him his interest in young Wellesley was so strong that it was the very thing he wished for, but dared not propose : Sir D. then offered to attend the expedition at a small distance accompanied by an orderly, and in case of any difficulty to take charge of the whole : everything fell out according to Sir David's most sanguine expectation and this was the first step in the bright path of glory which has led to the field of Waterloo. Of Sir D. (or rather of his mother) another anecdote was mentioned : a false report was spread that he with several other officers had been taken by Tippoo Saib and chained in pairs : when his mother was informed of it she only said "I pity the man that is chained to Davie."

'Lord Mount Edgumbe made the following acrostic on Mrs. Damer : it is cut on a stone put up at Mount Edgumbe and the letters are gilt.

D—avid ne'er play'd the harp like thee,
 A—nson ne'er found thy like at sea;
 M—ara had not a melody like thine,
 E—dgembe who thinks thee all divine
 R—ecords thy worth in every line.

'I could have wished to recollect and write down all that I heard this most extraordinary man say, but I find that with all my efforts I have but an imperfect record : much has escaped my memory and it is not possible to impress anyone with a proper idea of the

effect produced by his narratives : all the grace and spirit seems to have evaporated from the stories I have minuted down : the beautiful simplicity of the language, the flow of eloquence, the fire in the eye of the narrator, and above all the deep and touching tones of a voice which is equally powerful in producing tragic and comic effect, must make all attempt to describe what he says hopeless. It is natural after such a free and perfectly confidential intercourse with Sir W. Scott to weigh in one's mind the question whether he is the "Great Unknown." I am so fully convinced of it, that were it a decision on which Martyrdom depended, burnt I must be : *why* he denies it, I cannot guess, but I now know him too well not to be sure that his reasons are good, and whenever they are known will do him honour. One cause for fixing the palm on him is obvious to everyone—his great accumulation of property—years have elapsed since he published an avowed work of any consequence and yet there must be a *mine* from which he has drawn to purchase so largely, to plant so extensively, to build and fit up a house in so great a scale of expense, to live in that house in a manner as elegant as it is hospitable, to maintain so many people and to do so much good. All this is done with great judgment and prudence, but it *is* done, and would never have been done by him, unless he had amassed a *certain* fortune, and was also in the habit of supplying this fund so as to entitle himself to indulge his taste : he loves his family too well to injure them by selfish expence : indeed I do not think he knows what selfishness is, as far as his own feelings are concerned : but strong as this argument may be, and often as he is betrayed by little allusions to circumstances related in the novels, it amounts to nothing in the balance when weighed

down by the positive internal evidence given by his conversation: the brilliant imagination, the vivid description, the quick perception and happy delineation of character, the sterling good sense and acuteness of remark, the magic power over the feelings while he leads you from grave to gay, convulsing you with laughter, thrilling you with horror, or melting you to tears, and above all the sweet spirit of benevolence, candour, and charity in its fullest sense, which breathes in every word and action of this extraordinary man are all precisely what you would expect from the Author of the Scotch novels. It is said that Lawyers are of all men the most likely to conceive an unfavorable impression of human nature: if it be so, Sir W. is an exception, for I never met with any one so prone to see the actions of his fellow creatures in so kind a view: it seems as if he judged all hearts by his own: his whole study seems to be to diffuse happiness on all around him: we leave him with the deepest impression of his excellence: great and various as his talents are, rich as he is in genius and imagination; his excellent sound judgment in all his affairs, his plain manly *common* sense are equally striking: he has no eccentricities, and is as punctual in all matters of business as the dullest man alive: we leave him also with true concern and gratitude for his extreme kindness which has led him during the whole of our visit to devote every moment of his valuable time to us. In the blaze of the sun, who can see the stars?—and I forget to speak of any but the great Magician, yet I ought to have mentioned the kind reception of Lady Scott, and the sensible pleasing manners of her daughter: the second son Charles, is a very handsome, and perfectly unspoilt youth: there was also for two days an agreeable young

Saxon nobleman Baron D'Ende, who loves Scotland, is an enthusiast in landscape scenery, plays the Spanish guitar beautifully, and talks of and loves his mother so well as to win the favour of all matrons. The last day there was a young artist named Bewick, a nephew of the celebrated Bewick of Newcastle, who came to copy the head of Mary Queen of Scots.

To Kelso 18, May 6th. Visited Dryburgh Abbey : walked over the chain bridge across the Tweed. Lord Buchan has several odious enormities there : a temple to the muses, a gigantic figure of Wallace opposite to the Eilden, and sundry other fooleries in an enclosed nook of the ruin. Sir Walter had bade me look at his burial place, which is in the Abbey, and I did so with tears in my eyes to think how many aching hearts will one day follow in that path this great and good man to his long home. When Sir W. was at the extremity of his danger Lord Buchan came over to Abbotsford and made enquiries of Mrs. Lockhart in a manner which distressed her beyond measure and convinced her, he was only eager to increase the interest of Dryburgh Abbey by its becoming her father's grave : not even Lord Buchan's madness could excuse the grossness of his conduct on this occasion. Passed Merton (the residence of Scott of Harden) and Makerstone, both good and comfortable houses, but "the wild watch-fold," the bare simplicity of the ruined tower of Smaylhome, the cradle of the poet, pleased me more. The tower of Little Deans is in a field seven miles from Kelso. Fleurs (the seat of the Duke of Roxburgh) is a plain, sturdy, handsome residence, beautifully situated on the opposite side of the Tweed and looking to the ruins of Roxburgh Castle which are on high ground between that river and the Teviot : the famous

thorn is in the ground opposite the house: the junction of the two rivers is magnificently fine. We saw the Cheviot range with large patches of snow: the Eildon was dark in tempest and a noble object: the new bridge at Kelso (an infant Waterloo) is fine, the ruin of the old Abbey good at some distance and there is a considerable portion left, but it is coarse and mean in detail after seeing Melrose: we walked to the view commanding the river and the woods of Fleurs which we had from a walk behind the library.

‘*To Whitburn* 12: after the first 6 miles, very barren, ugly, black moor: Hume Castle on a bold elevation to the right. Mellerstain to the left with miserable mopy plantations: a back view of Smaylhome and the Eildon. Whitburn is a single ruin. *Black Shiels* (another single ruin) 15. Very ugly open moor and black timbering all the way till about a mile from Falla: it was then too dark to judge properly, but the country seemed to open and improve. Saw Thirlestane Castle soon after leaving Whitburn and the road to Lauder which we left in a valley to the left.

‘*To Edinburgh* 16, *May 7th*. Mackay’s Hotel Princess Street. At the 4 Mile Stone we turned off to see Creichton Castle, a noble old ruin, and returned to the road at Pathhead well rewarded for our trouble. As we drove along the cross road we saw a good old house with a tower:—“What is the name?”—“Creichton House my Leddy.” I applied to my road book for the owner, both Creichton castle and house belong to — Higgins Esqr. Horrible! I amused myself with devising what I would do if I were an absolute monarch: should I offer him a patent to alter his name—add a syllable to the beginning,—*FitzHiggins*, *MacHiggins*—No—roses will not perfume dunghills: add one to the

end—Higginbottom!—worse and worse. Dr. H. proposed to transpose the name—Ginshig. Pho! if that name sounded Dutch (and I doubt it) what idea does it suggest but that of Schnaps and Butterfirkins!—let him take the Scottish privilege and be called by the name of his place!—that will never do—no Scotsman will ever be able to take a Higgins by the hand with the kindly “How’s a’ wi’ ye Creichton.”—No, he would never be able to bring himself to say anything but “how do you do *Mister Higgins*”:—he *must* vacate Creichton. But perhaps he is the worthiest man in the world with a family of children; it would be the worst of tyranny to dispossess him without proper amends:—I will do the thing so handsomely that he will be impatient to get away: he shall have his choice of a villa at Hogsden, a marine cottage at Bognor or Mud-diford, an estate at Buntingford or Boreham, Snitterfield or Snoreham, the vicarage of Bobbing, or the Rectory of Diddleton cum Doddleston for his son who is about to take orders—oh! you will see how he will race and chace all the family, rail at his wife and swear at the servants, shovel his furniture out of doors, take a lodging at Pathhead, *anything* to leave me clear possession and secure my terms: but soft—what do I see—a little sash window hardly big enough to admit a cat let in at the bottom of the fine old window in Creichton Church. Oh! thou villain; I know this is your doing, and in the form of a benefactor—nothing is too bad for you: none but a Higgins, a Wiggins, or a Tiggins would have been guilty of such barbarism: you shall have neither Manor, villa or living—you shall be instantly ejected, nay my wrath increases; I am as savage as the Boar of York—“Off with his head, so much for Higginbottom.”

‘If I *had* been an absolute monarch and taken at my word like the Scottish King who said “Sorrow gin the Sherra were sodden and supt in broo”¹ and found him boiled in consequence, I might have thought the injured spirit of Higgins rode on the clouds and directed the envious fog which intercepted my view as I approached “Auld Reekie”: at three miles from the city I recognized Craig Millar castle from which the view must be magnificent in a clear day: as we drew nearer, we saw the glorious lion-looking Arthur’s seat, Salisbury Crags, the Calton, St. Giles’ and at intervals through the dim cloud of smoke and vapour the noble castle and felt what a privilege it is to say “*mine own romantic town.*” As soon as we had dressed and got rid of the road dust we went to the Castle, down the Netherbow and the Grass Market (quoting the Heart of Mid Lothian at every step) and then by the Cowgate and back of the Canongate to Holyrood where we saw the Chapel, the Guard room where the Election for the Peers of Scotland takes place, and poor Queen Mary’s gloomy apartments—the tattered furniture still remaining and her work box made by her own hands on the toilet table. We then walked to St. Andrew’s Square and looked at the monument of Lord Melville, which reminded us of an anecdote told us by Sir Walter. The expedition to Egypt was solely planned by Lord Melville and put in execution against the opinion of his Cabinet friends, and wholly against the King’s, who when he signed the necessary papers inserted that it was contrary to his inclination: after success had crowned Lord Melville’s hopes, the King

¹ The Sheriff of the Mearns, boiled and eaten by the Laird of Arbuthnot in consequence of the hasty words of James I. of Scotland. *Vide* Note B to ‘Ballad of Lord Soulis,’ in *Border Minstrelsy*, iv. 265.—ED.

breakfasted with him at Wimbledon : on being pressed to take another glass of wine the King assented, saying, he meant to give a toast, " the Minister who in defiance of the opinion of his colleagues and the will of his Sovereign had the sagacity to plan and the firmness to carry into execution the expedition to Egypt." Lord Melville said that when he heard this he felt as if he were made amends for all the crosses he had experienced in his life. Sir Walter who knew him well says Lord Melville was one of the most disinterested and amiable of men and on all occasions seems eager to do his memory justice. He died poor.

' After dinner we walked on the Calton and met with two most civil cicerones in two old Burghers who were taking their evening *toddle* on the hill. I asked about St. Leonard's Craigs : and one of them pointed them out. " Ye'll hae read they tales ? " I assented. " Ye'll see that house ower by the red tiled roof, that is Dumbie's house, and up beyont is the auld Covenanter's—I canna mind the name "—I said " Douce Davie " " Ay, Ay, just sae,—weel and there's a window whar the puir misguided lassie got out after she had the mischance." I mention this to show what compleat possession the Scotch Novels have taken of the minds of all ranks : in this case they have absolutely identified fiction with truth for no such persons as Dumbiedikes or Douce Davie and his family ever existed in reality. We walked into one of the finest glass shops I ever saw and into almost all the new squares and streets.

' 8th. Walked before breakfast to the Castle, Grass Market, Heriot's hospital, the Grey Friars Churchyard and Bristo Port, back through High Street and over the North Bridge : I thanked a very intelligent man

in the lower ranks who went out of his way to direct me: 'No thanks, 'tis a duty to be *ceevle* to strangers.'

'Walked up Arthur's seat—the day most favourable: saw Dudingstone, Musselburgh, Porto Bello, North Berwick Law, the Bass, Kinghorn, Inch Keith—the Pentland and the Braid Hills, everything:—met an intelligent gentleman who pointed out all; came down by St. Anthony's chapel and well and saw the scite of Muskats Cairn, almost under the chapel and now close to the side of the new road opened when the King was in Edinburgh. After dinner walked to the College: the President's apartments looking south west are on the spot on which stood the kirk of field memorable from the murder of Darnley: to the High School; along Black Wynd to High Street and up to the Castle, into which we walked and went to the top. I said I had walked up a Wynd—but what a thing it is to do, especially after having breathed the air on Arthur's seat: what a lowering to enthusiasm!—the effect of digitalis on a fevered pulse is not greater: from 130 to 45, and in less time: how can one imagine the awful blackness, the grim, towering projections of little turrets, strangely shaped windows &c.—the flights of stone steps on the outside of the houses leading to porches which give admission to the upper stories, the narrow stretch of blue sky which the stretched neck and upturned eye can with difficulty discover:—and yet nothing so unsafe as to turn the eye upwards: it requires all one's eyes and all one's management to wind a way and to pilot oneself safely through the abominations of every description, over which the swarms of barefooted children were paddling as if they were treading on a Persian carpet. I never before could duly estimate the trials of Margaret

Lyndsay.¹ Many perhaps, of the squalid women I saw, had known a green brae and a sweet burn, had seen the banks of Tweed and Yarrow, and Gala Water! I *could* not hold my nose; I *could* not bear to show how repulsive everything was: I could not show such "foul scorn" (mere passer-by as I was), of a place where these poor creatures were condemned to abide: so I held my breath, and was well nigh suffocated before I emerged into the High Street. I consider it fortunate that the idea of Mrs. Win Jenkins with her explanation of "Gardyloo, meaning Lord ha' mercy upon you,"² never occurred to me; it is the more wonderful, because it was easy to see how abundantly such tender mercies are showered down. And there are places worse than these—*Closes*—shall I have the desperate courage to explore one? While I was laughing at my own antiquarian Mania I could not help whispering to myself—"After all, this is far more venerable than Philpot, Green Lettuce, and Petticoat Lanes—all new creations since the great fire: it is not worse than Addle Street or Chick Alley and it is far safer, for everybody we met seemed civil and honest. Extraordinary to say, some of the *first* people formerly lived in Wynds in the olden time, and a gentleman whom Dr. H. met at the Bank, assured him, that in his memory, (and he was not an old man) a Lord of Sessions lived in one of the Wynds: the contrast between these with the beautiful cleanliness, breadth and airiness of the new town is most striking, and yet I have no pleasure in *frequenting* the new streets: a passing glance of admiration suffices, while the High Street, the Canon Gate and the Lawn Market are perpetual sources of

¹ As told by Professor Wilson.—Ed.

² Vide *Humphrey Clinker*—letter of July 18 to Mrs. Mary Jones.—Ed.

pleasure: the *Wynds* are to be sure a too highly seasoned indulgence of the passion for antiquities. There are things which must be felt seen and smelt to be fully understood: in the first may be placed the society of Sir Walter Scott; in the next Abbotsford, Edinburgh as a whole and Arthur's seat; in the third a Wynd and the escape of Gas.

'I suspect that we have begun at the wrong end of our tour; after Abbotsford and Edinburgh pleasure can go no further: a mountain and a lake may be imagined, and I have seen many: we have eaten the Pine-apple and must be contented with the rind. Sir Walter gave us an introduction to Mr. Blackwood, who is an agreeable, sensible, intelligent man; whether he is a *limb* of Christopher North I know not, but he has a lively, shrewd manner which convinces one he could write if he would: the tavern from which the "*Noctes Ambrosianæ*" take their name, is a snug comfortable looking house just behind Princes Street, close to the Register office and standing on Gabriel's road of ghastly memory.

'*May 9th.* This happened to be the Sacrament Sunday, and therefore a more than usual degree of solemnity was observed: the theatre was closed on Wednesday: the shops shut yesterday after two o'clock and the churches were fully attended. When we arrived at St. George's church there seemed very great difficulty in obtaining places; but everybody tried to accommodate us: two of the Elders wearied themselves with efforts and the Pew openers did their best and were such a contrast to our craving greedy Vergers that I could not but be struck with it: I made an apology to one of the gentlemen for occupying so much of his time: "how can it be better employed

than in accommodating strangers?" We were placed in the gallery and I shall not easily forget the graceful courtesy of the Hon. Mrs. Drummond (for such by the book she lent me I learnt to be her name) when she found us established in her pew. The Church is a very handsome Grecian building, admirably fitted up, and able to contain a very large congregation: it was not however so full as was expected, but people came in at intervals all the time of service. Mr. Thompson who is a celebrated preacher rather disappointed me; not in the earnest sincerity of his manner, not in the absence of all trick or affectation, and that which John Bull calls Humbug—but his voice is harsh, and his manner awkward beyond all description: he stands in the attitude of a mounted cannon, screws and writhes¹ himself incessantly, and seems as if his shoulders would alternately touch his desk: he uses notes and speaks with great fluency and devotional fervour but there is ever to me a fault in extempore sermons that the preacher never seems to know when to conclude: after an impressive and eloquent passage other sentences are added which weaken the effect just (if I may be allowed the comparison) like adding water to good negus and lowering it to insipidity: besides in all extempore preaching that I have heard there is a degree of tautology and verbiage: for the same and for other reasons I do not like extempore prayers: Mr. Thompson's are the best I ever heard, but far, far inferior in every way to our beautiful Liturgy, and the not being certain of what is to come makes a degree of attention necessary which is quite a *strain* on the mind. I do not question the devotion of the Scottish church, nay,

¹ This is owing to his being near-sighted.

I am fully impressed with the seriousness I saw to-day, but may not that very *intense* listening be somewhat owing to this cause : the custom of standing instead of kneeling at prayer I do not like : I expected a more general union of voices in singing—very few joined and the effect was poor. When we entered the church we found the centre aisle occupied with two ranges of narrow tables from top to bottom covered with a white cloth and compleatly filled on each side by about 450 well dressed persons : when the sermon was over, a long charge to the communicants, two extempore prayers and three psalms followed : Mr. Thompson and an assistant clergyman occupied a small round table under the pulpit and at the head of the long ranges ; this was also covered with a cloth and on it were placed two silver dishes heaped with large square pieces of bread and four very handsome silver cups with handles containing as it appeared from 3 to 4 quarts each. When the service of the sacrament began six very respectable looking gentlemen walked up to the table each carrying a large silver flaygon from which they filled the cups : they then collected money from all at the tables, and while Mr. T. exhorted the congregation in short and very impressive sentences the gentlemen distributed the bread : each person broke off a small piece and passed it on till all was gone and a fresh piece supplied : in the same manner the cups were passed from hand to hand all sitting : when all had communicated, a rather long exhortation to make a proper use of the blessing received was given, and ended by telling them to depart in peace. They rose and left the church and a regular file succeeded seating themselves when they reached the top till the tables were compleatly filled again : a

Mr. Brotherstone then commenced the exhortation: the clergy must have been many hours in church from the number of the communicants; while the tables were emptying and filling a psalm was sung.

'Called on Mrs. H. Siddons who is still a very lovely woman in person, and in her manners most captivating. Walked down the noble Leith Walk and to the Port and Pier: a large and happy looking population were crowding the sand, the pier and every part of Leith. Walked to Salisbury Crags from whence there is the best view of the castle and the old town, and back over the foot of Arthur's seat and St. Anthony's well. Mr. Blackwood called. Dr. Erskine is the preacher alluded to in *Guy Mannering*: he was the assistant to Dr. Robertson. Mr. B. says that not the smallest doubt is entertained in Edinburgh of Sir Walter being the author of the novels: that Constable believes his method of composing them is by thinking over what he intends to write very early in the morning, and as soon as he rises committing it to paper: he told me he was generally in bed by ten, and never in it after six in the summer, or as soon as he could see in the winter: Blackwood remarked to me an extraordinary proof of the strength of Sir W.'s memory, and the accuracy and truth of his narrations: if he were to tell the same fact at the end of 20 years, it would be precisely the same: he might tell it gaily or sadly according to the spirits he was in, but the facts would be invariably the same.

'*May 10th. Left Edinburgh. To Calder 12.* Corstorphine Hills to the right: Braid Hill south: Pentland range of mountains west. Binnacraig 4 miles above Linlithgow: and a mile from the road.

'An old hunting seat of James 6th. Almondcl

where Lord Erskine lately died to the right. Contentibus, the seat of Lord Torphichen, at Calder.

‘*To Whitburn* 9. No remark to be made but that the road is strait and that from hence to Glasgow they made us pay 1s. 6d. per mile because the price was raised when the King was in Scotland.

‘*To Holyton* 11. Posted over the Kirk of Straths, as desolate a moor as Stainmoor without the relief of a bold outline of hills.

‘*To Glasgow* 13 by Bothwell bridge where I got out, and walked over it back again: three quarters of a mile from the bridge to the right as we passed stands a very pretty small house which might very well pass for Fairy Knowe: the banks of the Clyde both up and down as seen from the bridge are very lovely—their beauty is of the softest character, green and fringed with trees, the stream is calm and broad: Hamilton town and palace fine objects to the left. The whole scene is so admirably described in *Old Mortality* that I could trace every feature. I scrambled over a high paling into the field where the Covenanters were stationed: I sadly missed the old gate in the middle of the bridge, and to have had it there would willingly have paid treble toll, even in this all exacting land of turnpikes: in other respects the bridge is as it was when it was the principal scene of that memorable fight. Glasgow is certainly a very fine city—the streets wide, the houses handsome, particularly some ranges on the left bank of the river—the bridges handsome, and the quays superb: it is however very inferior in point of interest, and beauty to Edinburgh; one might as well compare the stalled ox to the mountain deer:—but it is the land of the Baillie and the “Deacon,” his father, “heaven rest and bless his memory,” and my first visit

was to the bridge where Rob "puir fellow" waited for Frank Osbaldistone. We went in the evening to the play of Rob Roy and the Heart of Mid Lothian for the benefit of Mr. Mackay, and his Baillie Jarvie and Dumbie Dykes were as perfect as possible—no trick, no buffoonery, the accent so true, the action so natural: one might well say

This is the Jew that Shakspeare drew.

His "Jeanie Woman" was quite irresistible: in the drama of Mid Lothian the facts are somewhat altered and with good comic effect. Dumbie Dykes is wandering on the craigs on the eventful night of the meeting at Muskat's Cairn: Jeanie Deans has dropt her plaid, and Madge Wildfire, finding and wrapping herself in it, is mistaken by Sharpitlaw for Jeanie and given into the safe conduct of Dumbie Dykes: the exquisite acting of Mackay when he took the supposed Jeanie under his arm cannot be described, or the sheepish, surprised delight which he assumed when Madge touched his cheek with her finger as he led her off: you saw that he was worked up to make his proposal, and I regretted that the lateness of the hour prevented my seeing the whole of his performance: but it did not *begin* till half past 7, a very absurd apeing of fashionable hours in this land of the shuttle and treddle. I was both surprised and sorry to see this admirable actor playing for his benefit (and as a take leave) to a nearly empty house: the Dugald creature, Davie Deans and Madge were well performed: the rest indifferent.

11th. Walked before breakfast into Mr. Finlay's, a very obliging and intelligent person who has one of the finest Print shops I ever was in, near our inn the

Bull's Head. We met in our walk a most civil person who went out of his way to show us ours for more than an hour. The only house I *could* have supposed to be the Baillie's in the *Saut Market* fell down a month ago:—the only *old* house it contained: waes me! wherever I come, the old walls fall before me: it's "just a *partecklar*" fatality that attends me:—however I saw the College, a right handsome old building with extinguisher towers at the corners of the court, and the garden where the Osbaldistones *forgathered*, and the fine old Cathedral which is *internally* spoilt by being divided into two places of worship, and I went to the door which led to the church *under* the cathedral in the crypt where Frank and Andrew Fair-Service heard the preaching. Returned by the upper part of the town, which strongly reminded me of Bath about Rivers Street and Burlington Street. After breakfast went down to the Quay and the Broomie-law and secured our passage in the Highlander, the largest steam vessel navigating the Clyde, and then crossed *the* old bridge and returned by the new: a broad foot-path has been pieced on to the side of the old bridge, but I scorned to tread it, and chose to pace the line where Rob and Frank encountered.

'*To Rothsay by steam 50 miles*, which we performed without the smallest incident to interrupt our perfect enjoyment in 4 hours and $\frac{3}{4}$. A large excellent vessel fitted up in the most convenient manner, a library of entertaining books (if one could have looked at anything but the enchanting scenery) the society of several well bred intelligent persons, the weather perfect; the sea only ruffled by a light breeze, the atmosphere just in that state which gives the finest variety of lights and shadows: the old fortress of Dun-glas, the rock of Dumbarton, Ben Lomond perfectly

clear and streaked with snow, the opening up to Loch Lomond, the little bathing place of Helensburg—Roxneath and the wild crags beyond it called the Duke of Argyle's bowling green, the Holy Loch, and the burial place of the Campbells, were all interesting subjects as we passed them. To the left we saw Paisley in the distance when we were about five miles down the river. Lord Blantyre has a beautiful residence on the edge of the Clyde and also to the left is a very curious old grey stone house close to Port Glasgow once the residence of a nobleman whose name I have forgotten: (I think Selkirk.)

'The towns of Port Glasgow, Greenock and the little bathing place of Gourock were on our left: at all these we landed some passengers and took in others: at the point where the Firth of Clyde makes an abrupt bend to the south and the Holy Loch runs up to the north west stands Doonan a beautiful little village with an old castle and a picturesque church. The lofty peaks of Arran over the Isle of Bute, the islands of Lamlash, the Comreighs, the opening of the sound and a long reach of the coast of Ayr with the town of Largs came in sight. Ailsa was seen by some of the passengers but not by me. As we approached Rothsay, the town at the edge of the little bay, backed by high green hills and surmounted by the rugged outline of Arran, was one of the most enchanting pictures I ever saw. The hills on the north side of the channel are very rugged and fanciful in outline: just at the turn of the point where Rothsay comes into sight pass the ruins of Castle Toward once the seat of the Lamonts of Lamont which stood a siege in the Monmouth rebellion.¹

¹ As a matter of fact, the expedition of Argyll, Hume and Cochrane to the West of Scotland took place a few weeks before Monmouth landed at Lyme.—ED.

Mr. Kirkman Finlay has a handsome modern gothic house near it which is also *called* a castle and looks scornfully down, in all the pride of white stone, sash windows, and *brass* new battlements, on the grey dismantled walls of the "auld tower." Walked before dinner to the very large remains of Rothesay castle where (*on dit*) Robert the Bruce died: be that as it may it is a place large enough for any king to have lived in, and must have been a castle of great strength: it stands in the heart of the town and so surrounded by mean houses that it is hardly possible to find a spot from which a good view could be taken of it. Here and at Glasgow we saw women washing in tubs, their petticoats drawn up far beyond the knee and without any of the bashfulness which is described in Waverley, when the Bradwardine maidens are discovered in the same situation.

'12th. Walked before breakfast to the ruined Chapel west of the town which commands a charming view of the Bay and the Kyles of Bute. After breakfast a Miss Marshall a very agreeable steam boat acquaintance, called on us: she had with her a pretty wild Irish girl who had never been out of her native country before: she asked me numberless questions about London and finding it was a place that I did not like to live in, she caught Miss M. by the sleeve exclaiming "Oh! the powers! she says she does not like London, and would not I die this very minute if I could but go there!" We walked to Barone Hill which commands a view of the whole Island of Arran, Ayrshire, Cantyre &c. The outline of Arran is certainly the most broken of any I ever saw and the most picturesque. A very intelligent farmer directed us and told us the situation of a house Mr. Kean is

building on Loch Vade, a small lake on the east side of the island, and to which he intends to retire at the close of his public life. Mr. Mack, an agreeable man whom we met in the steam boat yesterday and left at Dunoon near which he had a house, told me the name of Meg Dods has a sense in Scottish phrase: when a child is sulky and perverse, they say "he has taken the Dods."

'A steam boat arrived from Glasgow at three o'clock and carried us through the Kyle of Bute passing Tarbet, to *Loch Gilphead* where a few houses and two small inns are built at the entrance of the Greenan canal: the views were beautifully varied by showers which fell over Bute and rainbows which intervened between us and the dark islands which we passed. Arran in particular with the brightest rainbow I ever saw springing as it seemed from the sea, and the dense cloud of smoke from our vessel hovering above it had a very singular effect. From time to time the vessel was stopped to land passengers, for whom small boats were put out from the little inlets and bays: these people were of the very poorest description and chiefly women; they were mostly smugglers of whiskey, which they manufacture in the Hills and bring to Glasgow in bladders concealed under their cloathes: how this trade can answer one can hardly imagine: three large boats full of passengers left us at Tarbet which has the most compleatly land locked bay I ever saw and a very picturesque ruined castle at the entrance: it is the spot mentioned in the "Lord of the Isles" where the boat of Bruce is dragged over land. Loch Gilphead is in fact only the head of a western arm of *Loch Fyne*, and we passed the end of the fine reach which runs up to Inverara. The little inn at

Ardishaig (for that is the name of the cluster of houses built apparently since the canal was made) afforded but one decent sitting room and this was secured by two of our fellow passengers who kindly admitted us to a share and insisted on our taking the best sleeping accommodation: we found them very intelligent and sensible companions: one, Mr. Brown, agent to Campbell of Ilay, the other a Mr. Gibbs from Aberdeen, an Engineer, who was concerned in the construction of the locks on the Creenan canal, and had just made a contract for the stone to build London bridge: as a proof of the facility with which travelling is now accomplished, Mr. Gibbs left Aberdeen on the 11th in a steam boat, spent 5 hours in Edinburgh, and same day took the Glasgow Mail and arrived at the Broomielaw at 4 in the morning of the 12th; spent six hours in Glasgow, and reached Loch Gilphead in a steam boat by six in the evening: he must be an active man in his habits, for he rose at two and set off by the return of the steam boat to Tarbet: there he was to walk across the Isthmus to West Tarbet Lake, and take the sailing packet to Ilay, and there hire a boat for Londonderry where he hoped to be this evening.

‘13th. It is melancholy to see what the Duke of Argyle¹ might do in this country and to hear from everyone that he does *nothing*: he seldom comes to Inverara and when he does lives in absolute retirement: his father who left the estate free of encumbrance, lived at Inverara many months every year, planted to an immense extent, built, improved the country in every possible way, and employed all the inhabitants: he kept open house and the remains of a

¹ George William Campbell, 6th Duke; *obit sine prole*, Oct. 1839.

plentiful table were given every day to the poor: were it not for the steam boats which produce a constant circulation of money this country would have been ruined, while its chief is ruining himself, and neglecting his duties, in the Club houses of London. This indifference to country and station is I should think a very uncommon feeling in Scotland: the reverse is strongly manifested in the Scotchmen who make fortunes in India: they all seem to return to their native land, build and plant and enjoy life in the bosom of their own connexions, and do not join the phalanx of *Mullagatawny* men who creep about with yellow faces at Cheltenham and other watering places and appear to exist in London for so little purpose, degenerating into mere Gourmands for want of a better stimulus. I observe a very remarkable difference in travelling through France and Scotland: the French have not the least sense of landscape beauty; the Scotch the keenest perception of the picturesque: the most ordinary person will point out the beauty of the country with an enthusiasm which shows how highly they value it: while we were walking on the little Pier here the lights fell beautifully on Arran, and some very poor looking fishermen pointed out the circumstance to each other with admiration. Captain Campbell (late commander of the "London" Indiaman and nephew to Campbell of Shawford who is Lord of Ilay) lives in Ilay and spends £1,500 a year in planting and improvements, the Lord of Jura pays an annual tribute to the Lord of Ilay of two bucks and two does, with some thousand oysters, and the latter has right of fishing and shooting in Jura.

'We walked after breakfast up the Creenan canal as far as Loch Gilphead village and about half a mile

beyond the abrupt turn to the west: we passed Mr. McNiels at Oakfield: a very fine eagle was kept in a large wooden cage close to the canal: we saw on the pier great quantities of fine salt fish brought from the Western isles to receive the bounty from Government: a woman was gathering excellent oysters on the rocky sands after the tide went out: they abound here at all seasons.

'14th. We had expected the arrival of the Ben Nevis a new vessel advertised to sail for Inverness and therefore went to bed uncertain whether we were to proceed by her, or return to Glasgow by a steam vessel which arrived from Fort William late in the evening: we expected to be called at half past two, instead of which an officer who was going in the boat arrived in a gig at half past 12 knocked for admittance and announced it to be two: I therefore rose, and once up, did not like to go to bed again: At last the pipe's "loud wail" summoned all on board: and as we found the cabins, where many of the passengers had passed the night, steaming still more than the boiler, we remained on deck; where I seated myself very comfortably and received great warmth from the *chimney* of the engine. A very intelligent man who regulated the Machinery gave us some water which was evaporated by steam and perfectly sweet and fresh: he thinks the method of thus rendering it fit for use might be adopted on board ships. The weather was cold but the scenery so beautiful and the cabins so close that except during breakfast we remained chiefly on deck: the party as before were kind and friendly: a Mrs. Buchanan, a Mr. and Mrs. Fraser and a Miss Stewart I should like to meet again, all kind Scotch hearts I am sure. I was much amused with a conversation I overheard

between a Glasgow Merchant who took care to let us know that he had not only "argosies at sea" but "land and beeves," and a simple quiet Minister from the Isle of Lewis who with a raw, awkward lad his son were passengers: the Glaswegian was describing England, and its inhabitants to the clergyman who had never been out of Scotland (or I should think so far south as Glasgow before) and who swallowed all that was told him with the most perfect simplicity of belief. "Ye'll see Sir the *Eenglish* have great natural stupeedity, they have no *mechaunical* turn; I no deny they can do any one thing weel eneuch that they've been taught, but they canna turn their hand to anything they have not learnt from their *Eenfancy* like a Scotsman: but it a comes of their beer—ye'll find them grow progressively heavier and duller, and fatter every step ye take from Carlisle whar ye'll begin to find them taking to the Beer: and it spoils their growth too: ye'll never see a fine, clean made, well grown man in England: but there's one thing Sir, that's perfittly surpreessing, for I canna but own that in one thing they have the better of us: it is in mowing: ye'd be astoneeshed to mark what a grip they hae of the scythe: I had twa of the Chiels to work last simmer, and if ye'll credit me they began at 3 in the morning, and never quitted till 8 at night." To all this and much more the Minister did "heedfully incline his ear," and gave him for his nonsense "a world of thanks" and admiration. I thought a little of Mr. Watt (which was natural enough while we were benefiting by steam) and of some of our bold Dragoons, but the remembrance of our dolts the *Mechawrnics* of Uffington kept my tongue from good words. It is really a reflection on the wealthy inhabitants of Glasgow that Mr. Bell, to

whose exertions is owing the establishment of steam boats (which has so materially benefited their city and is such a mine of wealth to the Highlands) is wholly ruined by the speculation, and living in absolute penury: everybody pities him and a subscription has been talked of, and a sum to be raised by a small tax on the steam boats, but nothing is *done*, and while hundreds are daily enjoying the benefit of his public spirited exertions, he is pining in want and "eating his heart with comfortless despair." How often, as I passed along the beautiful though rugged and barren shores of the Kyles of Bute and Loch Fyne did I recollect the ballad of Burns "though cauld Caledonia lies bleak to the wave"—we saw the fine bold grey rocks, which advance so proudly into the waves and seem to defy the approach of man, under the influence of a bright sun which lessened their awful grandeur: I should like to see them *once* lashed by tempest, but it is not a country I should wish to *return* to. We left the boat for an hour at Greenock and walked round the docks and every part of that most flourishing town: we learnt from a passenger who had been Clerk of the Customs there in 1813 that it returned Port duties next in amount to Liverpool, and more than Bristol or Hull. We went on board the fine steam packet which was going to Liverpool: the accommodations are of the first order: a noble room 40 feet long fitted up in the most elegant style serves for the general cabin: concealed behind Mahogany panels are a range of most comfortable looking beds with snow white drapery curtains for the gentlemen: the ladies have cabins equally commodious and a respectable looking woman resides on board to attend them: the price of passage is rather more than £3. As we proceeded up the river

the steward of the boat pointed out the hill of Dumbuck on which he said "ancient superstition had fixed as the spot on which Thomas the Rhymer would appear on his return from Fairyland." We had a Piper on board as in the former vessel: he played incessantly and the Ladies said he played well: the sound did not please me—it certainly has not the effect of the martial spirit-stirring blast of the trumpet, or the cheering tone of the Bugle; it is rather a meagre, peevish note which gives an idea of misery more than any instrument I ever heard—the man played two Pibrochs, but they had the same character. It is hardly possible to imagine the sensation of moving in a steam boat, particularly if, as it did this day, it moves on in the teeth of the wind: the velocity with which you are impelled over the waves is as if you were mounted on the back of a gigantic sea bird—the vessel seems like a "thing of life" a noble creature "travelling in the greatness of its strength and rejoicing to run its course," as it proudly dashes the waves on either side, and leaves a broad track of foam in its wake almost as far as the eye can pursue it: there is something startling in looking down the hold and seeing the huge fire and the play of the enormous engine, and in hearing its clanking sound and the rushing noise of the paddles when set in motion: it is impossible not to reflect that any slight error or neglect might produce the most fearful consequences, and it must be a hardened heart which at the close of a day spent in a steam boat, does not breathe a prayer of peculiar gratitude to the Almighty power who has preserved him through that day and led him in safety over the mighty deep. We returned to Glasgow by half past three—90 miles in 10 hours. Walked after dinner to the Post Office and

round the Salt Market to satisfy myself that no stone was left upon another which Baillie Jarvie could have seen, and even so it is, for all is now built or now building: even St. Mungo's bell I did not hear, for the clock was repairing. There is no place in which one may be buried so gaily as at Glasgow: the good people seem anxious to lessen the gloom of the grave, by the manner in which they convey a corpse to it: a light, jaunty car, very like those which convey fish from Portsmouth to London, is mounted on bright yellow wheels picked out with black: the lower part of the body painted in alternate compartments with a skull—an urn flanked by cross bones and cherubims, and a large flying Hour Glass with the scythe of time gracefully drooping over it like a plume: the upper part divided by bars of black and yellow, and the whole surmounted by a black canopy ending in a point and ornamented with a large bunch of feathers, and stuck all over with smaller plumes surmounted by gilt balls: to be sure the inventor of this vehicle must have read the pretty ballad of “My Phillida adieu;—but chiefly black and yellow, to her cold grave shall go:” I should have had a “sair heart” to have imagined either my favourite Baillie Jarvie or his decent father the Deacon jolted to their long homes in such a *concern* as this. I am convinced that the brisk current of air which one passes through in a steam boat could never have caused the excess of weariness which I felt this evening. I went to bed at half past 8 and slept till 5.

‘We hired horses at the Black Bull to pursue our tour, and left Glasgow on *the 15th* at half past 6. Breakfasted at Dumbarton 15: the first 7 or 8 miles very inferior in beauty to the same line from the water. We came down to the shore at the very curious old fort

of Dunglas where there is a building in the shape of a large tun of which it is impossible to imagine the use : it is only known to be of great antiquity. At Dalnotter hill we had a very lovely view of the Firth of Clyde to the point of Gourock : the bold rock of Dumbarton, which was in deep shadow and thrown forwards by the strong lights behind it particularly struck us : it was an effect which Glover would have delighted in. We overtook a girl with a large black plume of feathers on her head walking barefoot. Went to the top of Dumbarton castle and rock and were shewn Wallace's Sword. A dirty looking man, who passed us, accounted for there being less snow on the top of Ben Lomond than on the other mountains "because it was surrounded by water, which has a tendency to dissolve snow ;" he also pointed out Dumbuck and repeated the steward's legend, adding, "Thomas the Rhymer was an active instrument in the Reformation," so that his language was better than his chronology.

'*To Luss* 13. Smollett's monument, a plain handsome pillar of stone, overlooks a beautiful reach of the Leven two miles from Dumbarton at the little village of Renton : the castles of Tillyquean and Ballock on opposite sides of the river are handsome modern gothic houses : we walked down to the village of Luss on the edge of the lake and up a green hill behind the inn while the horses baited, for the inn looked dirty and uninviting, and the day was delightful. Roxden, Sir James Colquhoun's beautiful place (to which he is building a fine archway as an approach) we had passed on coming to Luss, and the woods lay full before us. I must confess that as far as this place Loch Lomond has disappointed me : the boasted islands with their scrubby vegetation have a mean, crowded appearance

and take off from the dignity of the lake. Ben Lomond too, which seen from the Clyde and Dumbarton has such a majestic appearance, and is *ascertained* to be so high, does not (from some unaccountable foreshortening) here look half its real height.

‘*To Arroquhar* 10 the first five miles and a half the road is very bad: it then improves in goodness and in beauty: at that distance the Lake widens into a fine bason at the foot of Ben Lomond and reflects the mountain on its dark bosom: the road winds close to the shore, through thickets of beech, limes, oak and holly: a pretty small house belonging to Mr. Mc—— a Glasgow merchant particularly pleased us: the road turns sharply to the left at Tarbet: Arroquhar inn at the head of Loch Long is one of the most beautiful and romantic spots I ever saw: the inn is remarkably clean and comfortable and the windows command a charming view of the Lake, the steep hills above it and the very singular mountain of Bennochar or Arthur’s seat, or as some call it the Cobler, from a fancied resemblance one of its rude crags bears to a human figure. Surely Arthur had a singular passion for hard seats unless he carried a well stuffed cushion from mountain to mountain. Sir J. Colquhoun was at the inn receiving his rents: he had a beautiful pair of coach horses, one of them 29 years old who seemed as full of spirit and vigour as if he was in his prime: after the Baronet drove away an old woman belonging to the house told me he was “a very decent man”: I took a walk of three miles and a half on the left bank of the lake to the turn which commands a view of the point where Loch Goyle runs up: it seems the last place in which a steam boat should appear, so sweetly calm and sequestered as it is yet they come *rampaging* there

every week. I have heard that no Nightingale comes north of the Trent, and yet I never was so deceived if I did not hear several this evening as it grew dark, emulating each other in the thick coppices above the road.

' *To Cairndow* 12. The Pass of Glencoe is certainly most magnificent, yet not finer than the road at the back of Cader Idris, or so fine as that from Capel Corig to Beddgelert: I never saw hills so deeply indented by torrents, and the large patches of snow we continually saw indicated the great height of the Craggs above us, from which immense fragments had fallen in every direction: to see this singular pass to the greatest advantage we should have had a day when "the world was dark with tempest" and the torrents dashing down the sides of the rocks, but I own I was thankful to walk through this "valley of the shadow of death" with a bright blue sky over my head, and the blessed sun breaking through the soft white clouds which threw such fine lights and shadows on the steep hills on either side, and rejoiced that the weather allowed us to save the poor horses the toil of dragging us to the steep ascent on which a stone inscribed "Rest and be thankful" is placed: the descent from thence is dangerously steep and leads by a small lake to another valley of a tamer kind but of somewhat the character of Glencoe. Cairndow Inn is nearly at the head of Loch Fyne and very good in accommodation. After we had breakfasted we attended church and heard a double service: first a very long prayer, three psalms and a still longer sermon in Gaelic: then immediately followed a prayer in English, a very long sermon, a *remembering*¹ in which "all people that on earth do

¹ Something like our prayer before Sermons preached on public occasions.

dwel" were continually enumerated, two psalms : and then a long exhortation in Gaelic which we were told related to the Sacrament which was to be administered the week following : the whole lasted above three hours and when over it was evident that the whole congregation seemed relieved : the preacher who seemed most zealous and devout and had not spared himself a single moment must surely have been the most so : there was a seriousness in his manner which made one respect him, but the prayers I could understand were very poor and the sermon a continual repetition of the same words and ideas : besides, he was so loud that I could not help thinking of Cuddie's critique upon Kettledrummy : "he routed like a cow in a fremmit loaning ;" however I had not the discomfort like poor Cuddie of "sitting on a wat hill at the risk of catching the Batts," tho I was weary enough of the hard wooden bench and narrow seat into which we were crammed, for the church was as full as it could hold : the preacher's countenance was precisely like that which Hudibras has given to Ralpho, and he had a band with as much cambric on it as would have made a moderate pocket handkerchief : we saw the first Highlander in the compleat dress of the country.

'*To Inverary* 10. The road runs entirely round the head of Loch Fyne : the situation of the castle the grounds and the plantations are very fine, but in itself the castle looks like a prison, and shut up as it was it had a gloomy deserted look, as if it mourned its late noble master : "desolate, indeed is the dwelling of Macallumore—silence is in the hall of his fathers"—the family mottoe which Dr. H. construed to me suits the present Chief well, "I can claim no credit for the deeds of my ancestors." Walked in the grounds about the

house: the windows of the great hall were out of repair, the iron balconies and palissades eaten up with rust: everything spoke neglect: our landlord bewailed it: "the last man was a carefu' man, but he had aye eneuch to spare for everybody: he spent £8000 every year in employing the poor: he left £40,000 a year clear, and yet was always doing good and the castle full of the best gentry in the land: the present man has sold £20,000 a year—but I'll say na mair." About five miles from Cairndow we passed in a jutting point above the Lake a very striking ruin called Dunderrow Castle.

'*To Dalmally* 16. Road excellent but hilly: we drove through the Duke's grounds for the first mile and half, and the late Duke's plantations extend two miles further: these and a river to the right make the road interesting, but for the next six miles it runs over a high, barren ugly country: at Cluny where the horses had oatmeal and water I bought plaid dresses for the children at the Manufacturer's, a shrewd looking old man who carries on a great business in a very small space: he complained much of the decrease in demand for Highland garters, and seemed to think it a proof of the degeneracy of the age: formerly he sold £200 worth in the year; now not more than half the quantity: indeed all the men we met had trousers and the boys nothing. Almost immediately on leaving Cluny, Loch Awe comes in sight, backed by very high mountains of which Ben Cruachan is the superior: two or three small woody islands are in the midst of the Lake, on one of which is a small ruin and a burial ground: at the head of the lake is Kilchurn Castle and at that point Ben Cruachan appears like a great crater, and there was much snow in the hollow and on the top: but Benjoy as the map calls it, or *Benoich*, as

they call it at Dalmally, or *Benluib* as the driver called it, is a far finer mountain: it rises abruptly in front of the inn and is much the most striking of the Scotch mountains which I have seen, always excepting those of Arran. Dalmally is a comfortless place and I should loth to sleep there.

'*To Tyndrum* 12: the road chiefly through Glen Dochart and at the foot of Benoich: a person whom we spoke to on the road said the hill took its name from having been formerly a great haunt of the wild mountain cattle, the breed mentioned in the notes to Cadyow Castle¹: if translated it would be "the Mountain of the Calf." Nothing can be less agreeable than the whole stage which winds between high, lumpish hills deeply indented by the streams of water which in heavy rains have ploughed deep furrows on their rugged sides, the vegetation scanty and apparently insufficient to maintain the beautiful sheep and lambs which were feeding by the road side, and as at Stainmoor were the only agreeable objects to be seen: at last Ben More, a noble mountain, appears above Tyndrum and seems to bar all further progress: Tyndrum is some degrees more wretched, smoaky and dirty than Dalmally, and the people were so much more civil that it was impossible to have the relief of finding fault: I am not difficult to please in food, but the tablecloth marked with many stains, the melted butter of a muddy grey colour, and the mutton chops as black as a coal on the outside and absolutely bleeding inside, with some nondescript pastry which from appearance and musty smell must have been made many weeks did not allow me to make a very ample repast: there was however some Tay salmon; but the

¹ *Border Minstrelsy*, iv. 200.

cooking!—it would not have availed to go to bed, and try to forget one's hunger in sleep, for such a night's lodging I never had: the sheets were yard and half wide wanting a nail (for I measured them from curiosity) before morning of course they were in a wisp like a round towel, and under them and above were venerable *grey* blankets, wanting repair, and that underneath too little for a dirty ticking bag, which had once been a feather bed, I suppose, from the few quills that stuck *out* of it, and *into* my flesh: I should never advise any tourist under the present state of things to take this day's journey: Inverara and Loch Long may be seen by steam, and most certainly if I wished to see Taymouth I would go from the head of Loch Lomond and Tarbet and thus avoid these tedious stages which have not beauty enough to compensate you, and where the accommodation is so very bad: at Dalmally they charged us for a breakfast of dry toast and salt butter more than at Dumbarton or Cairndow where everything was good and clean. Tyndrum is however not in the least imposing.

'18th. *To Luib 13 miles*: there is not a yard in this road which would make me change my opinion that nothing can answer less to a traveller than the usual tour from Inverara to this place: (except the extreme civility of the old Landlady and her pleasant looking daughter may tempt him :) the road keeps on the bank of the infant Tay at the foot of Ben More and the Grampians: this sounds well, but the Tay is a mere brook, and the hills barren and comfortless; the intermediate land a mere flat mass, or poor rushy ground: the road from Loch Lomond comes in about five miles from Luib at a turnpike which had no toll keeper, the first we have met with since Dumbarton: the view

improves a little about half way as the stream widens into the lake of Dochart : the grey rocks above it are slightly fringed with small trees which relieve the barrenness of the view, and there is a small rocky islet with a little grey ruin that is approaching to pretty.

' *To Killin* 8. We were much pleased with this romantic spot : the Dochart and the Lochy meet, and the united streams fall into Loch Tay : the Dochart is crossed by two bridges and foaming over a very wild mass of rock divides and runs round a burial ground of the McNabs planted with firs. A beautiful walk to the bridge over the Lochy conducts to the ruins of Castle Finlarig the ancient seat and now the burial place of the Breadalbane family : Ben Lawers and the crags of Hailloch rise behind it. An old Highlander took great pains to impress on our minds an awful idea of one of the family—we did not make out, nor indeed did he seem certain of the Era in which he lived, but his deeds seemed duly impressed on the old man's memory :—"ye'll hae heard maybe of the late man : he was used to chain his preesoners round the middle and hang them round the auld tower whar he starvit them to death, and he would hae aiblins a hundert at a time : " I only said they must have had very little room in the space which the old man's memory assigned them, to which he gravely assented.

' *To Loch Erne* 8—the road for the last three miles descending through a very fine wild and gloomy pass, emerges into the smiling scenery of Loch Erne which I prefer to all the lakes I have seen ; the banks are sufficiently cultivated to give the idea of comfort, without diminishing the picturesque effect : the edge of the lake has fine walnut trees ; at the end seven

miles distant is the little Italian looking village of St. Fillin, and the whole scene is a sort of Lago Maggiore in miniature. Benvorlich peeps over the west end with his snow-streaked crest. The inn is clean and comfortable and the exact contrast to poor, miserable Tyndrum.

‘19th. *To Callender* 14. The whole road beautiful. Just before it reaches Loch Lubnaig an opening to the west towards Balquhiddy gives a view of part of Ben More, which was thickly encrusted with snow: the road follows the edge of Loch Lubnaig for four miles and a half partly through little thickets which shade the banks: at the end of the lake is the Pass of Lenny, where the river is beautifully broken by rock, and there is one considerable water-fall. Ben Ledi closes the pass on looking back. Dined at Stuart’s inn after seeing Loch Catrine, 19 miles there and back. Walked up to a high bank above the island of the Lady of the Lake and the Trossachs, verifying at every step the accuracy and beauty of Sir Walter’s descriptions which certainly, if anything can do, give an idea of the most romantic and extraordinary scene that has ever met my eyes. While dinner was preparing the Landlord brought the Album desiring us to enter our names: as we ran an eye over it we saw in large letters assuming a very unlimited range of paper “B. Warren Esq. London”—of this space a wag had availed himself to add “Buy his blacking.” Another long list of Hectors occupied more than half a page “Miss Sarah, Miss Jane, Miss Mary, Mr. Samuel, Mr. George, Mr. James Hector &c. &c.”—the same hand had scribbled opposite “Vide Homer’s Iliad.” Read in the papers when we returned to Callender the death of Lord Byron: the inn was full of drunken Highland drovers who after a prosperous sale at the fair the day before, were keeping

it up for the 2nd night and seemed by their tones "to fiercely drink and fiercely feed."

'20th. Walked before breakfast to the bridge of Bracklyn, which exactly corresponds to that described in Waverley as the scene to which Flora takes her visitor the first evening of his arrival at the castle of Vich Ian Vohr : it is one of the most singular scenes in Britain ; and to make the passage more terrific over the yawning chasm of more than 50 feet, the miserable turf bridge is so out of repair that as you get upon it you see the destruction which awaits one false step over the perilous abyss.

'*To Aberfoyle* 12 after breakfast : about half way pass Lake Menteith : a ruined abbey on a small woody island on the Loch : the Campsie fells to the left, a long dark glowering range round which snowstorms were gathering all day while we had it fair and pleasant at Aberfoyle, so as to allow us to walk up to the romantic "clachan," and the small and picturesque loch which forms the head of Loch Arid : the back of Ben Lomond closed the distance very grandly : this is the scene of Baillie Jarvie and Frank Osbaldistone's encounter with the haughty and cruel Helen McGregor. *Returned by Menteith 20 miles* of wretched road to Stirling. The Ochill hills, those soft and lovely green hills, have a slight covering of snow. The tall tower (nearly all that remains of the ruined Abbey) of Cambuskenneth across the river Forth : it is seen from an upper window of the Saracen's Head, the worst inn I ever saw in any town : there is another the Red Lion, *better it may, worse it cannot be.*

'21st. Walked before breakfast to a nearer view of Cambuskenneth and to the castle afterwards. The old house at the top of the street leading to the castle,



SIR WALTER SCOTT

*From the portrait by SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, B.A.,
in the National Portrait Gallery*

which the notes in the border Minstrelsy speak of as the Earl of Mar's, quite delighted me by the rich and grotesque carvings on it: of the castle and its magnificent situation I forbear to speak: it is beyond all praise—took leave of the noble range of the Highland mountains, amongst which we had been wandering, and saw the remains of what appeared to me to have been once a flower garden but what our military Cicerone from the castle pointed out as the ancient tournament field.

' *To the Yatts of Muckhart*, through Dollar, 16 ms. Saw at Dollar a very handsome new stone building which is an academy founded by a native of Dollar: it cost £30,000 and is handsomely endowed: the boys of the town have their education free, but several gentlemen's families have settled at Dollar for the advantage of educating their sons, the Masters being men of high repute: there are endowments for Professors of the different sciences. At Dollar also we saw Castle Campbell the ancient seat of the Argyles, and which was considered of so much importance formerly, that an act of parliament, which caused much opposition, was passed to change the name from Castle Gloom to that of Castle Campbell: yet this degenerate man has sold it, and as the gentleman who made the purchase is in want of funds to compleat it, it will very shortly be at the hammer again: the horrors of the old hostess, with whom Castle Campbell had been a favourite theme for ages, and to whom doubtless it had brought many a good customer, were great: it is wonderful how any man in possession of his senses could part with such a place, "let alone" the family importance which he loses. The road as far as Dollar is exquisitely beautiful, at the foot of the

Ochill hills: by changing at Dollar you save a mile which the landlord of the hungry and ugly Yatts of Muckhart put on: unless Kinross is an object, it is best to return to Stirling from Dollar or go on to see the Rumbling brig and then strike off to Alloa: the turnpikes are 9s. 6d. in 25 miles.

'*To Kinross* 10. Saw Loch Leven castle the mournful prison of the ill-fated Mary: the shores of the lake ugly, desolate and wholly void of interest.

'*To North Ferry* 16. All ugly to Inverkeithing: after that fine views of the Firth both east and west: Edinburgh, the woods of Dalmeny, Queensferry, Hoptown House, the Drummelzien sugar-loaf hills, Rosyth castle, Ben Lomond, &c.

'*22nd.* Crossed the ferry by steam and arrived at Edinburgh by 10 o'clock 10 miles: saw Dalmeny and the top of the old castle of Bambougle to the left, and Craig Crook (Mr. Jeffrey's) to the right: the whole drive interesting: cross Cramond Bridge where great alteration is making in the road to avoid a hill. This approach to the city gives the best view of the castle. Mackery being full, we went to Shaw's, a very inferior house next door, but we were glad to obtain any accommodation, for the General Assembly had filled every part of the town. Our first care was to call on dear Sir Walter, whom we found quite "point device" as if he had been going to sit for his picture: his silver locks carefully arranged, a full suit of black, and silver buckles in his shoes, and seated on an ebony high backed chair in his comfortable study, with reams of papers and letters on the writing table and desks around him, very different from the "gudeman" at Abbotsford in his blue bonnet, old green jacket, gaiters, high shoes, and rough head of hair: but always the

same kind heart and cordial reception : I really think he was glad to see us again. After answering many enquiries relative to our journey, I told him how we were taken in by the double service at Cairndow ; he says it is no unusual thing for the old farmers to be tired on such occasions, and to make a retreat on all fours to the Change-house, if they can steal off unperceived by their wives : but if observed, their gude women generally seize them by the neck, as a shepherd does a sheep in his fold, and drag them back to profit by the rest of the discourse, a discipline to which they generally submit very patiently : had I attempted such a manœuvre there was an old *dour Carline* who sat behind and eyed me narrowly all the while who would certainly have made prize of me. During the King's visit Sir Walter was much referred to in all ceremonial points, particularly in those which concerned the Highlanders : Col. Stevenson who was one of the King's suite was much struck with the careless manner in which the Highland chieftains (who were full armed) wore their pistols, and proposed to Sir Walter that they should be requested to substitute wood instead of flints to prevent accidents : Sir W. who knew his men and also knew that he was, with Col. S., to meet a large party of them at dinner, advised a little delay in making the proposal : after dinner when the claret began to circulate, and loud and fierce toned conversation took place accompanied with the *snorting and snuffing* which Sir Walter so well describes, he said in a low tone to the Colonel " Shall we propose *now* to change the flints ? " " Oh ! not for the world," replied the Colonel. We called on Mr. Blackwood who kindly sent his son with us to Ballantyne's printing office, an immense concern, and doubly interesting as the place

from which all the Scotch novels and poems have issued: we were announced as particular friends of Sir Walter's, and at that name like the magic word "Sesame" every door flew open: the foreman was the pink of courtesy, and the very devils looked complacently at us: they were printing small editions of Guy Mannering and the Pirate and the new novel of Red Gauntlet a proof sheet of which was given into my hand. From thence we went to call on Mrs. H. Siddons and in the evening accompanied her daughters to a first representation of Waverley: the play was too long, for it lasted till eleven, but so interesting that I know not what I could have spared: in fact in it was the novel put in action, all the principal scenes and most striking speeches being given. Mrs. H. Siddons played and looked Flora charmingly, and "sent her hearers weeping to their beds." Mackay was admirable in the Baron, and Evan Dhu, Balmawhapple (by Mr. Murray) Callum Beg, and the randy wife of Mucklewrath excellent: Fergus and Waverley were well represented, and the *whole* most interesting. Mrs. S. says Sir Walter seldom fails a first representation of the plays taken from the Scotch novels, but this evening he was with the 2nd Commissioner: the band played Scotch airs between the acts most sweetly, the simple airs, without graces, and as if they *felt* what they played: the size of the theatre enables you to see and hear perfectly, and it is splendidly lighted by gas. The town is very gay with the influx of strangers on account of the General Assembly and we see much of the bustle as the Lord Commissioner Earl Merton is at the Royal Hotel just above us. Mrs. H. Siddons showed us a beautifully enamelled miniature of the Chevalier which she wore in the scene at Holyrood Palace: it was

painted at Rome and given by him to one of her ancestors: it strongly resembles that at Abbotsford: he is represented in both as very fair, the features handsome and much more like the present family than the dark-browed Stuarts.

'23rd. Went to Ballantyne's office in the High Street to see the procession of the Lord Commissioner to St. Giles'—and after all it was no procession for he had a "soupon" of gout, and fearing to walk, did not like to be carried like Guy Faux in a chair: after waiting for some time it became understood that Lord Morton would not appear and the Lord Provost, the Baillies, a few Military, some clergy, five or six men in the Lord Commissioner's livery and two or three shambling, sheepish looking pages passed in detached groups and "the baseless fabric dissolved." It was not however time lost, for the scene was very gay and enlivening: eight troops of horse lined the streets, amongst them some of the Scots Greys with "*ces superbes Chevaux gris*" who challenged the envious praise of Bonaparte at Waterloo: the beauty of the horses, the splendour of the uniforms and the glancing of the broad swords, added to the crowds assembled in the most picturesque of streets (the windows filled with well dressed persons) made it what the French call *tres imposant*. I was much pleased to find myself next door to the only old balconied house near the scite of Edinburgh Cross—and therefore on the very spot from which the Abbess and De Wilton are supposed to see the fiendish pageant. We afterwards went into the High Church and heard the service performed. The Lord Provost and his brother Baillies (amongst whom we recognized our friend Mr. Blackwood) sat in great state with sword and mace before

them, and in "gorgeous apparel": the gowns remarkably handsome of crimson cloth and black velvet. Dined *en famille* at Sir Walter's, and met Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart. She is very interesting and agreeable, a great deal of her father's love of minstrelsy and she has a curious collection of old border airs which she sings very agreeably: he is more reserved in manner, but pleasant when the first crust is broken: of his talents there can be no doubt, but he has not the freshness and bonhommie so conspicuous in the family of which he makes a part: he has a particularly intelligent eye and countenance, and there is something so *spiritualized* in his whole appearance that it is impossible to identify him in one's mind as Dr. Morris, the elderly, jolly gourmand author of Peter's letters. Sir Walter's taste in music is wholly out of the present fashion: he likes nothing but expression and simplicity; good words set appositely, and to hear every word—ballads of course are his favourites and amongst them "Durandarte and Belerma" and some of the oldest airs in the Beggars opera: Lady Scott tells with some humour of his going to the great music meeting when Mrs. Salmon and Miss Stephens and numberless London professors performed: he fell fast asleep: a lady near (a stranger) said loud enough for Lady S. to hear, "I would give the world to see Sir Walter Scott:"—upon which she pointed to her husband who had profoundly dreamt through a long concerto and an Italian Bravura: the Lady looked extremely disappointed, having expected Sir W. says to see him in the attitude of one of Hogarth's *dilettanti* at the morning concert in the prints of *Marriage à la mode*. Sir W. told us that an English party who wished to see Bannockburn, and have the site of the battle

pointed out to them, were recommended to apply to a blacksmith who lives near the spot and is well qualified for a guide : the man carefully avoided every allusion which could wound English feeling : he never spoke of the King of *England*, but as “the King of our enemies”—“here the enemy were hard pressed”—“in this direction the enemy began their flight, &c. &c.”—the party did not appreciate this delicacy or the man properly—they treated him *de haut en bas*, and on parting offered him a crown piece : he put it back with a proud smile, “Excuse me gentlemen : the English have paid too dear already for Bannockburn.”

‘It is customary for the Highland pipers to have an annual contention for a prize : the victor generally goes round to the neighbouring gentlemen’s houses, where he plays his most popular airs in the hall and is treated with the best, and sometimes rewarded with money : one of these men who had been in the heat of Waterloo, after gaining a prize, went to the house of Count Flahault who had married Miss Mercer Elphinstone, and who had been aide-de-camp to Bonaparte : he began to pace the hall playing an ancient Pibroch : down came the Valet—“You must go about your business directly : my master is stunned with your horrible noise”—the Highlander in bitter wrath began to bristle and snort, and while he was putting up his pipes said “Haugh ! Oich ! Oich !—so he does not like the pipes ! Houch !—Auch ! maybe the last time he heard them was at Waterloo !” to the credit of the Count it should be added that he sent the man down a guinea having overheard what he said. Sir Walter when a young man and staying near Callender, laid a wager that he would ride over Bracklyn bridge : a jolly party all went to the bridge to see the feat

performed, but elevated as they were they were so aware of the fearful risk, that they insisted the wager should be given up: however Sir Walter with a rashness which none but those who have seen the bridge can estimate, led the poney over and back again: he also rode his horse into the dark intricate vaults of Dunolly castle, and many years after was told of the wonderful feat performed by a lame gentleman:—He gave me an interesting account of his voyage to Shetland, and of his *longing* to see the sun again, which he never saw clearly during his stay, and the singular effect produced by the succession of *grey* weather, the sun always appearing as thro' a thin gauze: when he returned, a very decent respectable man, a schoolmaster, who had never been out of the Shetland isles, petitioned for a passage to Scotland in the yacht: as soon as they landed at Peterhead, this man asked one of the crew to show him a tree, for he had never seen one in his life: Sir W. merrily says, there is but one Gooseberry bush in the islands and an annual or triennial pye, according to the produce, is made from it, for the general use, as far as it will go: the inhabitants formerly worked and fished entirely for the profit of their Lairds, merely retaining enough of the produce of their labour to keep life and soul together: now, a better, and more liberal system is adopted: they are free to enjoy the fruits of their industry, paying small rents in acknowledgement, and the landlords already find the benefit of a plan which is gradually leading the poor to habits of industry and civilisation: several unite in the property of a fishing boat, and share the profits: last year ten men the only male inhabitants of one of the small islands went out in a boat their common property: the vessel was wrecked close on shore in the

sight of the unhappy wives, who stood listening to the drowning shrieks of fathers, husbands, and brothers, totally unable to give the least assistance.

‘Lord Eldon finding three young men shooting over his manor, went up and civilly desired them to desist: they very insolently bade him ask his master, Lord Eldon, whether it was not good law to follow game from another Manor: he told them that luckily he had not far to go for the consultation, for *he* was Lord Eldon: in great confusion they made off muttering all sorts of apologies: he desired them to return and pursue their *sport*, but that they would remember their *law* was bad.

‘Walked before dinner to St. Bernard’s Well: the walk is quite ruined by the new buildings; we were forced to scramble over foundations of houses and heaps of soil to reach the Temple: afterwards we walked to George Square, the Burntsfield links, where we saw some parties playing at golf, and met our Arthur seat friend who was again a most civil and courteous guide; home by the Glasgow canal, Portisburgh and the Grass Market.

‘25th. Went to the Parliament house, where Sir Walter shewed us the courts of justice (which were sitting) the statues of Lord Melville, Judge Blair and Lord Forbes: the latter by Roubilliac, the two former by Chantrey and I thought very superior: if I might be allowed to remark it the statue of Forbes has a little French flutter about it: we went next to the Advocates library, a most noble room, and containing a noble collection of books: Sir W. pointed out a St. Jerome’s Bible which belonged to France and was sold to Foucault the disgraced minister of Louis 14th and afterwards brought back to Scotland: there are

many other rooms filled with books; in one of these we found the librarian Dr. Irvine, who showed us the Faust Bible and many other curiosities, some of which were I fear to me as pearls before swine: in returning through the courts we saw Mr. Jeffrey: he was standing in a groupe of lawyers and Sir W. said—"You should see Jeffrey—I will go and speak to him"—accordingly a few words were interchanged which enabled me to observe him without difficulty: he has a mild, pleasant aspect, the very reverse of what I should have expected from the sour whigging of his review: *methought* the greetings between the great men were cold—I am sure Sir W.'s had none of the "couthy" cordiality with which I have seen him address everybody else: perhaps my own fancy might assist my observation, for I knew not how to think an honest true Tory can feel thoroughly cordial towards a Radical Whig. We then proceeded down steep flights of steps into the Cowgate, through Bristo Port and Brown's Square, to the charming meadow walk at the bottom of George Square where Sir W. pointed out his father's house and the room in which he used to study—and "where, when sometimes I was believed to be hard at work, I was looking out into this walk for a certain blue feather"¹—and then he added with a deep sigh, "this walk is after all a melancholy place to me tho' I love to come to it, for it is the scene of past loves and friendships, and most of the actors are in their graves." We then went to Burntsfield Links and to Warrender house, a fine specimen of the ancient gentleman's residence: here we saw Lord Hermond

¹ The wearer was Sir W. Scott's first love, Miss Wilhelmina Belches, afterwards married to Sir William Forbes. She died in 1810, and Sir Walter never forgot her. Lockhart's *Life*, pp. 64, 89.—Ed.

(one of the judges of the Court of Session, a most acute pleasant looking old man) who was calling on Mrs. Warrender : when this house was repaired a few years ago, the Architect observed on taking measures for his plans, that the outer and inner size did not agree, and enquired if he had been shown all the rooms : he was assured he had, but, on making an accurate search, he discovered a door, which the servants said was a false one and led to nothing : one who had lived more than forty years there confirmed this, but the Architect insisted on trying the door : it was very strongly secured and nailed up ; but when the fastenings were removed three small rooms were found : in one everything was prepared as a sleeping apartment : the bed had sheets ready turned down, a man's nightcap and two candlesticks (the candles burnt down to the sockets) on the toilet table, a nightgown thrown over a chair : fire brands half consumed on the hearth : it could never be ascertained why these rooms were concealed, but in former times the convenience of such hiding places was well known in the houses of the Scottish nobility and gentry. Passed at the end of Links a small green mound which Sir W. bade us observe as the spot where a circumstance occurred which he narrated, and which gave the name of Burntsfield to the meadows we were walking in : there a duel was fought between two gentlemen, the one Burntsfield, the other Carmichael : the latter was killed : he left five infant sons : the mother trained them up to revenge their father, and as soon as they grew to man's estate, four of them in succession severally challenged Burntsfield and were all killed by him on the spot which had proved so fatal to their father : the youngest and only hope of the widow at

last became of age and repeated the defiance: by this time so much interest was excited that the King of Scotland and more than a thousand nobles and men of note attended the duel, which instead of being fought on the Links as on the former trials, was appointed to take place in Cramond Island:—Burntsfield fell. From this we went on to Merchiston tower the seat of Lord Napier: it commands a lovely view of the Pentland, Braid and Blackstone hills, and of the Borrowstone Muir (now a tract in the richest cultivation) where the array of Scotland took place before the fatal battle of Flodden: we then saw the Hare Stone in which the standard of James was fixed, and now built into the wall on the right hand (looking to Edinburgh) of the Dumfries road, and marked as the first mile stone—a strange neglect of such a curiosity: the hole in which the staff of the standard was fixed is still to be seen. It would be difficult to describe the delight of such a walk, in such a country and with such a companion; it was seeing everything under the most happy auspices: I would that my treacherous memory had allowed me to recall every word that passed, but alas! I can only retain scraps. One striking thing as far as relates to identifying him with the novels, I could not but remark: I was speaking to him of the very clever work (Matthew Wald) which Mr. Lockhart has just published and of the admirable manner in which he had introduced Pearling Jane, a story told me many-years ago by Sir W.: I also asked if there was any foundation for the striking story of the murder at Glasgow: Sir W. said every circumstance was true, that he had witnessed the execution and told the whole to Mr. L. word for word as in the book, and he added smiling, “but I shall tell Lockhart no more of my

stories: he robs me abominably." He gave me an account of the owner of Little Deans tower which I had seen as we went to Kelso: he was a man of determined spirit and had proved so dangerous an opponent to the English borderers that he was called by them the Devil of Deans. He had a severe fit of gout, and was so ill that a report was spread of his death: a large body of Tynedale men came to his parks and drove away all the Kye: the enraged Laird ordered his sons and the household to pursue, but the young men soon wearied and returned, with long faces and without the cattle, to the tower: the old man in a transport of indignation called them degenerate poltroons, and every other name of opprobrium which his anger dictated: his gout vanished at the strong excitement thus produced: he drew his boots over his flannels, thrust his steel helmet over his nightcap, and in this array, ghastly and gaunt with long confinement, he sallied forth to the rescue, and reached the enemy as they got to the dyke of Ancrum: the marauders terrified at what they believed to be the ghost of Devil of Deans, fled in all haste and he returned in triumph driving the Kye before him: he met his death by a singular accident: he had a bull which tho' perfectly tame with him, was savage and even dangerous to everybody else, females in particular. The Laird was much amused by exciting the fears of the women amongst whom he frequently introduced the bull: one morning he walked very early to the field to feed the animal, dressed in a long plaid nightgown: the instant the bull saw what appeared to him a petticoat approach, he made a furious attack and gored his master in so terrible a manner as to occasion his death: it is singular that immediately the animal appeared sensible

of what he had done, for he became instantly quiet, stood still by the body with his head drooping, and suffered the Laird's daughter to remove him without molestation. In mentioning the singular feudal tenures in Scotland he told us that by which the Howistons of Braehead hold their lands: it is by presenting a basin and ewer with water and a towel for the King to wash whenever he comes to Holyrood house: the heiress of Howiston is an old lady who had resolved to perform the ceremony herself, and had ordered a dress of black velvet for the occasion: but her heart failed her, she said she was too old and appointed her son, who in an old English dress and attended by the *King's* pages (one of whom was Mr. Charles Scott) performed the service: the origin of this tenure is as follows. James 5th, who was known to be a prince of great gallantry and who did not always confine his devoirs to the high born ladies of his court, was one day at a hamlet near Edinburgh in disguise: four or five common thieves set upon him as he was returning and maltreated him: the King made a gallant retreat to Cramond bridge, where he rallied and attacked his enemies with great courage: a man who was threshing in an outhouse near, came to his assistance and dealing blows with his flail to right and left soon extricated the King from his peril; and not knowing who he was, invited him into his cottage to wash off the blood and dirt with which he was covered: the King enquired his situation and found he had been many years a labourer on the farm of Braehead which was a part of the Crown lands: as they walked on, the King drew him into familiar talk, and enquiring what would be the thing he most wished for, were it possible to have his desire granted, the man replied, it was of little use to wish

for what he could never attain, but the only thing he *did* desire was to be the Laird of Braehead: the King replied that was a thing far beyond his power to accomplish, but that he hoped he should be able to do him some good turn and would lose no opportunity which might offer to show his gratitude: meantime as he might like to see the court; if he would come to the stables at Holyrood (where he had a little post) and would ask for the Gudeman of Ballangiech he would do *his* best to entertain him: accordingly the thrasher arrived shortly at the palace and was conducted to the King: after having been conducted all over Holy Rood by the gudeman, he was asked if he should not like to see the King—he joyfully assented, only expressing a fear that his rough dress would not be admitted—he was however reassured by being told that the King was not particular: as they were entering the room in which the Court was assembled he asked how he should know the King, James replied he would be the only man who would have a bonnet on: Howiston stared about for some time and at last pulled the King by the sleeve, and repeated his question: “did I not give you a rule to know him by: he is the only man with a bonnet”—“Why then,” replied the thrasher, “it must be either you or I, for we are the only two with bonnets on our heads:” he was then made completely happy by the grant of the lands of Braehead subject to the tenure above mentioned, and they have been possessed ever since by his lineal descendants. (I am aware that this story is told in the notes to the Lady of the Lake but I like to record it as a memorial of Sir W.’s conversation in this walk:) he said “Now you are thinking of the Lady of the Lake: James generally adopted the

Gudeman of Ballangiech as his *nom de guerre*, but what could I do with that in a *poem*: it was not chivalrous enough." He spoke much of his eldest son Walter and with great delight—"he is a fine fellow—I know you would like him—I wish you could see him on horseback—he really is a gallant figure: he can do all with a horse that man can do, and when he was a mere boy trained his pony to perform all the feats which you have seen at Astley's." Then he mentioned a proof of his son's attachment with much pleasure: after having recovered from his severe illness at Abbotsford, he had a relapse; in the interval young Walter had gone on a visit of a few days beyond Edinburgh leaving his father convalescent: as he was returning to town he met a friend of whom he enquired if he knew anything of his father: the gentleman replied he was sorry to say an account had arrived that day of Sir W. having experienced a severe attack and that he was considered dangerously ill: the poor young man turned directly from his informer and never stopt till he reached home on foot a distance of forty miles: when he came in, he had the reward of finding his father out of danger and the pleasure of receiving his first commission from his hands, which had arrived by the post an hour before: "that was a happy evening I need not tell you," said Sir W. As we passed through Portsburgh he gave us an account of the meal riots in 1802: as a volunteer yeoman he was actively employed in preventing the pillage of a baker's house which he pointed out and gave the most comic description of the behaviour of the owner: when the troop arrived at a hand gallop they found the Mob in full action conveying away the Sacks of Meal and destroying the windows while the baker with the most abject sub-

mission intreated them to forbear and not ruin "their puir townsman who wished them a' so weel"—as soon as the yeomanry came up, the mob began to draw back and left the meal—the baker in a transport of delight threw himself on his knees to them exclaiming "Ah! the gude Lord of heaven bless and preserve ye gentlemen volunteers—ye've saved my life and a' my gear." Then growing bold under the shelter of the broad swords he clenched his fist at the enemy crying "Ah! ye fause thieves and limmers—ye canna abide these angels of heaven—may a curse light on ye." Then on his knees again "Oh! may the Almighty take ye under his guard—ye that came in the time of need"—then up and grinning defiance—"Oh! ye deevils and worse than deevils may the gude swords do their office on ye"—and with these alternations of blessing and cursing he worked himself into a state of compleat delirium. Sir W. had nearly been killed by a brick-bat, which stunned him for a minute or two and made him reel in his saddle: he marked the man and rode up to cut him down, "but the fellow earnestly crying 'Upon my soul I did not mean it for you' I only gave him a stroke with the flat of the sword, and truth to say it was a dreadful feeling to use violence against a people in real and absolute want of food. Our adjutant, an immense protuberrant man, was greeted with shouts of execrations on all sides and some exclaimed 'And is na this a bonnie fallow to send out against a starving people?' "

'We began to fear that we must have fatigued our kind guide by the length of way he had taken us, but he declared such a walk did him more good than anything in the world and that it was a difficult matter to fatigue him, lame as he was: that his lameness had

never prevented his active habits, for that early in life he had resolved to do everything that other boys accomplished and had even a pride in outdoing his schoolfellows in feats of agility: he was a desperate climber and had been over every part of the town wall, and he showed us a dizzy path up the eastern side of the castle (near which Clavers climbed to hold converse with Argyle¹) which led to some crags called the "Kittle nine stanes" from the great danger attending nine steps to be taken directly under the wall, where there appears hardly footing for a goat: "These" said he "I have often achieved, and to pass the Kittle nine stanes, was considered as equal to three battles: once, and once only I recollect losing my head, that is, being giddy—it was at the spot called Wallaces cave near the falls of Clyde—and on the brink of a tremendous precipice: I had advanced to the edge and had placed my foot on a large stone: as I pressed upon it to steady myself, I felt it shake under me and threw myself back just in time to catch the branch of a tree: from thence and for a moment suspended in mid air I saw the stone (more than a ton in weight) plunge into the roaring gulph below: for some minutes I quailed and sickened."

'Just as we were turning to Princes Street we met an elderly Quaker of good appearance whom Sir W. greeted by the name of Friend Miller: when the King visited Scotland this Quaker brought a Charade to Sir W. desiring him to present it to his Majesty after he had shown it to Robert Peel: "if thou cans't not guess

¹ This obviously must be a slip for the Duke of Gordon—the 'Gay Gordon' of 'Bonnie Dundee'—who held the Castle for the King. Argyll, the first Duke, came over from Holland with the Prince of Orange. — Ed.

it, friend Walter I will tell thee the meaning." Sir W. replied that he had never discovered either riddle or charade in his life, and the Quaker in a cautious whisper unravelled the mystery. "Now friend Walter that I have disclosed this to thee, I would not have thee discover it to Robert Peel, for I should not be concerned if he were to remain a whole night awake trying to unravel it, but I would be sorry to break the rest of George our King, and therefore thou art at liberty to inform him of the meaning." The King was highly delighted at the harmless vanity of the good Quaker.

'After dinner I walked over the South bridge to the end of Clerk Street and turned over St. Leonard's hill under Salisbury Crags, returning by Holyrood house and the Canon Gate, and afterwards walked round the Calton. I had this morning seen at Mr. Anderson's the bookseller the French edition of the Scotch novels printed uniformly with Sir W.'s poems and altogether published under the title of "*Les ouvrages du Chevalier Scott*"—this I told him as we were coming out of the Advocates' library: he smiled and said "If they give me the credit, I hope they will give me some of the profits:"—he laughed most heartily at the description of Guse Gibby which I repeated to him, "*Gibby étoit un jeune homme aussi petit dans sa taille, qu'il étoit étroit dans son esprit,*" and some other *bêtises*. In going through Brown's square he pointed out the house long inhabited by Mr. Mackenzie—it is at the corner looking into the Candle-Makers road.

'*May 26th.* Sir Walter procured us tickets from Lady Morton to go into the General Assembly of which I only availed myself a short time to see the forms.

Dr. H. staid some hours, and heard Dr. Chalmers and many others speak on the Poor law bill a subject which appeared to create very strong interest: the day before there had been such a *sensation* excited on a question respecting pluralities, that persons went in before 8 in the morning and remained till 12 at night. I took a farewell walk on the Calton: the *last* of *any* place is always mournful, but I do not chuse to think I have seen the last of Edinburgh and its inhabitants. We called on Mrs. Lockhart who showed us the fine Octavo edition of the Scotch novels splendidly bound and illuminated with every print that has been executed to illustrate them: "these" she said "were given me by Mr. Constable"—and this is surely a strong link in the chain of evidence. At 4 o'clock we went by appointment to call on Mr. Mackenzie: he is a fine specimen of the old school a most venerable and agreeable man in full possession of all his faculties at the age of 82, and with a continual flow of lively conversation and anecdotes of his earlier days, a period he evidently delights to dwell on: he told us that he had shot every kind of game (grouse and red deer excepted) on the ground upon which every part of the new town stands: he came with Mr. White (a lawyer) who built the first house beyond the North Loch, to survey the ground and they were up to their knees in corn. David Hume built the 2nd house in what is now called St. David's street and the common people fell into the mistake of believing the street was afterwards named in derision of his well-known principle: this led to his telling us a story at that time current in Edinburgh and which was generally believed: "at any rate you will allow it to be what the Italians call *ben trovato*." The North Loch was the receptacle for the drainings

and filth of the whole town and though filled with shallow water had at bottom a deep deposit of the blackest and most offensive mud: on his return from inspecting the building of his house, Hume slipt into this dainty slough, and was extricated by three old women but not till they had exorcised the Atheist as they thought him, by making him say the Lord's prayer.

'A rich old banker who had lived a great deal in Holland, was fond at the age of 75 of skating on the North Loch which was a constant resort in frosty weather: one day he skated over a weak place which gave way and he was plunged in this odious mire up to his shoulders: he took very quietly the jeers and shouts of the boys who followed him to the door, and only said, "A weel my lads, ye a' see the truth of the proverb: there's no fule like the auld fule." Mr. M. says the gentry of Edinburgh have carried the passion for good houses farther than is consistent with prudence and sacrifice too much to the luxury of large and commodious habitations, which he attributes to the early impressions of the crowded and inconvenient residences in which the best families lived in the old town: "when we first began to find we had wings we felt as if we could never expand them too far." He remembers the Lord President living in a large flat of a house now inhabited by a rouping wife (an old cloaths woman) in a short street which diverges south from that immediately leading to the castle: it was then the practice to keep up society by *substantial* tea drinkings; two tables covered with cloths were prepared—one for black, the other for green tea, at each of which a lady presided: a profusion of eatables were served round, and sometimes a social supper closed the night: these

teas began at 5—everyone dined at two, or even earlier, and as no carriages were used, the ladies who were conveyed if the weather was unfavourable in chairs, walked if it was fine in their lappetted heads, long ruffles and little hoops : it was a sort of evening entertainment to watch the parties of well dressed women and men proceeding to their different visits : Mr. M. one day saw the Lord President hanging his head out of his window for this purpose, when an unlucky boy, who lived in the flat above, let down a large kitten by a rope upon his wig : the kitten took fast hold and was hoisted aloft bearing in her talons the Judge's wig to the contriver of the jest. Mr. M. said that he wrote the *Man of Feeling*¹ when very young and sent it to his friend Mr. Strahan to print or not as he should think fit : it was of so new a character that Mr. S. did not like to venture without the opinion of a literary friend : he confided the MS to a gentleman who took it to Bath where for some time it was mislaid : a Mr. Eccles a clergyman got sight of it, was at the pains to copy the MS in a blotted, interlined manner to give it a genuine air, added notes and actually printed it as his own : he was soon afterwards drowned in attempting to save the life of a boy in the Avon, and did not live to bear much of the shame of detection. Mr. M. said he knew a person who travelled in Holland and was one day seized with a temptation to say that he had been in Paris : in order to keep up this silly deception he bought every Map, print and book that treated of Paris and in the end his white lie cost him more of time and money than the real journey would have done. I was sorry when our visit to this literary Nestor closed : he seems

¹ Henry Mackenzie lived from 1745 to 1831. *The Man of Feeling* was published in 1771.—ED.

the only link which now unites the mighty dead to the living: Hume, Blair, Robertson, and a long list of worthies now in their graves were his friends and associates and though alive to the merits of the present generation his best affections naturally seem to hover over those whom he must shortly rejoin.

'We dined at Sir Walter's; a Mr. Clerk a keen, lively lawyer, brother to Lord Alloa, and a Mr., Mrs. and Miss Murray were of the party: the Lockharts came in the evening. The conversation was of course more general which I lamented, but Sir W. told us admirably a story in which his grandmother had a part: her sister was married to Sir Archibald Primrose, a most wicked and abandoned man: after a series of ill conduct he left his family suddenly without giving any clue as to where he might be found: his wife desired her sister to accompany her to a conjuror of great celebrity who lived in the Canon gate: they disguised themselves in their servants' cloaths and plaids, but as soon as they entered, the wizard exclaimed, "Ladies this disguise is useless with me; I know your rank, and I know your purpose: if you have the courage to remain perfectly still and silent I can inform you of what you wish to know, but remember the least deviation may destroy the spell and may also produce effects you may be unable to endure: weigh well your determination before you give it:" their curiosity prevailed and the promise of stillness and silence was given. A dark curtain was then withdrawn from a large glass: the wizard began his incantations and the glass which at first had been perfectly dark, began to clear and wear an appearance like the dawning of day: gradually the clouds formed themselves into masses and at last presented the appearance of a large church

thronged with people, an altar richly decorated, and Lady Primrose seen at the head of a long train of bride men and maids, her husband leading a very beautiful girl dressed in the Flemish style towards the Priest as if to receive the nuptial benediction : at this she uttered a faint exclamation, and the whole pageant *shimmered* and wavered, assuming the appearance of water into which a stone had been thrown : the Conjuror looked at her with a dark frown : she suppressed her feelings and continued to gaze : the forms again became distinct and to the spectators in the church were added three or four officers whose backs they only saw : these after a minute drew their swords and advanced to the altar in a threatening posture : then all seemed confusion and the glass ceased to exhibit any distinct forms : by the next mail Lady Primrose received a letter from her brother who was an officer in the *Scotch Dutch* (as they were called) and quartered at Dort. He said, "I can give you strange news of your villain of a husband : we had heard of a grand wedding to take place between an English stranger and one of our great Burgo Master's daughters : I went with two or three friends into the church, and guess my surprise at seeing in the bridegroom your worthless husband : my friends also knew him, and we so far forgot ourselves as to draw our swords and rush towards him : mischief was prevented and of course the marriage stopt." Everybody exclaimed "And how Sir Walter could this be accounted for ?" his answer was, "Troth I tell it you as I always heard it from my mother, and I can no other way account for it, but that my grandmother must have been just a liar." It is not possible to describe the effect with which he tells anything supernatural : the deep, impressive tones of

his voice, the overhanging brow, the intense expression of his eye which seems fixed beyond the sphere in which he sits as if he were looking into the world of spirits, altogether produce a sort of creeping sensation which tho' it does not last, is very powerful while the great magician is uttering the spell.¹

' If Miss Stephens had heard the critiques at table to-day on her singing Scotch ballads I think she would never attempt to do so again in Edinburgh where her total ignorance of Scottish pronunciation is so glaring, and where the *graces* she chuses to add are so much disliked by those who really feel the beauty of their fine old melodies.

' The late Lord Rosebery was quite crazy and his madness took the form of extreme avarice: he really did lock up his small beer as Lady A. Hervey told he did: he was one day imprisoned in the Canon Gate toll booth by way of keeping him out of mischief till something could be devised as to the manner of taking care of him: his conduct having been so outrageous as to render him amenable to the law: while he was there pacing about like a tyger in a den and looking through the bars, a young officer who had obtained very quick promotion entirely from great interest, passed and called to him "Good heavens my Lord, what brings you here?"—"Why just what has made you what you are Major: the interest of my friends, and no merits of my own."—Sir W. says there is a letter of Gray to Mason in which speaking of the family of his friend Lord Strathmore he says, "I have seen Lady Strathmore: Oh Christ"!!!

' Speaking of Mackenzie he said that when authors

¹ The story narrated here has been published, with changed names, in *My Aunt Margaret's Mirror*.—ED.

were old they liked to hear their works talked about, but when they were often publishing they did not wish to speak of them, or hear them discussed: does this apply to the Novels?—The late Sir M. Riddel was very singular in his habits and in warm weather very frequently took off his wig in the church and washed his head in the Christening font and dried it with his pocket handkerchief. A number of clergy were invited after a sacrament to sleep at his house: according to ancient custom a bible and a bottle of beer was provided for each and six were lodged together in a large dormitory: soon after they retired the butler was summoned by a whistle and one of the Ministers told him that the younger of their brethren would perform the exercise and that therefore one bible was sufficient; that he might take away the other five and bring instead five bottles of beer.¹

‘As a proof of the natural caution with which the Scotch give an answer to any question Sir Walter instances a little boy of five years old who lives at the Melrose turnpike gate: Sir W. asked what was the toll of a cart “Owre (too) little”—of a carriage? He paused and not liking to commit himself said “Father knows.”

‘It was with real pain that we parted from this gifted and excellent man whose kindness has been so unremitting to us and to whom we owe the chief pleasure of our visit to Scotland: it is no light advantage to have cultivated a regard so truly valuable; and since (as he says) there is little prospect of his coming to England, I sincerely hope we may again meet at Abbotsford according to his most friendly invitation.

¹ This story is also given in a note to the *Bride of Lammermoor*, chap. xiv. Vide Lockhart’s *Life*, p. 436.—ED.

'27th. Left Edinburgh. To *Fushie* bridge 11. To *Torsonee* a single inn, 14: a fine view of the noble remains of Borthwick castle to the left on leaving *Fushie* bridge: pass through the village of Stow immediately after *Torsonee*, and the road then becomes interesting by the side of the infant Gala, and cut along the side of steep green hills.

'To *Yair* (Mr. Pringle's) 10: three miles before we reached it we had a view of *Ashestiel* and came down to the edge of the river which runs a broad stream thro' a lovely valley, till crossed at *Fernalee* bridge, immediately after which we entered Mr. Pringle's grounds: we walked down to the river which runs within 200 yards of the house: some fine old trees dip into the stream in front, and half hide the ancient house of "*Fairnilee*"¹ which stands on the opposite bank. We went to see Mr. Pringle's old shepherd: he is the uncle of Hogg the poet and named *Laidlaw*: he has now at 82 given up going out with the sheep and lives in ease and comfort at the farm with his son who has the principal care of a flock never *less* than 1600. The old man wore a slouched blue bonnet and his grey locks hung down on each side of his fine marked countenance and over his russet dress: I never saw such a perfect picture of the old Covenanter: He is a most excellent person and improved far beyond his station: so is the son whom we could not see, but we went into the parlour where his collection of books was neatly disposed on shelves: there was a set of the *Encyclopaedia*, two or three *Folio* and *Quarto* commentaries on the bible, the works of Milton, Young, Pope, Thomson, Burns, and many other books to the number of about 250. The *Laidlaws* are a celebrated

¹ This is elsewhere spelt '*Fernalee*.'—ED.

race of shepherds in this country: I had the curiosity to ask the old man if his nephew Hogg showed any particular indication of talent when young. "Na, na he was e'en like other laddies—but na ill chiel—and gay ready at his bible—the readiest ever I saw; but I jalouse he has forgotten a muckle deal, for his book is full of lees; what for did he talk of my fighting? I never fought wi ony man wilfully in my life, least of all wad I hae fought wi a tinkler body." We could not but observe the comfort and plenty of everything in the house: on the ingle blazed a bright peat fire: the old man sat near it in a high backed chair with his bible on his knees; they were waiting the return of the shepherds to begin the evening exercise: two pretty children were playing round him and now and then he stroaked their heads, or parted the bright curls round their faces with his finger: his daughter in law an active intelligent looking woman whose manners were above her station sat nursing a fine infant opposite: the kitchen was hung with hams and dried beef: a large pot was over the fire and on a long table were preparations for the evening supper: on a very clean cloth were ranged a number of porringers, to each of which there was a plate and a horn spoon: a dish heaped high with oat cakes, a great Ewe milk cheese and two pitchers of milk already were placed on the board and the contents of the pot were to compleat the meal.

'28th. Walked early in the high wood above the house to a point commanding the plantations of Abbotsford and the Eilden hills; came down by a path which divides the domain of Yair from Sunderland hall and returned by the side of the Tweed which sparkled in the sun as if it ran over a bed of Cairngorm pebbles. After breakfast went with Mrs. Pringle to

Bowhill: we left the carriage and walked up the beautiful banks of the Yarrow to a bridge from which the old tower of Newark is seen "looking out from its birchen bowers"¹: we then walked to the tower from whence we saw the Hanginshaw wood: then called at the school founded by the late excellent Dutchess of Buccleugh whose memory seems endeared to everyone who knew her, and whose untimely death certainly produced by slow but certain steps that of her not less lamented husband: "he never seemed to know joy after—he made no display of grief—he mixed in the society of his friends, and loved to talk of her to all who loved and valued her—who did not?—but the charm of life was over, and his slow grief no doubt brought on the disorder which deprived the country of one of the best men it ever knew"—this was Sir Walter's account.

'We walked over the house of Bowhill the favourite residence of the late Duke and Dutchess—it had been their abode in his father's lifetime, all their children were born there, and having none of the cumbrous magnificence of Dalkeith it did not oblige them to a life of representation which neither of them loved: when Mrs. Pringle wrote to congratulate her on the great acquisition of fortune from the old Duke of Queensberry she answered—"do not think it affectation, or want of gratitude for this addition to the Duke's fortune, but indeed it does not gratify me: now we have *another* house, and I have no time in these continual changes of residence to get acquainted with my roses: and what roses were ever so sweet as those of dear Bowhill." I never saw offices so compleat as those of Bowhill—they were just finished and the plan of enlarging the house begun when she died, and with her

¹ Vide introduction to *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.—Ed.

died all the Duke's desire of improvements. We returned by the Carter Haugh, Oakwood, Selkirk, Philip-haugh, and passed a charming morning in the classic scenery of the Border.

‘Mr. Pringle’s history is very interesting: his father a staunch supporter of the Stuarts was out in the 45—he was descended from one of the most ancient of the border families and distinguished by the name of Whitebank from the tower so called, the oldest possession of the family: to this was added Yair and a considerable property: in the reverse of the Stuarts Mr. Pringle was deeply involved: he had advanced sums to aid the cause, had raised soldiers, and gone far beyond his means in support of his principles: heavy forfeitures ensued and he was forced to part with the estate of Yair: the whole family took refuge in the old habitation of Whitebank where for many years severe privations and great economy enabled him to support a numerous family and a large addition of uncles and aunts who were all dependent on him: Lord Elibank who was his friend, offered to interest himself in procuring him some situation under government, which might assist his scanty means, but the old Laird could not bend his mind to take the oaths, and rejected the proposal: Lord E. then sent out his eldest son (the present Mr. P.) to India: by the steady line of conduct he adopted, and by denying himself every indulgence, he was shortly able to remit small sums to his father, which enabled him for some years to struggle with his difficulties, but at last an accumulation of untoward events obliged him to determine on selling Whitebank, the last remnant of his patrimony and the home which had so long sheltered his misfortunes: before he took this desperate step he wrote a letter to his son express-

ing his regrets ; to this, after many months had elapsed, no answer was received and the poor old man bereft of his last faint hope with an aching heart drew up the advertisement of sale and sent it by the post to Edinburgh : the return of the messenger who carried the letter brought him a paquet which had long been delayed from his son : it contained a remittance sufficient to redeem the old tower, and it is easy to imagine with what joy the advertisement was reclaimed and after that Mr. P. continued to remit every year enough to make his father's latter days comfortable, and at the same time realized a very handsome fortune : when he came back the old Laird was no more, but Mr. P. resolved if possible to settle in his native land and not far from Whitebank, where his mother and sisters were established. The Duke of Buccleugh, who had purchased Yair, immediately offered to let him have it on the terms on which it was bought : Mr. P. joyfully accepted this considerate kindness—became master of all the old family property, married a most amiable and agreeable woman, the daughter of Sir Alexander Dick, by whom he has a large and most promising family, lives entirely at Yair, where he has built a handsome house and planted large woods, which are now high enough to give him shade and shelter—I have seldom seen a happier or more delightful old age than that of this respectable man : his mother, who had passed a life of care and privation in the most exemplary manner, lived to see her son restored to his paternal property and to nurse her eldest grandson : Mrs. P. said the sight of this venerable woman, when she went to church with her son and all the old tenants, the day after he took possession of Yair, and her deep expression of devout thankfulness, was one of the most affecting

things that could be imagined. I have been highly amused by an old man who has lived all his days on the Pringle family, and since Whitebank's return (as he chuses to call his master) was promoted to the place of butler, which he faithfully filled for 30 years: he is now a gentleman at large, has saved money and has besides an annuity from his master and free liberty to continue at Yair, where he is very fond of making himself useful by weeding in the flower garden or attending on the young ladies, whom he always calls "our children," or our "bonnie bairns": he never leaves the place but for two months in the winter, which he spends at Edinburgh, chiefly (Mrs. P. thinks) to be near his eldest daughter, who was his particular favorite, and who is married and settled there: as he has free admission to her house, he is usually found a part of the day in the nursery, rocking the cradle.

This original has the most deadly jealousy of the celebrity of Abbotsford: till it was built and Sir W.'s fame drew such a concourse to it, Yair was the show place of the country, and certainly in point of natural advantages it exceeds that and almost every other place I ever saw: he is never weary of enquiring what parties come to Sir Walter's and the greater their rank and number, the more miserable he is: during the summer Mrs. P. says he is in a perfect fever of jealousy and as he has too much integrity to abuse "the Sherra"¹ whom everybody loves, and whom he cannot help liking himself, he eases his mind by finding fault with poor Lady Scott and her arrangements at Abbotsford and the place itself: one of his avocations is to walk about with the visiting Ladies' Maids and show the lions—Mary was a great prize to him, for she had been

¹ Sir Walter is sheriff of Ettrick forest.

at Abbotsford, and he could ask her questions and he did not despair of converting her to a superior opinion of Yair: he was therefore unwearied in trotting and waddling about with her: "See ye here my bonnie lassie—saw ye sic a tree as this at the Sherra's—naething there but a wheen larches and firs—ye'll maybe hae seen the new place he's bigged for his books—is it vera grand?" Mary replied it was beautiful, and lined with Cedar, on which he grunted and thought "*Aik* wood might serve the Sherra's turn"—but when Mary descanted on the beauty of the Armoury he begun to puff and snort in an unmerciful manner: "the world's a' daft—running and [*illegible*] and sugging to see a wheen bits o' coloured glass and auld rusted iron: whar will they see sic bonnie birchen braes as at Yair?"—and then sticking his weeding paddle into the ground, "and a this comes of writing *buiks*—not that I hae onything to say against the Sherra—he's a gude man, and a decent man and *troth* he's a kind man, but as to my Leddy——" and then he entered into a long critique of Lady Scott's dress which has not the good fortune to please his taste, all the while feeding his gall by questions about the furniture and the gas, and sic like "fule gauds" as he chose to call them: Mrs. P. hopes to see old Thomas in a Scotch novel, before she dies.'

CHAPTER IV

DIARY OF THE RETURN JOURNEY FROM ABBOTSFORD
TO UFFINGTON

'29th. *To Hawick* 17. After passing Selkirk which stands pleasantly on a hill above the Ettrick near its junction with the Yarrow, we pursued the track of William of Deloraine in his night expedition: the Aill¹ water which we crossed, instead of coming "raving from the Lakes," as when it wetted "the warrior's plume with its spray," would hardly have touched the fetlocks of his horse.

'*To Carlisle* 23 the same road by which we had entered Scotland: the lovely green hills rising on each side of it were now more lovely because more green, and seen to much advantage by the subdued light of a sun partially covered with slight and hazy clouds. Carlisle castle looked so hideously heavy and *lumpy* after those of Edinburgh, Stirling and Dumbarton that I had hardly patience to look at it.

'30th. *To Wigton* 11 country flat and not particularly interesting. Crofton Hall with great plantations about half way. Criffel in the distance which I liked to look at because it was Scottish ground: the haze prevented our seeing the outline of the Dumfriesshire coast as we could have wished. A Cryer went round the town with a bell: after ringing he said,

¹ Or 'Ale.'—ED.

"All friends and neighbours are desired to the funeral of Elizabeth Todd, likewise to that of John Booker at the same time, from 3 till 4": we went to church after breakfast at Wigton, and heard the service well performed: it was no small pleasure to return to our beautiful Liturgy. I felt as a Cow must do when turned to grass, after passing a winter in a straw yard.

'*To Keswick* 22. About 4 miles from Wigton a hill gives a fine view of the Solway Frith and Criffel: three miles further a longer hill affords a still finer view of the same objects with the mouths of the Eden and Nith, but we saw all imperfectly owing to the haze. At Ireby is the narrowest pass between two houses I ever saw—we had barely room to get through. At 10 miles from Keswick the view opens to Bassenthwaite where we crossed the road from Penrith to Cockermouth: the numerous fells rising one above another and Skiddaw broad and grand to the left: Helvellyn had snow on it: we descended a very steep and rugged hill to the village of Bassenthwaite, the road runs at the foot of Skiddaw. We spent the evening with the Southey's: "from strength to strength we go full fast." Southey is in *his* way as agreeable as possible, though it is in a different way from Sir Walter's. the situation of his house is most beautiful commanding the lake, backed by Skiddaw, and looking into all the deep gorges of the mountains which are continually varying in appearance from the masses of clouds sometimes falling like deep curtains over the passes and then breaking away and working their way to the summit of the fells, over which we saw them this evening travelling in a sort of aerial procession.

'31st. Mr. Southey took us a beautiful walk to the west side of the Lake thro' the plantations of the late

Lord William Gordon : his beautiful place (Derwent Bay) is now on sale : the green points called the Cat bells rise directly above it : the day was singularly calculated to show the beauties of the lake : one or two soft warm showers passed over it, and then the sun broke through and lighted up the dark peaks, or threw broad masses of bright hue on the velvet green sides of the lower hills : all the tops of the fells were clear in their turn except Skiddaw on which brooded a dense cloud casting a tint of dark blue, almost amounting to blackness over the whole mountain. Mr. Southey told us a singular story of Mr. Locker who publishes the *Views of Spain* : he went up in a Balloon and descended near the Kent Road : the Balloon terrified a horse which was quietly trotting along with a whisky and made him run away : the whisky was overthrown in a ditch and the driver thrown to some distance : as soon as Mr. Locker could extricate himself from the car he ran to the assistance of the gentleman who proved to be his own brother just returned from the East Indies, and making his way to London.

‘The very absurd Mr. Pocklington who formerly possessed the largest island in the lake had deformed it in every way : he built a small wooden church, a battery and a large fort which he named Fort Joseph in honour of himself : he purchased the finest oak on the banks of the lake, cut off its limb and head, barked it, and after reducing it to a huge post painted it white to form an object from his windows : he afterwards occupied a house near Loden and sold the island to General Peachey who speedily destroyed all these fooleries and by so doing incurred his bitterest hatred : he called all his servants together, enumerated the

injuries (as he styled them) and declared if they ever set foot in the island he would discharge them: before he quitted the island he had a Regatta on the Lake: part of the amusement was a naval engagement; in the character of Governor he defended the island from an attack made by a fleet of boats: Mr. Southey has a copy of the printed Programme which Mr. Pocklington circulated—this is the conclusion: “the Governor defends himself desperately till he receives a mortal wound, upon which the fort is surrendered.” This *mortal* wound was represented by running a penknife into a bladder of red ink which Mr. P. wore between his waistcoat and shirt. We passed the rest of the day most agreeably at Mr. Southey’s: he had just received a letter from Mrs. Opie formally announcing her reception into the Society of Friends; I may well say *formally* for she had adopted the language of her new friends, and *thee’d* and *thou’d* her old friend most unmercifully.

‘*June 1st.* We went to Buttermere by the circuitous road: for 6 miles on the Cockermouth turnpike and then turned to the left above Lorton; drove by the side of Crummock Water to Buttermere where we dined: afterwards being desirous to detect the imposition of the landlord at the Royal Oak who had declared it impossible for us to return by the Vale of Newland, we walked back over the fell and through the Vale and met the carriage three miles from Keswick: we found that the road was very practicable and in consequence removed to the Queen’s Head a much cleaner and more comfortable place than the Oak.

‘*2nd.* Went up Skiddaw with Mr. Southey and his two younger daughters—it took us seven hours and

amply repaid our toil: the very distant views were hazy but the near prospect enchanting and the air so pure and balmy that nothing could be more enjoyable. I cannot tell whether it is the state of the atmosphere, or the wide contemplation of the works of the Almighty which produces an effect so powerful as that which is felt in walking on the summit of such a mountain as Skiddaw: high and holy thoughts seemed alone worthy to occupy the mind—I felt what Addison so beautifully describes in his paper on Westminster Abbey: “every evil passion seemed to die within me”—probably this effect would be lessened by frequent resort, and yet I could not help thinking the beautiful Poem of Roderic must owe much to Skiddaw:—could it have been such as it is if written in the turmoil of Gracechurch Street or Cheapside: while this was in my head, Southey said “this is not a place in which one thinks much of the three per cents:”—he had been talking to Dr. H. as we set out on the reduction of interest in the funds: no man can have a better excuse for attending to his worldly interests than Southey for many depend upon him: two sisters and a niece of Mrs. S. are added to his own family of five children: I never met with a man more open hearted and disinterested: it is very gratifying to see in how much comfort his talents have enabled him to bring up the children he loves so fondly: he educates them rationally and rules them by affection. I never saw children whose minds appeared better cultivated or whose manners were more simply graceful: the youngest is as lovely in person as fancy can paint—“so sweetly wild, so innocently gay,” that it is a pleasure to see her move and hear her speak.

‘Mr. S. told us he saw at Rokeby a plan of the late

Sir T. Robinson's and Capability Brown's, for the improvement of the grounds: part of this was to dam up the river and form it into a round piece of water in front of the house: fortunately Sir Thomas' death put an end to this dainty device. When Sir Thomas came into possession of Rokeby he found amongst a number of family pictures one of Richardson who had been in correspondence with one of his female relations: ashamed of the author's plain appearance he employed an Artist to paint a blue ribbon on the coat and called him Sir Robert Walpole. Mr. S. repeated to us an epigram spoken in Sir T.'s presence when a party were making Impromptus: Sir T. from his extraordinary height was always distinguished as "long Sir Thomas."

Unlike to Robinson shall be my song,
It *shall* be witty, and it shan't be long.

'As we went towards the mountain Mr. S. pointed out the house in which Dr. Franklin resided some time: the effect of Oil in smoothing rough water was first tried by him on Keswick Lake. The method of making patent shot was discovered by the dream of a Plumber's wife at Bristol: she told her husband that in her sleep she saw him making shot by dropping it from the top of a high tower: he thought much on the subject and brought the invention to perfection, obtained a patent, sold it for £10,000 and sank it all in the unsuccessful speculation of building Rodney terrace at Clifton.

'Dr. H. spoke of the poetry of Denham: Southey thinks highly of his powers, but diverted us with an instance of the false taste of the age into which Denham fell; he has a line, and a serious line which speaks of

—— a sweet Hinkleyan swain.

Anote to the poem says "Mr. — an eminent apothecary at Hinkley." Southey found in some old papers a copy of verses from his grandfather to his grandmother before their marriage and under the influence of strong jealousy: he describes his sufferings at the favor she shows to *Stephen* and a note at the back says "Stephen was the young Justice." Southey visited Fellenberg at Hoffwyl and thinks him one of the compleatest humbugs of the age: he gave S. a sketch of his system: the abstract was, that in order to establish the future peace of the world all the heirs apparent to the Kingdoms and Principalities of Europe should be educated together, that this, to avoid the general jealousy should be done in poor little unobtrusive Switzerland, and to bring things nearer to the business and bosom of Mr. Fellenberg—no one so proper to do it as himself.

'Story of two Irish gentlemen who fought a duel because the one could not be made to believe that the other had seen Anchovies growing in a garden: the sceptic was killed, and his opponent exclaimed "Oh! what a pity—I just recollect I meant *Capers*."' ¹

'A Cumberland peasant who had borrowed a horse was called upon to make the owner recompence for the animal which fell down a crag and broke its neck: he came to a magistrate near Keswick for advice: he knocked at the door. "Is Mr. Justice at home?"—"No," was the reply: the lady of the house was crossing the passage: he called out "Are ye Mrs. Justice?"—She answered "Yes": he then angrily asked "Suppose ye were Tom Jackson's auld horse, an I was to

¹ This story is not very well told. 'What capers he's cutting,' said the surgeon, referring to the one that was wounded. Then the other exclaims, 'Bedad, it was capers I was meaning all the time'—a far better reading.—Ed.

borrow ye to carry ma spricks, and ma cowbands and ma necessary tuils to market, and ye fell down Honister Crag and brak yere neck—was I to pay for ye?—was I be hanged.”

‘3rd. Went on the Lake with the Southey family. Mr. S. rowed us and the two little girls and Miss Coleridge occasionally took an oar. Went to General Peachey’s island, saw the house and then rowed round all the islands. Walked afterwards to the Castle Crag. Mr. S. knew a family who gave a dinner and having few servants dressed up the plough boy in livery and ordered him to wait behind his mistress’ chair but not to stir from it: he obeyed literally but not having any employment amused himself with looking down his mistress’ back, which according to the fashion of the day was much exposed: all of a sudden in the midst of a pause in conversation she felt a rough finger and thumb down her back, heard the boy roar out “Ecod I’ve catched un” and saw him produce a flea.

‘I know no one who has a livelier taste for the comic than Southey: he enjoys any trait of humour with all his heart and is particularly fond of good nonsense: he showed us a little book which he bought at Loch Erne containing a description of the scenery by Lord Breadalbane’s factor, which is the very acme of absurdity and bad taste: the author calls thieves “Men of incoherent habits.” S. is very fond of making playful verses for the amusement of his children: that describing Lodore and published in a collection by Miss Baillie was written for that purpose: he has the loudest sneeze I ever heard and on making me start by doing so he replied

Skiddaw returns as well he may, the echo of that sneeze
And folks at Portenscale may say, God bless him if they please.

‘I might also notice the ludicrous ballad on the Retreat from Moscow which he allowed me to copy : a mutilated edition got into the papers, but he would not print the whole for fear of giving offence to Mr. Roscoe, who, though he was silly enough to hold the language ascribed to him, is too much respected by S. to allow him to publish what might vex so amiable a man.

‘4th. Went in a cart with Mr., Mrs. Southey and their two daughters to Lodore : walked up the steep ascent to Watendlath and down by a most rugged descent to Borodale. Crossed the river which was so low as to permit us to take our dinner on the large stones in its bed. Walked down Borodale till past the Castle Crag, the Bowder Stone and the Grange : then came back in the cart : we passed the whole day in this very pleasurable expedition which included a distance of 13 miles. After settling our account with our civil good old Landlady at the Queens Head, whose charges were as moderate as her face was good, we walked to take an unwilling leave of the Southey family.

‘5th. Left Keswick—to *Ambleside* 16. The Vale of St. John’s and the castle crag in it reminded us of the Bridal of Triermain. By Thirlmere and Grasmere which last is to me the loveliest of all the lovely lakes I have seen : there is more emerald verdure and better cultivation near it than in any part of Cumberland : it is however on the *edge* of Westmoreland for we passed the boundary at Dun Mail Raise about four miles before we reached Grasmere.

‘Passed Rydale Lake with large slate Quarries on its bank and a new church building by Lady Fleming in better taste than might be expected from a person who

neglects her own charming place so much. Rydal Hall has great *capabilities*, but everything round it is slovenly, and the grounds look rough and uncultivated ; Lady F. is said to be a singular person, an entire recluse and governed by her servants : breakfasted at the Crown in Ambleside, in all the confusion of a house warming : the landlord had only taken possession three days before, and his *wellwishers* had been in the house two days and nights : the "state of beer" in which they were may be conceived ; the kitchen and the lower rooms were full : different parties in every stage of intoxication occupied small round tables, some smoking, some swearing—some laughing but unfortunately for us all musically inclined. A fiddle was *wailing* without cessation, the concert was not unlike the celebrated Duet of the Baron of Bradwardine and Balmawhapple : the fiddle played the Duke of York's march, one man sung "the beautiful Maid" another "Over the hills and far away," two or three roared out "Jockey to the fair" and a number of Bass voices were grumbling a solemn Psalm tune : we only wanted "Loss, loss, Laridon" to compleat the discord. We were glad to emerge from this to Mr. Wordsworth's most beautiful place at Rydal mount where we passed a most agreeable hour : the terrace in his garden commands the head of Windermere, the Langdale Pikes, Rydale Lake the top of Helvellyn &c. all seen over Lady Fleming's woods : I do not know why I was surprised to find Mr. Wordsworth so chearful, and so like the rest of the world in manners : at first a slight degree of formality strikes one, but it is merely from the slowness of his utterance, for his conversation is lively, and he has a great degree of frankness : his appearance disappointed me for I had formed my idea from Chantrey's fine bust—the features

are certainly very like, but the Sculptor has given an air of melancholy grandeur which is not apparent in the Poet. Came in the afternoon to Bowness—6. Walked by the Parsonage to the Ferry point. After dinner walked up to Professor Wilson's very pretty cottage, and by using the magic spell of Sir Walter's name were not only allowed to see the place, but most politely received by Mr. and Mrs. Wilson: their house stands on a high shelf far above the Lake and commands a fine view of the whole backed by the fell towards the head of the water, *Scaefell*, and the Langdale Pikes; the whole was lighted up by a glowing evening sun. Mr. Wilson is a handsome man, with more expression of countenance than I ever saw in one whose complexion is brilliantly fair: he has a bright blue eye that has a wild, changeful, I may say a very poetical expression: I never saw any eye with such a beam except poor Mr. Farhill's and the colour of his was hazel: Southey's dark gaze is like that of a planet, Mr. Wilson's has the sparkle of a fixed star on a frosty-night: his five fine children were running about the woods as free and as happy as the birds themselves: Mrs. Wilson is soft and pleasing in manners; she is hardly recovered from the alarm occasioned by their fearful accident of which Mr. W. gave me an account: they were taking an airing in a covered car with two of their children; the eldest boy followed on his pony: the harness gave way in going up a steep pitch and the carriage separating from the horse fell back 40 yards and was overturned in a ditch not ten yards from a very high precipice: Mr. W. (who was a good deal bruised) dragged out Mrs. Wilson—they then saw their eldest boy struggling on the ground with his pony, both having been overturned by the car, and the other two

senseless with the car (1200 weight) lying upon them : when by the exertion of five men the car was set upright, the children tho' stunned and for some time unable to speak were found to be wholly uninjured except bruises of a trifling kind. Mr. and Mrs. W. some years ago *walked* through Scotland, at least a round of between 5 and 600 miles ; sometimes 20—or 16 per day—sometimes resting a whole day : they were about five weeks in accomplishing it.

'6th. Walked before breakfast to the high crag behind the inn. After church we went on to Hale, a single inn two miles beyond Milnthorp: the stage ought to have been 16 miles, but the driver knew not an inch of the way, and went four times wrong, by which means we must have made it 24. After quitting Windermere the country deserves no higher praise than that of being chearful : a *backbone* of bare lime rock like Coed Marchan runs nearly from Kendal to Burton which we left on our left : we passed over a very flat peat moss till we came to the head of the Ken river : then turned direct east to Milnthorpe and at Levens entered the Kendal road. Levens is a fine old house and Dalham Tower which is just beyond Milnthorpe a beautiful place overlooking the sea : occasional views of the sands all the way : to *Lancaster* 12 miles : from the Castle saw Ingleborough.

'7th. To *Preston by Garstang* 22 miles : a thick haze prevented our seeing the sea and also obscured the view from Lancaster Castle to which I ran before we set out : I believe that in the heat of summer this often occurs, and it confirms me in the idea that we could not have taken a better time than the spring for our expedition : the country we *could* see was pleasant but with no marked feature except high moors to the east

for the first 16 miles. Preston once the residence of a numerous society of gentry is become a mere sordid manufacturing town swarming with a population which we saw crowding the streets in Club processions, Whit Monday being their time of annual meeting: the town is very large and the suburbs vile low brick houses in rows: the largest cotton mill in England is here.

‘*To Wigan by Chorley* 18: we made it 20 by going to see Haigh Hall the seat of Sir Roger and Lady Bradshaigh in the days of Richardson: we saw their pictures by Vandyke—she most agreeable looking, he very handsome, a great contrast to the present very ugly owners whose portraits hung parallel. There was a good collection of pictures, a fine old drawing room the length of the house with four bay windows, and a library which had a fine carved oak chimneypiece reaching to the top of the room and divided into square pannels each containing a coat of arms: the observatory and an artificial ruin in the very worst taste are rather a disgrace to this very interesting old place. At Chorley I saw on a sign—“the primitive Methodist”—“Spirits Ale Porter &c.”—there is nothing to remark in this drive but a high Tower called Rippendale at the edge of a moor: the old house at Wigan in which Lord Derby was concealed and afterwards discovered fell down about five weeks ago. Wigan a very dirty ugly place.

‘*To Warrington* 12. To the east the country has the appearance of a numerous population: it is literally studded with houses and the smoke and smother of steam engines is to be seen in all directions: everything bespeaks manufacture—coal pits, savage, squalid looking men, dirty bold women, and children black with

every species of filth crowding out of the cottages and running in troops to get behind the carriage—the old rusty worn out boilers of the steam engines by the side of the road—&c. &c. We passed through the dirty town of Newton and the pretty village of Winwick the spire of which we saw for three miles before we came to it. Warrington is large and intricate: the streets narrow: I saw one or two curious gable ended houses.

‘*To Knutsford* 11. Passed High Legh and Mere: saw Lymm and Rostherne in the distance. Went under the Duke of Bridgewater’s canal which crosses the road.

‘*To Brereton* 10. Passed Toft and Peover. Cheshire which is generally as flat and as rich as its own cheese has two or three hills in this drive: that near Astbury is to the left: the *very* fine old mansion of Brereton hall is fast going to decay.

‘*To Newcastle* 13. Left Congleton to the east and Sandback to the west. I regret passing this stage by moonlight for there must be a very fine view from Talk o’ the Hill: a very long descent brought us to Newcastle at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10. Had Brereton been a place that looked as if we could have slept at it I should have proposed staying but it is evidently a house only used by a very ordinary description of travellers: as it was I never was more *forespent* with travelling: 88 miles partly over paved roads and in very hot weather is too much for pleasure: the pavement is however gradually disappearing and breaking up to McAdamise the road: the only drawback to this is the enormous turnpike tolls which are hardly less than at the average of 4d. per mile.

‘*8th. To Penkridge by Stone and Stafford* 22, the whole country is one “of fat things”—rich pasture,

well timbered hedge rows, fine cattle and neat cottages: we saw the Trent in its infant state near Trentham: the seat of the Marquis of Stafford is handsome: a considerable stretch of wood with the river running at the foot of it must form the chief beauty of the view from the house, for the country about it is very uninteresting: whatever it is I fear it has made the Marchioness forget the wild hills of Dunrobin and the "land of the heath and the mountain" and that the Countess of Sutherland is merged in the superior title: I do not doubt her good intentions, but what was done in Sutherland does not seem to have been done judiciously: it is not possible to transform shepherds to fishermen (and least of all Highland shepherds) by a *coup de theatre* like one of Mr. Farley's magical changes at Covent Garden: Sir W. S. said "she *might* have raised a 1000 men in one day by a word—*now!*" --yet with all his spirit of *Clan* he did not speak with severity of the measure which it is believed will *gradually* be of service to the country: "the M^s of Stafford had a great tail when the King came" said Mr. Blackwood, "but what a tail she might have had!!!" Stafford Castle, the bone of contention between Sir E. Jerningham and Mr. Cooke, stands on a high brow above the town at about a mile distant. Teddesley in a fine wood to the left a mile from Penkridge.

'To Wolverhampton 10: we made it 12 by deviating to see Mozley Hall, the old house in which Mr. Whitgreave sheltered Charles 2nd after he quitted Boscobel and before he undertook his perilous journey across the country with Mrs. Lane; it is a most curious old black and white wooden house exactly in the state in which it was when the King was there: we saw the

hiding place, the Priest's chamber &c. and wondered how the lineal descendant of the Whitgreaves could leave the old hall to moulder and decay, and fix himself in a great square yellow house on the hill above it: I do think if I had such a place with such a history attached to it, I should preserve it as the apple of my eye.

'*To Stourbridge* 10. The town much superior to most manufacturing towns: broad and neat and airy: Dudley and Hales Owen in the distance. Pass Hagley on the road to Bromsgrove.

'*To Bromsgrove* 10. *To Alcester* 13. A true Worcestershire drive: the country so green and fertile: small inclosures and high elms cut up to their tops: the soil deep new sand: after passing Havel Grange the prospect opens to Warwickshire and the trees are unshorn and luxuriant: the view very lovely on each side the ridge upon which the road runs. The Malvern and Breedon hills in the distance to the right. Pass Coughton.

'*To Evesham* 10. Pass Ragley and the pretty retired parsonage of Arvon: the approach to Evesham very handsome.

'*To Stow* 16. There are few more beautiful things than the view from Broadway Hill, nor do I know any little town or village so pretty and neat as Broadway itself: there it was rising amongst the high trees, with the clear little stream running through the broad cheerful street—the old fashioned gable ended houses with their stone slate roofs and mullion windows, and the high roofed, clean comfortable looking inn where I have passed so many pleasant hours—all unchanged and looking as if not a year had passed since I saw it all in company with the dear friends so long gone and

so deeply regretted!—it was all very mournful to me, and yet I liked it better than the total change which has taken place in the road to Stow: the broad chearful open down was far more pleasant to my eye than the road formally inclosed with stone walls and edged with high plantations of sombre firs.

‘We arrived at home early in the day happy to find all that was dear to us there well and prosperous and truly thankful for all the pleasures we had enjoyed during our more than six weeks’ absence in which every circumstance combined to render our tour delightful at the time, and to furnish us with recollections of the most gratifying kind for the amusement of our fireside.’

CHAPTER V

LETTERS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT TO MRS. HUGHES, UP
TO SIR WALTER'S VISIT TO LONDON IN OCTOBER 1826.

IF any evidence, in addition to that which Mrs. Hughes's diary gives, is required of the mutual satisfaction of hosts and guests in the visit to Abbotsford, it is furnished by the increased length and frequency of the letters in the series which continues from this date, with little interruption, to near the close of Sir Walter Scott's life.

Perhaps it is not without a smile that one reads in the following letter the statement that 'the abuse of wine is now unknown in good society in Scotland':

'MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I have to offer you my best thanks for two letters, the last particularly welcome as it assured us of your safe arrival at your resting place without our good and kind Dr. Hughes having suffered any inconvenience from the journey. I was rather anxious on the occasion, for my wife accuses me of the three sins which beset a Scotch Landlord, overwalking, over talking and over feeding the guests whom I delight to honour. As for over talking that must be as it may—over walking is now a little beyond my strength and over feasting I always regulate by the inclinations of my guests, and Dr. Hughes is so moderate in that respect that there is no fear of any one hurting him. Not that I ever was much of a *bon vivant* myself, but in our cold country, although *abuse*

of wine is now unknown in good society, yet the *use* of the good creature is more than with you in the South, for which climate & manners are an apology.

‘I am very happy you have made your pilgrimage well out & seen those you must have been interested in seeing. I am particularly obliged for the hint you have given me about Southey.¹ I thought he had taken me *en guignon*, though I could not guess why. I know he has owed me a letter since 1818, and when he made a tour through Scotland with Telford the Engineer never looked near me although not far from my door. But it is of little consequence who is in fault when no unkindness is meant and so I will write to him very soon and I thank you kindly for having been the good natured friend who when, as I think Richardson says, the parallel lines are in danger of running along side of each other for ever gives one of them a chop out of its course and makes them meet again. I am sorry Mrs. O. P. has passed into the next letter of the Alphabet and turned Q. I hate all conversions of mere form; they are usually a change of garments, not the heart.²

‘Wordsworth is a man and a gentleman every inch of him unless when he is mounted on his critical hobby horse and tells one Pope is no poet; he might as well say Wellington is no soldier because he wears a blue greatcoat and not a coat of burnished mail.

‘I owe you among many things the honour of a most obliging letter from the Duke of Buckingham about the M.S. supposed of Swinton. I hope the Duchess will make out her tour; the best way of inducing

¹ Sir W. Scott’s letter to Southey is given in Lockhart’s *Life*, with the reference ‘Here comes my clever, active, bustling friend, Mrs. Hughes, and tells me that you regret a silence,’ &c.—ED.

² *Vide* p. 161, above.—ED.

her Grace to honour us by looking our way is to assure her that our hospitality, such as it is, is never ostentatious and therefore no inconvenience to ourselves.

‘ Charles will I am sure be grateful for Mr. Hughes’s patronage and I trust he will profit by the acquaintances he may procure him at Oxford. I know nothing so essential to give the proper tone to a young mind as intercourse with the learned & the worthy. Charles does not leave me till October. In the mean time I hope to have a visit from my “gay Goss-hawk” Walter the only one of my family whom you do not know and who is a fine fellow in his own way and devoted to his profession.

‘ Thank you for the verses on old Q; ¹ they are both witty and severe yet give him little more than his due for he was a most ingeniously selfish animal. I have given the music to Sophia ² in the first place, who will impart it to her more idle sister. Besides, both Mama ³ and Anne have been at Abbotsford for three weeks during which time I have not seen them. I was never half the time separated from my wife since our marriage, saving when I have been “forth of Scotland” as our law phrase goes. I quite agree with you that Byron’s merits and the regrets due to his inimitable genius should supersede every thing else that envy may wish to dwell upon. Our lake-friends were narrow-minded about his talents and even about his conduct, much of which might be indefensible but only attracted loud and virulent stricture because of the brilliancy of his powers.

Notes by Mrs. Hughes.—¹ A satirical poem many years before on the supposed death of the old Duke of Queensberry.

² Mrs. Lockhart, his eldest daughter.

³ Sir Walter was in the habit of calling Lady Scott ‘Mama.’

‘To swear no broader upon paper to a lady, the deuce take your Mr. Whitgreave.’⁴ He may call himself Mr. Higgins now, if he will, without being challenged by him of Higgins-Neuch, who is gone to the shades below, where the race of Higgins as well as of Percies & Howards must descend. His successor is called Mr. Burn Calender which I hope will satisfy your ear. I would be *quite delighted* to become proprietor at any reasonable rate of the old chimney piece.⁵ It would however be necessary that someone on the spot be employed on my behalf—an expert joiner who compleatly understands his business—to take it down & pack it with saw dust and shavings (or what do you call them in English, I mean planings of wood) in a proper case, and it might be sent by sea from Liverpool to Glasgow where there is daily communication, & Lockhart would cause someone there to send it through the canal to Edinburgh, for so old a material must be tender & very easily broken. A few guineas will be no object to me to secure this point, so the packing is carefully attended to.

⁴ This alludes to an account which I had sent him of a visit I had made on our road home to see Mozley Hall near Wolverhampton, one of the houses of refuge for Charles 2d after his escape from the battle of Worcester. Mr. Whitgreave, the lineal descendant of the loyal owners, who at the peril of his life sheltered his Sovereign, had so neglected the old mansion that it was fallen into utter decay, & had built a large modern house at a mile distant. The allusion to the name of Higgins relates to Sir Walter having been much amused at my indignation on finding that the proprietor of the ancient castle of Creighton bore that most plebeian designation.

⁵ A very curious old chimney piece at Stokesay Castle near Ludlow, belonging to Lord Craven. The mansion is in utter decay, & I had heard the chimney piece had been once offered to Sir F. Cunliffe; I was in hopes it could have been procured for Sir Walter, but Lord Craven having refused it to Lady Denbigh was with regret obliged also to deny the request.

‘By the way, Mrs. Patterson who experienced your bounty is now, she writes me, in a tolerable way of providing for her family and, to her credit, with a very grateful feeling for kindness shewn, assures me she is extricated from her difficulties and in no need of farther assistance than good wishes. Her eldest son is taken off her hands and promises to succeed well. So true it is that moderate assistance will often help those effectually who are really willing to help themselves. I begin to be ashamed of my letter, for as your friend Mungo says “Adod it is a tumper.” I will stifle this modesty however in respect I very seldom trespass upon the patience of my correspondents unless they are in a hurry for answers & moreover because I had so many kindnesses to acknowledge. I go to Abbotsford on Saturday for three or four days which will be a great refreshment. Remember me most kindly to the Doctor & believe me always

‘most respectfully yours

‘WALTER SCOTT

‘Edinburgh

‘16 June 1824.

‘On looking at your letter this morning I find the chimney piece must be asked from Lord Craven and about this I feel much delicacy. I am not fond of obligations & do not know his Lordship in the slightest degree. Besides there is a sort of affront in asking a man for a curiosity of this kind, as your request must be founded upon the supposition that he has not himself taste enough to value it. If he would take better care of it himself it would answer my purpose. If I had any friend to *sound* Lord Craven it would be a different matter.’

On their way south from Abbotsford Dr. and Mrs.

Hughes looked in, as we have seen, at Keswick upon Southey. Naturally their talk would turn and return to the great Scotsman, and no doubt Southey told Mrs. Hughes, who was an old friend, that the bonds of friendship that had once been woven close between himself and Sir Walter had grown very slack. Southey appears to have deemed himself a little slighted by Sir Walter, who had omitted to answer a letter, and Sir Walter, in turn, as the above letter shows, was a little hurt that his old friend had made no effort to see him when he was on tour in Scotland. It was just one of those foolish drifts asunder, caused by none or purely fanciful reasons, that require a sympathetic hand to close it up, and such a hand Mrs. Hughes applied. The success of the application is fully proved by the letter to Southey published in Lockhart.

To this gracious letter (which perhaps Sir Walter of intention rendered the more appealing by the reference in its postscript to the distressful state of illness through which he had passed in the long interval of silence in their correspondence) Southey—‘in *his* way as agreeable as possible, although it is a different way from Sir Walter’s,’ says Mrs. Hughes’s journal—responded no less cordially; and so ‘the parallel lines’ were brought to meet again.

‘Abbotsford

‘10 Sep. 1824

‘MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES Many thanks to you for all your kindness. I am not in the least disappointed about the chimney piece or surprised that Lord Craven should (even without any apology) have declined a request which a stranger had no title to make. Though a professed Pedlar in antiquarian [matters] I really feel none of the paltry spirit of appropriation which

induces many of that class to disjoin curiosities from the place to which they are fitted by association for the poor gratification of calling them their own. The chimney piece at Stokesay is of ten times the value which it can be any where else and it was only the idea that it was neglected and going to decay (which I am happy to understand is erroneous) that could have induced me to accept your tempting offer to mediate for it in my favour.

‘I had written thus far three weeks since when I was involved in one of those currents of petty interruptions and avocations in which it has been my frequent lot to make shipwreck of much valuable time and which particularly has occasioned frequent gaps in my correspondence. All your valued drawings¹ (that is your son’s) came quite safe, and will serve to do yeoman service in illustrating my favourite Clarendon. The view of Abbotsford is, I think, quite accurate except that perhaps the belfry tower has rather more than its due share of height & importance, but this is a trifle.

‘By the way I have discovered that the affecting ballad about the *Stuons*² is not quite original. The great author has not disdained to borrow the verse about “my dog & I” from a song in D’Urfeys collection elegantly called “Pills to purge melancholy.” It shows that as a Justice of Peace may be obliged to his kinsman for a man, as Slender vaunteth, so a great bard may sometimes be indebted for a thought or a stanza.

Notes by Mrs. Hughes.—¹ Drawings of Boscobel, Mozley Hall & White Ladies which your father had made for Sir Walter, as well as one of Abbotsford from a rough sketch I had brought from Scotland.

² The old ballad of ‘George Ridler’s oven’ which begins with a chorus in which ‘The Stones’ (called in the Gloucestershire dialect *Stuons*) is repeated through the whole Air before the ballad begins. Sir Walter had been particularly amused with this quaint ditty.

‘This letter has been written by instalments like a man in distressed circumstances endeavouring to pay his debts honestly, while your goodness has so far overwhelmed me with further obligations that I am in no small danger of compleat bankruptcy. So if you see my name in the Gazette as a defaulter in correspondence you must not be surprised. The chief cause of this ungracious insolvency has been Woman—Woman that seduces all mankind. The male animals I can leave to stray about Abbotsford by themselves, but my tenderness of heart often leads me to wait on my lady visitors in their rambles and this is a sad consumption of time. I am quite surprised at the dexterity with which Mr. Hughes has made out such a complicated mansion as Abbotsford, commonly called Conundrum Castle, without any disproportions which can indicate his not having seen the place, but I think his Mama made a sketch much more full than she allowed us to see. The western tower where the bell hangs is perhaps a little exalted in height above the rest of the house, although I am by no means sure that this criticism is just. By the way I see I made it in the first page.

‘I should feel in despair at the idea of robbing you of your Pallas³ but that Dr. Hughes can so well spare Wisdom or its prototype, and that I on the other hand would be much obliged to any one to improve the slender stock which nature has given me and should therefore make Minerva the goddess of my private chapel.

‘I sincerely hope this will find the Dr. continuing in the enjoyment of tolerable good health and your son flourishing and prospering. Charles is

³ A head of Pallas enamelled on Copper which is now in the little Armoury at Abbotsford & is a curious Antique.

approaching the awful time which sends him to the banks of the Isis, and must exchange moor-fowl shooting and pony-breaking for reading and studies. I hope some indulgence in the one here has not interfered with his propensities towards the other. The drawing of Mozley Hall put me in mind of Prior's lines

Oh Morley, Oh Morley, if this be a hall
The same with the building will presently fall.¹

I almost wish mine would fall too, for it keeps me a little too full of company, though all of them are people that I like to see. But this is the go-about time for our English friends, and to make amends our winters and springs are solitary enough. I expect Mr. Canning here in about a fortnight. My kindest remembrances and those of all the family attend Dr. Hughes, and I am with regard

‘Dear Madam

‘yours truly

‘WALTER SCOTT.’

Canning, however, did not make out his visit, not a little, as it would seem, to Sir Walter's regret, although he had lately been making complaints not a few of the waste of his time caused by the many visitors that already flocked to Abbotsford, notwithstanding that the authorship of the wonderful novels still was unacknowledged.

‘DEAR MRS. HUGHES I answer your kind letter, immediately, not only to express my best—very best—thanks for all its contents, but also that you may not

¹ ‘Moseley’ is the spelling of the name of the house in the *Boscobel Tracts*. Prior's lines are in the *Ballad of Down Hall*, stanza xxxix. They are addressed to the famous ‘Merchant Morley,’ renowned as a butcher and a land agent. See *Cornhill*, vol. xiv. p. 111.—Ed.

remain under the least doubt as to Broster. He is so far an empiric that he has not been regularly educated to medical practice, being bred a bookseller at Chester. But his powers of removing hesitation, or rather his skill in instructing persons to avoid or subdue that painful nervous affection, are certainly wonderful. I have not seen Lady Morton since he attended her but learn on all hands that she is not like the same person in society. Her hesitation was of a peculiar kind, for she stopp'd dead short without any of those unpleasant attempts at pronouncing the Shibboleth which generally accompanies hesitation of speech. And there you stood or sate listening, not well knowing whether the speech had come to a natural or violent conclusion. I am informed she now speaks forward like any other person.

‘A Major Histed of the Royal Dragoons who was inspecting our yeomanry here the other day told me he had been under Mr. Broster’s care for a very embarrassing hesitation which interfered a good deal with his giving the word of command and making reports etc. in the course of his profession. I could scarce believe him, so absolutely had all appearance of the kind disappeared. Only watching him very closely I saw when he was about to address the Yeomanry a momentary embarrassment which instantly passed off and would have been totally undiscernible by any one who was not watching very close. So much for the feats of Mr. Broster whom I would certainly consult if I had occasion. There can be no danger of harm to the person, for his instructions are not accompanied by drugs or operations, or to the purse, for like those who cure smoky chimnies he proceeds on the principle of no cure no pay.

‘I am ashamed to rob you of Lord Falkland¹ who besides the very great value which every lover of Clarendon’s history must set upon his character & talents has been happy in an Artist [probably Oliver] to convey his features to posterity. It is absolutely a sin to accept so valuable a present but then it would be an act of the most severe self denial to decline, and I fear we seldom long hesitate when the choice is between sinning and suffering. I once published a very few copies of poems written during the civil war by Patrick Carey a Catholic priest whom I afterwards discovered to have been a brother of Lord Falkland. I think I have two copies left, and will beg your acceptance of one by the first safe opportunity.

‘Sophia, poor soul, has kept her bed for near a week, dangerously ill at first with an inflammable complaint which has of late been fearfully frequent. Luckily we had near timely aid and skilful medical help, so that with bleeding and care she is now better, but still *couchante* as a Herald would say, but I trust will soon be able to do honour to the “Stones”² which I think much improved by the additions which Mr. Hughes has made to the ancient fabric. There is a John Bullishness about the whole, a dogged honesty and stubbornness of good sense, which make honest George Ridler out to be a pattern of old English Yeomanry. We laughed till we were like to die at the primitive display of Mr. & Mrs. Bull³ in the one horse

Notes by Mrs. Hughes.—¹ An original miniature of Lord Falkland which I had sent Sir Walter.

² Your father had made large additions to Sir Walter’s favourite ballad of ‘George Ridler,’ and I had sent him a copy.

³ The ballad of the Magic Lay of the One horse Chay written by your father & published in Blackwood’s Magazine for October 1824. It was founded on a fact which took place at Brighton the preceding

Chay. I give the bathers infinite credit for their address in contriving so effectual a punishment for interlopers. Many a man has been stripp'd for being himself flogg'd, but the situation of the honest Citizen must have been superb while, reserving the nakedness for his own part of the show, he transferred the flagellation to the back of old Nobbs. Leaving off the vagaries of this second Adam and Eve in a Tim Whisky, I must tell you that I have had another disappointment in an expected visitor of eminence; this was no less than Canning who proposed rubbing up an old acquaintance by a visit at Abbotsford, when pop dies yon old Louis le désiré, and Mr. Secretary of state must go to his office to forward addresses of condolence and congratulation and renew the bands of amity between John Bull & Louis Baboon.

'I recollected the passage in Dr. Plott⁴ as I read it; but upon what authority comes the explanation—a very natural and probable one, and a sign that old Noll's saints were not quite so confident in their superiority to Satan as their gifted pretensions would have made one suppose. . . . I think you mentioned there was some old pamphlet giving an account of the stratagem. I did not get the drawing of poor John Leyden,⁵ but I remember Heber saying he had got it for me, but somehow he forgot to send it me or it was

August, & the loss of Mr. & Mrs. Bull's (for such were the names of the parties) cloaths was owing to their being stolen by a manœuvre of the Bathers.

⁴ An extract from Dr. Plot's *Natural History of Oxfordshire* containing an account of a stratagem practised to intimidate the Commissioners sent by the Long Parliament to value the Manor of Woodstock after the death of Charles 1st.

⁵ Mr. Berens had offered me a drawing of Sir Walter's friend Dr. Leyden & had formerly made one for him which he had not received.

mislaïd. I will be much flattered by Mr. Berens letting me have a copy of it. I remember well sitting to him, and Heber reading Milton all the while. Since that time my block has been traced by many a brush of eminence, and at this very *now*, while I am writing to you, Mr. Landseer, who has drawn every dog in the house but myself, is at work upon me under all the disadvantages which my employment puts him to. He has drawn old Maida¹ in particular with much spirit indeed, and it is odd enough that though I sincerely wish old Mai had been younger I never thought of wishing the same advantage for myself. I am much obliged by Mr. Hughes's kind intentions in favour of Charles² who will be at Brazen Nose at the term. My kindest compliments attend the excellent Doctor and I am always Dear Madam,

‘Your truly obliged and faithful

‘October 6

‘WALTER SCOTT.

‘1824

‘We will hear of Pallas and her travelling companion in due time and will advise you.’

The Lord Falkland spoken of in this letter, of whom Mrs. Hughes sent Sir Walter a miniature, was one of the moderates in the Parliament that impeached Strafford, but subsequently declared himself for the Royalist cause, being, as it appears, one of those moderate men who in times of stress seldom are frankly trusted by either party. He was killed at the first battle of Newbury, 1643.

Notes by Mrs. Hughes.—¹ A favourite old deer-hound of the Ban & Buscar breed.

² Mr. Charles Scott his youngest son. Your father had offered to go to Oxford to introduce him to many of his friends, & to superintend his Outset.

In 1820 Sir Walter, who had previously contributed an essay, with the hitherto unpublished poems of Patrick Carey, to the 'Edinburgh Annual Register,' published 'Trivial Poems and Triolets' by this Carey whom he compares with Lovelace as a poet. On page 230 of Lockhart's Life will be found a long extract from Scott's introduction to this volume of poems. The name of the Falkland family was, I think, generally spelled without the *e*—'Cary.'

The five following letters have been previously published in the collection of Familiar Letters, by Mr. Douglas, and are therefore given without special comment here.

'MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I owe you a thousand acknowledgements for Pallas who arrived as if secured by her own superior intelligence in the most perfect safety. It seems a very great curiosity, and has been admired as a piece of art by Wilkie and other good judges who have seen it here. I have hung it over the chimney in the little armoury, where surrounded by all manner of military implements Minerva has the appearance of being quite in character, and where also her metallic frame corresponds in great effect to the different weapons with which she is associated. The cheese is most excellent and considering the shape of it came in peculiar good time to a great coursing match followed by a dinner which I always give to my friends among the neighbouring yeomanry once a year, to promote kindness and good fellowship amongst neighbours. What would I give to be able to sing them "the Stuons"—I am sure they would be extremely delighted. The cheese was allowed to be excellent and we eat up its very whiskers.

‘I am very much indebted to Mr. Hughes for his kindness to Charles, of which I hope the youngster will deserve the continuance. Charles is clever enough but has alternations of indolence of which I am somewhat afraid, knowing from experience how fatal it is to the acquisition of knowledge even when associated with the power of working hard at particular times.

‘Pray when you see Dr. Stoddart recommend me to him very kindly. You would see in Byrons conversations that I was led to imitate the style of Coleridge’s *Christabel* in the *Lay of the last Minstrel*—it is very true, and Dr. Stoddart was the person who introduced to me that singular composition by reciting some stanzas of it many years since in my cottage at Laswade. Byron seems to have thought I had a hand in some ill-natured review of Coleridge’s wild and wondrous tale which was entirely a mistake. He might have remembered by the way, that it was I who first introduced his Lordship to the fragment with a view to interest him in Coleridge’s fate and in the play he was then bringing forward. I agree with you that Lord and Lady Byron were not well suited yet I am not much disposed to throw blame exclusively on either. Unhappily Byron’s distinguished talents and high imaginations were mixed with inequality of spirits increased by early habits of uncontrouled indulgence of every whim which occur’d to him at such moments. This is a bad ingredient for family happiness, where after all Bear and Forbear must be the Mottoe. From what I saw personally of Lord Byron I was always of opinion that if a great and worthy object capable and deserving to engross his attention should ever occupy his mind, should present itself to his pursuit—in other words if an ill-directed love of pleasure had been

exchanged for a well directed love of action, he would have made a figure as distinguished in the page of history, as he must make in that of literature. He pursued the freedom of Greece as I am well assured on the truest and most rational principles, desiring to unite the whole efforts of the country in the task of liberating them from the rod of their oppressor, instead of dividing them into factions by insisting upon all persons subscribing some fantastic political creed. It pleased God to cut off this wonderful man before he could accomplish anything very considerable in the task he had undertaken: the night has come upon him in which no man can work and so much to teach us to improve our time. After all I have not yet seen these conversations but from what I see in the papers, and from what I knew of Lord Byron, I conceive Capt. Medwin to have been an accurate reporter. But all men talk loosely in their ordinary conversation and of course much will remain to be corrected and deducted both in matters of opinion & matters of fact.

‘Here is a long stupid letter. I have been sitting to Wilkie these two days past. Sedet et in eternum sedebit. Ask the Doctor for the English. But this was a very particular occasion being by royal command introduced as a personage at the reception of Holyrood.

‘Carey shall attend you the instant I get to town. Lockhart, spouse and baby left us yesterday for Edinburgh where we all go on Monday first. Believe me with kind compliments to Dr. Hughes in which Lady Scott and Anne cordially join, to be

‘very truly yours,

‘WALTER SCOTT.

‘Abbotsford,

‘Thursday

‘Novbr. 14, 1824.’

‘ Dec. 26th 1824.

‘ MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES If I have been tardy in expressing my senses of your kindness, I have a formidable excuse. Our good town as Edinburgh has been fondly denominated was on fire for three days in the course of last week, and much of what your Zeal and Activity investigated will never more be seen by mortal eye. The whole of the Parliament square excepting that building occupied by our supreme courts has been either burnt to the ground or ruined by the means necessarily resorted to, to prevent the fire spreading to the Courts and the princely library of the Faculty of Advocates. The tenements destroyed were (exclusive of castles and towers) probably the highest houses in the world built for human accommodation, and the sight of them in a full blaze while spirit vaults and the like sent a strange and wild unearthly flame from the caverns of the earth to aid the grosser fires which were fed by the timber of the buildings made a sight unequalled on earth ; whatever it may have been in the place, that is never mentioned to ‘ ears polite.’ The South side of the High Street is burned through two thirds of its extent, and to add to the horror of the scene the steeple of the Tron church caught fire though 300 yards from the conflagration and the upper part, which was of wood, burnt to ashes before our eyes without the possibility of saving it. Many hundred families lost all, but the charity of their fellow citizens has flow’d in such a stream that we justly fear it may prove rather too large a premium for future carelessness, unless managed with more discretion than our awakened feelings are like to be in unison with. Poor Will Allen the Painter is burned out but has fortunately saved most of his paintings, particularly a noble picture

of the death of Regent Murray which he was just finishing for the Duke of Bedford's. James Hall: brother of Capt. Basil Hall, made some sketches of this extraordinary scene which are to be lithographized, and I will send you a copy though it can suggest but a faint idea of the horrible original. The means used to bring down the ruins, which continued to stand menacingly to fall every moment, was also a very striking scene. Part were mined and blown up; part pull'd down by a combination of mechanical powers; operations on which I attended with deep interest. Upon the whole I believe the conflagration will be followed by its own advantages as such evils usually are. A large space is cleared which though in old houses it form'd the abode of the learned, the noble, and the gay has latterly become the cells of misery, and often of vice. I trust a good use will be made of the opportunity and might say something about the phoenix, but the emblem has been rather worn out by the prologues to the opening of Drury Lane.

'I owe you a thousand thanks for the transcript respecting poor Byron's conversation—he was much of a Crammer, *i.e.* sometimes told his bottle holder a sort of romances for which he seriously claimed credit. I always suspected the duel to be escapades of this kind, if Capt. Medwin rightly understood what he said, and if Lord Byron was not speaking of boxing matches at school. We must have heard if he had fought twice, or been second in many affairs of honour. They do not occur amongst men of note as to escape notice, and the world had been long anxious to learn all they could of Byron. I knew he was like to have fought at Malta, but it went off, as these things often do.

'Mr. John Hughes has shewn up Mr. & Mrs. Bull

in fine stile. The Lay of the one horse chay was certainly an event to be celebrated by the fine arts in poetry and in painting. Careys poems are with Blackwood to be forwarded by the first opportunity. I wish Mrs. John Hughes could have seen Lockhart on duty on the morning of the fire: *wet to the skin* and *elegant* with a naked broad sword in his hand, the very picture of a distressed Hero in a strolling party's tragedy. For my part I felt rather sorry for myself when I heard the Rouse of the Yeomanry blown at dead of night, which I had so often obeyed on similar occasions and saw my old corps drawn up,

By torch and trumpet fast array'd.

It is so when we find ourselves unable to do our more youthful feats, that we feel our better days are gone by.

'Mrs. Scott and Anne join in kind compliments to the excellent Doctor. I have not heard from my young Oxonian lately. My Hussar is in great strength and I hope to see him at Christmas.

'Believe me always Dear Mrs. Hughes

'Your much obliged & faithful servant

'WALTER SCOTT.

'26 November 1824

'Edinburgh.'

'MY DEAR AND GOOD FRIEND, I have a hundred apologies to make for my ungrateful silence, but my news may allow for it. My son is just about to be married: the young lady is a very considerable heiress, a Miss Jobson of Lochar worth at least £50000 in land and funded property which as Sir Hugh Evans says 'is good gifts': she has better gifts in sound sense, and chearful temper and excellent principles, being brought

up by her Mother who though rather straitly laced in her presbyterian stays, is a very worthy woman in excellent sound old fashioned Scottish principles which like massive old plate have as much bullion in them as would suffice ten thousand modern plated trinkets. She is very pretty both in form and face, but so *little* as to make almost a ludicrous contrast with her Hussar who rises six foot two inches at least. She is timid almost to awkwardness, and though she has walked the course as a wealthy heiress for two years, no one ever heard of her having a flirtation. Truth is there had been some little kindness between the young folks about two years ago, and though they had not met again till lately yet hearing much of each other¹ as Lady Fergusson the wife of my old and facetious friend Sir Adam, they had neither of them it seems forgotten their intercourse, but had in our Scottish phrase which I think a good one *thought on*, untill during our Christmas gambols out came little Cupid with his linstock and forced the mine, and the Hussar with his mustachioes and *Schnurrbart* was found to have napp'd up the prize which lord and laird had been trying for. The poor lassie has agreed to follow the camp: the mother has on this sole account rather acquiesced than consented to the marriage, and truly I cannot blame the good lady, considering that her only child is to exchange two good houses, one in Edinb. and one at Lochar for the accommodation of a barrack; since in Ireland they will be safe at least within their guarded walls however inconvenient; while in lodgings they would have little more comfort, and in certain events, which God avert, might be exposed to danger. I cannot but picture to myself poor little Jane, with her little innocent pensive face looking with surprise at her

¹ The grammar seems a little difficult.—Ed.

quarters, where matts and horsecloths must supply the place of carpets, and arm-racks garnished with pistols, sabres and carbines and adorned with the caricature drawings of good Mr. Lieutenant serve the purpose of all. But then if she manages well, she may always command good society even within the regiment. Three or four of the officers are respectably married, & the little heiress's fortune giving her the means to be kind in sharing her extra accommodations of carriages &c with those who are less in the way of commanding them, may make her a person of as much importance as even the Colonels wife if he has one. Walter is to get a troop shortly which will entitle him to better quarters. But a very knowing lady of my acquaintance assures me on her own experience that your 'bonny bride' is diverted with all these occurrences so long as she is secure of her Cavalier's affections, and that ladies who have been most delicately bred up are like blood horses most capable of meeting and enduring fatigue, spirit doing for them, what habit and insensibility do for the more ignoble. Still the old song rings in my ears, the first verse of which has been already exemplified in our love affair,

My bonnie Lizzie Baillie
 I'll row ye in my plaidie,
 If you will gang along wi me,
 And be a soldier's ladie.
 My bonnie Lizzie Baillie,
 Your mother canna want ye,
 Sae let the trooper gang his lane,
 And carry his ain portmanty.

But mark the sequel

She wad na hae an English lord
 Nor be a highland lady,
 But she's awa wi a *border Scott*
 And he's row'd her in his plaidie.

She had'na gane a mile or twa,
 When Ogin (?) she was weary,
 She often looked back and said,
 Farewell to Castle Carie.

However we must hope that these little recollections will neither be distressing or too frequent. For myself I can safely say few things would have made me more happy than my sons establishment in life so early. Though acquainted both with camp and courts & those the licentious courts of Dresden and Berlin, I know his principles to be steady and even severe, & therefore am assured he will love and cherish this poor thing, who has behaved through the whole transaction with a modesty, candour & generosity that deserves everything on his part. Here is a long selfish letter all about myself and family. But you are a mother dear Madam, and know that joy as well as sorrow makes us selfish. Believe me in either Dear Mrs. Hughes very much your obedient servant

‘WALTER SCOTT.

My kindest compliments to the excellent Doctor and Mr. Hughes. About the 3d or 4th of February there will be a young lady of Abbotsford. Luckily the original Dame has the *petit titre*, and so escapes being Mrs. Scott senior. What shall we do if Walter one morning gets the companionship of the Bath? I never will be *old Sir Walter*. These are rare castles in the air.

‘Jan. 23, 1825

‘Edinburgh.’

‘Abbotsford 12 April 1825.

‘MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES, I should be worse than ungrateful did I not immediately communicate Mrs. Scott's gratitude as well as my own for the kind &

parental notice which the good Doctor, your son, and above all yourself have so very obligingly bestowed on our young Oxonian. His future welfare in life must depend so much upon the habits which he adopts during his present state of *free-will*, as it may be in some degree termed, that we cannot but account ourselves inexpressibly indebted to those who admit him into society, alike favourable to his manners and his morals. I am sure he has that kind & affectionate disposition will remember with deep gratitude the kindness you have shewn him. I am afraid Her Grace of Buckingham will think she has received a guest at your hand of rather an uncommon description at Stowe—a wild boy from the Scottish hills improved by an education chiefly bestow'd upon the mountains of Wales. However he would not I think make his deficiencies very obtrusive, unless he has got a little more of the metal from which his college takes its name, than he used to have before he became a *Man*, as he calls himself of Brazen Nose. He writes in the highest terms of delight with what he has seen at Stowe, and especially with the Duchess's kindness & affability, which he justly set down to the patronage under which he made his entree.

' Touching the clan tartans I have always understood those distinctions to be of considerable antiquity though probably the distinction was not so minute or so invariably adhered to as it is in general the custom to suppose. I have myself known many old people that were out in 1715, and I have understood that generally speaking the clan tartans were observed by the more numerous and powerful names. But many used a sort of brown and purple tartan, and there were more from remote causes that had no tartan at all, nor plaid, but

a sort of dress worn by children in Scotland, & called a *polony* (polonaise perhaps) which is just a jacket & petticoat all in one, buttoning down in front from the throat to a palms breadth above the knee. Very many had no bonnet, their shaggy hair being tied back with a thong or a garter, and very many had neither hose or shoes. The custom of Clan tartans arose very naturally—the weaver was, after the smith and the carpenter, a man of consequence whose art was transmitted from father to son, and when he lighted on what he thought a good Sett or mixture of the colours, he was unwilling to change, and the clan, creatures of habit in most instances, gradually became attached to it, and adopted it as a sort of uniform of the tribe. It is certain that in 1739 when the Black Watch, or independent companies of Highlanders were formed into the 42nd Regiment, a doubt arose what tartan they should wear, as hitherto the Independent Companies had worn the colours of their officers who commanded them. But none of these being entitled to a preference which others would probably have resented, there was formed a new Sett composed out of different Tartans, and still known as the 42nd colour. Again & in 1745 when the Chevalier landed, he chose a tartan for himself, of a colour different from any clan tartans which existed, to avoid shewing a predilection for any particular tribe, and I have heard repeatedly that the Stewarts both of Athol and Appin grumble a little that he did not take the colours of his own clan. Indeed a moments consideration will shew that if the distinction of clan tartans had not existed at the time of the 1745, it could never have existed at all. For there was neither time or means to introduce it at the time of the rising when all came with such clothes as they had,

nor was there a possibility of introducing such distinctions after 1745, when the dress was prohibited by government, under the penalty of imprisonment & transportation. The poor Highlanders were reduced to great distress by this law—most of them both unwilling & unable to obtain lowland dresses, endeavoured to elude the law by dyeing their highland tartans to one colour, dark green, crimson, purple, or often black. I have seen them wearing such dresses myself as long since as 1785. I have no doubt that Mrs. Macleod dined with a party of gentlemen dressed without the least respect to clan colours for it was no time to observe these distinctions when the plaid itself was an illegal garb. Her mother was not married till long after 1745, so she can have no personal recollections of what the Highlanders did before that period. By the way the Macleods at Dunogan might drink Charles's health but they fought for King George, and were defeated by Lord Lewis Gordon at Inverary. So much for Highland dress. I could say a great deal more, but it would only be tiresome. I must however add, that though I am sure I could shew that the Clan tartans were in use a great many years before 1745, I do not believe a word of the nonsense about every clan or name having a regular pattern, which was undeviatingly adhered to, and the idea of assigning tartans to the Douglasses, Hamiltons, and other great Lowland families, (who never wore tartans) has become so general, that I am sure if the Duke of Buckingham had asked at some of the shops in Stirling or Edinburgh, his own family Tartan they would not have failed to assign him one.

‘As to the kissing affair it was a great fashion among the Scots of the last generation male and

female. On the other hand, as every period has its own fanciful limits of decorum, I remember old people being much shock'd at seeing the modern fashion of gentlemen affording the full protection of their arm in leaving the drawing room with their fair partners, whereas old fashioned etiquette only permitted such a slight junction of the finger and thumb as was allow'd in the minuet. "I canna bide to see them *oxtering* the Men that gate," was the observation of an old Scotch lady of fashion to me scarce a dozen years since.

'I have been horribly ungrateful not to thank Mr. Berens very particularly for the sketches especially poor Leydens. It is as far as I know the only memorial of the features of one who lived too short a time for his friends, his country and general knowledge, & recalls him to my recollection in the most lively colours. I beg my most particular thanks to Mr. Berens, and am scarce able to believe that this is the first time I have expressed them for a favour so deeply valued.

'I am much concerned about Charles's deafness, especially as he must rise in the world by his own exertions, to which such an infirmity is a great impediment. I have always thought that it was in some measure nervous, and depended much on his state of health and spirits. It is combined with a tendency to abstraction, and absence of mind, which I have observed it increases, as on the other hand it is increased by this sort of mental deafness. I wish him to see and correspond with Charles Bell from whose prescriptions he had formerly received benefit.

'Here is an unmerciful letter: but when I begin to write to a valued friend I never know when to leave off, and when I leave off I scarce know how to begin

again. Lady Scott offers kindest & most grateful remembrances, & I beg to be most kindly remembered to the Dr. & Mrs. Hughes: I am flattered that he thinks Charles worth his notice, I will write to Charles in a day or two. In the mean time you will perhaps be so good as to say to him that his brothers direction is 15th Hussars Barracks Cork, Ireland. They expect soon to change for Dublin: in the meanwhile Walters bride is like the maid of the mill in the Scots song

The Mill Mill O, and the kill, kill O,
And the cogging of the wheel O,
The sack and the sieve all these you must leave,
And round with a sodger reel O.

As much of this valuable letter is intended to satisfy his Grace of Buckingham's curiosity about the Highland dress, I take the liberty of putting it under his covers. There remains room amply for a most interesting and curious dissertation on the gradual alterations which were introduced into the Highlands from the period of Montroses wars, when they first began to make some figure in history, down to the present day. This will scarce be done however, for the Highlanders contend for everything, and are under the great misapprehension of supposing they derive honour from manifest fables, whereas there is another cold-blooded set of folks who will not allow them the merit which they certainly deserve. Thus far is certain, that this is the only case in which it might be shown how civilization broke in on patriarchal habits. Many of the Highland Chiefs in the earlier part of 18th century had two distinct characters—that of an accomplished gentleman in London, & beyond the Highland line that of a Chief of an almost independent tribe. No more room.

‘W. SCOTT.’

‘Edinburgh July 2 1825.

‘MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES, This will find you I suppose returned from your rambles either into Amen Corner, or your more pleasant country residence. It is high time I should thank you for a hundred instances of kindness both to Charles and myself. He is returned full of his obligations to you for your maternal attentions and I sincerely hope and believe they are not thrown away. He is grown a good deal, and I think improved in manner. He is at present in great embarrassment about his motions, and indeed it is *l’embarras des richesses*, for he has more than one tour of pleasure offered him. He may go to the Highlands and shoot red deer with Glengary—or he may go to the sea side with Lady Scott, and Sophia, & little Johnnie, and study the topography of the field of Largs. Or lastly, he may go with Lockhart if he likes it, and Anne & me to Ireland, where I intend to be Walters guest for a fortnight, and see Killarney and the scenery of Wicklow. He is a real *Captain* now—no travelling name—and it must be a fine thing to be one, judging from the pleasure it seems to give. He breaks off a letter to me written the very moment he was gazetted that he may go down to the barracks to plead his privilege against mounting a subalterns’ guard that evening.

‘The anecdotes from Mrs. Bowdler’s notebook are extremely curious. The letters between Grafton & Monmouth have been published, but I never saw so curious and detailed an account of the villainy of Sunderland in cutting off the interest of the unfortunate Monmouth with the King. You will observe that Sir John Dalrymple alludes to it in a note on his Annals, but in a manner which expresses doubt of the authen-

ticity of the tradition. If Mr. Bowdler was a man of veracity which there can be no reason to doubt, I should suppose that such doubts are greatly removed. Indeed it consists very well with the more plausible account of what Monmouth meant when he offered to purchase a pardon by revealing a secret of the highest importance—this was doubtless the correspondance between Sunderland and the Prince of Orange, and perhaps some instigation of his own enterprize from the same perfidious quarter. It was a great shame to King William to take into his counsels that shameless traitor. The other anecdote is also curious. I cannot help thinking that Cromwell was right—his power was almost too great to keep, yet it was still more perilous to resign it. A man may stand safer on the most giddy precipice, than he can descend from it: such are the laws to which ambition subjects her votaries.

‘I am pleased with the spirit of the Welch in asserting the superiority of their great chief to the high Northumbrian Duke his relation. But it has been an old use if our Shakspeare can be credited of the Percy to treat the Cymri as upon an equal footing and our Northern Britons may be pretty sure that the two brothers were on better terms than Hotspur & Glendower.

‘Pray tell your son I am much gratified by the views of Provence. No. 5 safely received, and as beautiful as the former. It is really a charming quality to be able to steal a countrys beauties in this way for the amusement of another.

‘As for your Devil’s bridges, your Menai pass and such *pontifical* matters I have been long done with riding over seven inch bridges upon a high trotting horse like Mad Tom, though I once thought there

were few not slaters or sailors by profession who could have boasted more steadiness of brain where such feats were in question.

‘I am just setting off for Abbotsford—to return on Wednesday, which would be a feeling much like pulling a tooth only that I am going to see my young folks in Ireland. I do not intend to stay above a month in the Green Isle; but I must see my friends at Edgeworthstown, and I must see Wicklow, and if possible Killarney. I am not so fond of seeing sights as formerly, yet one has heard so much of this scenery that it would be sin and shame to omit seeing them, being so near. But I must bid you good-bye, with kindest wishes to the excellent Doctor: I hope his health continues well. My kindest remembrances to your son. Our matters seem to be settling propitiously for our various purpose of locomotion.—Believe me ever, my dear Mrs. Hughes, your honoured and affectionate friend,

‘WALTER SCOTT.’

‘Edinburgh, Nov. 23rd, 1825.

‘MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES,—I have owed both you and Mr. Hughes a letter for a long time, but I am, as you well know, terribly dilatory in matters of correspondence, and particularly since my eyes have begun to make writing inconvenient to me, and more troublesome in necessary consequence to the reader than it formerly used to be. I have been besides under some anxiety at the thoughts of parting with Lockhart and my daughter, whose good fortune (I hope at least it is to prove ultimately) brings me sore discomfort in the outset. I have not the slightest idea who or what determined Murray on a change: I only know that the

offer of the situation was not made till the end of October, when without a word of previous intimation, the situation was offered to Lockhart, who had not the most distant thought of it: the surprise was equal to me, who was at that very time engaged in soliciting a situation in this country on which Lockhart had some claims. We were then given to understand distinctly that Mr. Coleridge retired from the situation, though why or wherefore we were not told. Mr. Coleridge has behaved as handsomely as possible, and continues I hope his assistance to the Review. I am sure nothing could be more agreeable to Lockhart's feelings, for altho' he neither had nor could have the least accession to Mr. Coleridge's giving up the critical sceptre, yet if Mr. C. had behaved otherwise under the circumstances, the good-natured world would have accused Lockhart of wrenching it out of his hands, whereas he only succeeded to it when it was unswayed. I have little doubt that Lockhart will do the business well: but he had in his own country and among his old friends enough for all the comforts and most of the elegancies of life, and sadly does my mind misgive me that he may one day repent the exchange of his quiet life at Chiefswood for the feverish and ambitious occupation which he is about to assume. I have been entirely passive in the matter: I could not exert any influence to prevent my son-in-law from an honourable mode of distinguishing himself in the eyes of the worldly and which was offered to him in a manner so creditable to his character in literature; and frankly I feel more and more, as the moment approaches of separation, circumstances which make it peculiarly painful to me.¹

¹ The particulars of Lockhart's appointment to the *Quarterly* are given in Lang's *Life of Lockhart*, chap. ii.—Ed.

‘I wish to bespeak your affection for Lockhart. When you come to know him, you will not want to be solicited, for I know you will love and understand him, but he is not easy to be known or appreciated as he so well deserves at first; he shrinks at a first touch, but take a good hard hammer (it need not be a sledge one) break the shell, and the kernel will repay you. Under a cold exterior Lockhart conceals the warmest affections, and where he once professes regard he never changes: at least he will not change with *you*, and I will burn my books if you are not good friends very shortly. I have not the least apprehension of Lockhart’s getting on very well, as he has passed the age when his superior talents for satire might have led him a little too far: but I am most anxious for the health of Sophia, and still more for the poor frail, little child in whom they are so much wrapt: he is very, *very* delicate and I fear the spine is affected: in which case—but it is needless to write about it. . . .

‘My wife, who is rather better, is much obliged by your inquiries; asthmatic complaints are of a very tedious kind, and her fits of breathlessness return very often. We have had real northern weather of late, the snow lying deep on the mountains, and I question whether the Lockharts, who are coming to Edinburgh to-day to bid their friends adieu, will get through the Moorfoot Hills, and I shall be glad to see them safe.

‘December 5th.—They *have* arrived, and have parted too, this morning, without any formal adieus, for which I thank them. They were off before day-break. And now, dearest Mrs. Hughes, let me speak your love—your *maternal* friendship for Sophia. She will have many young and gay associates, but I wish to secure her a faithful and experienced friend. Love

her for my sake till she can make her own claim good ; advise her if she wants advice, treat her as you would a daughter of your own, and be assured she will love you in return. I need not tell you how glad she will be to see you in London, where, poor soul, she will be like a cow in a *fremit loaning*: (this will try your Scotch, Madame).

‘Pepys has had bad luck, for I made some scratches about him for Lockhart’s use last week: this *entre nous*: I certainly would not have interfered with my friend Mr. Hughes.¹ My kind compliments to him and to the kind Doctor.—From him that is lonely, dowie, and wae, but always truly yours,

‘WALTER SCOTT.’

At this point I wish to interrupt the sequence of the letters, before resuming the series, which continues during the next five years or so, to insert an account, in form of a letter to his mother, of the life at Abbotsford, given by Mr. John Hughes (father of Thomas Hughes, the author of ‘Tom Brown’), who visited Sir Walter and Lady Scott in 1825.

WALTER SCOTT AT HOME

‘Abbotsford—31 August.

‘MY DEAR MOTHER . . . Sir W. just as you have described him, for one can say no more, the ladies appearing to consider me quite as an old acquaintance ; & what is most extraordinary of all, Urisk, the domestic brownie or goblin, in most gracious humour, which has continued. Yesterday we drove in the sociable to call

¹ John Hughes had been engaged by Mr. Coleridge to review Pepys and had made some progress with the article.

on Mr. & Mrs. Lockhart; then to Melrose where Lady & Miss Scott had a little shopping, while I looked at the Abbey. In the evening came Mr. Ballantyne, & two French gentlemen with introductory letters, who staid the day. Lady Scott, being evidently mistress of the language, took the first *frais de conversation*; and guard was relieved soon by Sir Walter, whose bon-homme was remarkably conspicuous; particularly when the Gauls (who are gentlemanlike & speak English pretty well) did not understand anything, & required a French commentary; he then dashed freely at a language he does not much like, although I could see that the effort tried him. Miss Scott being somewhat shy of French, I was forced to do *mon possible*, to rest Sir W. occasionally; & the strangers were on the whole kept sufficiently employed. You may imagine how I have been poring over the armoury & the different curiosities, which I reconnoitred at a very early hour yesterday morning, not to be wasting time there when Sir W. was visible.

‘I forgot to mention the Lockharts. *She* I should think had most of her father of any of the family; carries it in her manner & countenance. Him I found very attentive & civil, as an old Oxonian; but there is an *aigre* manner in speaking of people & things in general, — which warns you to be on your guard, & weigh what you say. Now with Sir Walter I find that reserve is quite out of the question; as he seems to understand & laugh at all the minor tricks of society. His manners seem in the same style of grand simplicity which distinguishes the higher style of painting and which was very much the characteristic of another man of no small celebrity, Prince Nugent. Allowing for the difference of a plain soldier & a man of genius, a man of

action & a man of thought, as also for some difference in years, they remind me strikingly of one another; particularly in the art of making you perfectly at home; in the power of dispensing with what one may call the trash of human intercourse without any detriment to their own real consequence; & in short appearing never to think about themselves.

'*Sept. 1.* I was summoned from my letter to accompany Sir Walter & the French gentlemen in a walk towards Huntly-Burn, (Thomas the Rhymer's) which strikes me & struck them, as being the White Lady's hold. Some say Elvin Water; farther on.

'You will be glad to hear, I am sure, that little Lockhart is in a state of health quite satisfactory to his parents & Lady S. The sea has done him much good, they say; & the child appears to me as healthy & alert as other children, with a very fresh colour; still rather slightly made, but what flesh he has is firm on him. Mrs. L. seems in very high spirits, as if she had nothing on her mind now; sung us some Gaelic & Border songs last night with much animation, delighted the French gents. though they frankly owned they did not clearly make it out; "mais c'est une espèce d'inspiration." . . .

'Ever your affectionate

'J. HUGHES.'

The interval between the dates of the last letter of Sir Walter and the next covered the sad time of the ruin of Messrs. Constable's publishing-house, in which by far the greater portion of Sir Walter's fortune also was involved. The equanimity and courage with which he faced his loss are manifest enough from the tone in which he now writes

‘MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES AND MY WORTHY DOCTOR,¹—I write immediately to give you the information which your kindness thinks of importance, I shall certainly lose a very large sum by the failure of my booksellers, whom all men considered as worth £150,000 & who I fear will not cut up, as they say, for one fourth of the money. But looking at the thing at the worst point of view I cannot see that I am entitled to claim the commiseration of any one, since I have made an arrangement for settling these affairs to the satisfaction of every party concerned so far as yet appears, which leaves an income with me ample for all the comforts and many of the elegancies of life, and does not in the slightest degree innovate on any of

Note by Mrs. Hughes.—¹ This was in answer to a letter jointly written by me & your Grandfather on hearing of the severe loss sustained by Sir Walter on the failure of Constable his publisher. A few days after I received a letter from a mutual friend (Mrs. Pringle of Yair) which corroborates the noble manner in which this heavy blow was borne by this excellent Man. She says ‘his works in the Press’ (the life of Bonaparte & the Tale of Woodstock doubtless) ‘are valued at £20,000, & he has other property to convey over to his trustees who have it in their power to manage it in such a manner as will preserve Abbotsford; his son’s wife is infest upon the property, as security for her jointure; under these circumstances his family must contrive to live upon the income arising from his public offices, about £1300 pr annum. From the above statement you will perceive the calamity of ruin appears to be averted, & I trust that it will only be a matter of inconvenience for them to struggle against until his prolific pen (which he will now have time to employ with greater advantage) may reinstate the family in ease and affluence. You have judged truly of the effect of diminished income upon Sir Walter in restraining the style of entertaining indiscriminately, which was in so many cases abused, & even when sanctioned by right & claim, had become such a tax upon his valuable time and domestic comfort, that he crows with glee at having commenc’d a most rigid system of economy, & says he will now have an apology for adopting a style of living much more agreeable to his taste than that to which he has been led on by insensible & almost irresistible degrees. “They’ll surely not kill the Hen that lays the eggs,” he good humouredly adds.’

my comforts. So what title have I to complain? I am far richer in point of income than Generals and Admirals who have led fleets and armies to battle. My family are all provided for in present or in prospect,¹ my estate remains in my family, my house and books in my own possession. I shall give up my house in Edinb. and retire to Abbotsford; where my wife and Anne will make their chief residence, during the time our courts sit, when I must attend, I will live at my club. If Anne wishes to see a little of the world in the gay season, they can have lodgings for two or three weeks; this plan we had indeed form'd before it became imperative.

'At Abbotsford we will cut off all hospitality, which latterly consumed all my time, which was worse than the expence; this I intended to do at any rate; we part with an extra servant or two, manage our household economically, and in five years, were the public to stand my friend, I should receive much more than I have lost. But if I only pay all demands I shall be satisfied.

'I shall be anxious to dispose of Mr. Charles so soon as his second year of Oxford is ended. I think of trying to get him into some diplomatic line, for which his habits and manners seem to suit him well.

'I might certainly have borrowed large sums. But to what good purpose? I must have owed that money, and a sense of obligation besides. Now, as I stand, the Banks are extremely sensible that I have been the means of great advantages to their establishments and have afforded me all the facilities I can desire to make my payments; and as they gained by my prosperity,

Note by Mrs. Hughes.—¹ Lady Scott's brother Mr. Charpentier had left £60,000 to her & her family at the death of his widow.

they are handsomely disposed to be indulgent to my adversity, and what can an honest man wish for more?

‘Many people will think that because I see company easily my pleasures depend on society. But this is not the case; I am by nature a very lonely animal, and enjoy myself much at getting rid from a variety of things connected with public business etc., which I did because they were fixed on me but I am particularly happy to be rid of. And now let the matter be at rest for ever. It is a bad business, but might have been much worse.

‘I am my dear friends

‘Most truly yours

‘WALTER SCOTT.

‘Edinburgh

‘6 February 1826.’

CHAPTER VI

MRS. HUGHES'S NOTES OF SIR WALTER'S
CONVERSATION IN LONDON IN 1826

THE October and November of 1826 Sir Walter was in London, where Mrs. Hughes saw him frequently, and has left the following jottings of his talks with her at that time.

*'Reminiscences of Sir Walter Scott's conversation
in October and November 1826*

'The Laird of MacNab (a class now extinct) had a burial ground close to Killin, a beautiful little island in the midst of the River Tay which at that place is very rapid; it is inclosed and planted with trees: he made an offer to a lady remarking that he could na say much for the family mansion which was auld and somewhat out of repair, but he hoped the burial ground might prove an inducement to her to consent. Another Highland chief very shortly after his marriage to a second wife was counting over to her the plate and napery by inventory: the inventory of twelve napkins was found wrong, and the Laird said, "I now weel remember me there are but eleven: the twelfth was lost at my first wife's funeral: I'll behove to be more careful on the next occasion my Doo." The Laird of McNab being desirous to add the aid of sculpture to

the natural beauty of his burial ground, bespoke two statues of Time and Eternity of a stone mason in the neighbourhood: the man after compleating Time, was puzzled how to represent Eternity and went to receive the Laird's instructions. "A weel, and what hae you made Time like?"—"An auld man quite bald, wi a big scythe in his hand."—"Then ye'll just make Eternity twice as big, and put twa scythes in his hands."

'A very insolent ill bred *gentleman* having heard that a neighbour had spoken of him as he deserved, called in a furious passion for satisfaction: "So Sir, I hear you have had the impudence to assert that I am not fit to carry guts to a bear." "Oh no!—I defended you: I said you were."

'A friend of Sir Walter's employed some stone masons by the day: quite weary of their dilatory proceedings, he made a bargain with them to work by the foot: he said the difference in the sound of their saws reminded him of the towns in Fife. Day work, "Auchter-aer-der": By the foot "Cupar and Fife." The late Lord Meadowbank's passion was Agricultural improvement and he made many useful discoveries in the art of preparing Composts for land: he mixed every sort of dung and carrion with Peat earth, and succeeded in producing great crops: but during his progress in the art he had various dunghills, and not only daily stirred and smelt but actually tasted them: Sir Walter dined with him one day and he appeared a little squeamish, which his wife accounted for by saying he had tasted the whole set of dunghills that morning. Mr. Scott of Harden married Lady Diana, daughter to Lord Marchmont: the first Sunday they appeared at church the clergyman desirous to do honour to the

bride preached on the following text to her great dismay and confusion: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." During Sir Walter's sickly infancy and at the period when his lameness took place, he was sent to Smaylholme under the care of his Maiden Aunts: many things were tried for his cure and amongst other expedients he was rolled every week in the hot sheep skin taken from the animal which was regularly killed for the family consumption: in this plight he rolled upon the floor and was often taken on the knee of a venerable Officer Colonel of the Scotch Greys whose person he describes as follows: a tall, thin, upright figure dressed in a white coat with deep cuffs lined with gold, a crimson waistcoat with gold lace and a small three cornered cocked hat edged with Point d'Espagne. The Nursery Maid who was sent with Sir Walter to Smaylholme had left a lover at home, and anxious to return, had actually conceived the idea of throwing the child down the crags on which the tower stands. She set out with Sir W. in her arms to effect her purpose, but he smiled in her face and she relented: on her return she told the housekeeper what had been her intention saying "it was a temptation of the devil which she had resisted:" lest the temptation should occur again, Mrs. Alison Wilson (the name of the old housekeeper) had her instantly despatched to Edinburgh. (Mem: Alison Wilson is the name of the old housekeeper in *Old Mortality*.)

'A vessel bound from the Mediterranean, the lading chiefly Oil, was seized by the Crew when only a few leagues from the coast of Scotland and the Captain and Mate murdered: after pillaging it of the most portable and valuable effects the Mutineers pierced the casks and scuttled the vessel: they took to the long boat and

landed on one of the Hebrides, representing themselves as shipwrecked Mariners: they were received with the most generous hospitality, and were about after the stay of a day or two to depart, when they were astounded by what appeared to them the Ghost of the ship, coming slowly round a headland and floating into the little bay in which their boat lay: the quantity of oil which ran out of the casks into the hold had kept her afloat; the ship was visited and marks of blood and signs of murder being visible the crew were secured; and from the confession of two of them the guilt of all was proved and they suffered punishment accordingly.

‘Lady Hamilton was in the habit of exhibiting a bunch of seals, each of which she said had cost a man’s life: during the time of her connexion with the Queen of Naples these seals were used, and each was a sort of Cypher representing particular persons: when any of these individuals who were in prison was obnoxious to the Queen and Lady Hamilton, a letter was sent to the Gaoler sealed with the head corresponding to his name, and this was the Death warrant. This and the catastrophe of Prince C——¹ in which Lady H. bore so dreadful a part was the cause of her obtaining no relief from government after Lord Nelson’s death.

‘Sir W. was present at a show of wild beasts in Edinburgh when the Lion took offence at the appearance of a tall Highland Serjeant near the cage, and sprang at him with a force which made every part of the cage shake, and a noise which scared almost all the

¹ Prince Caraccioli. Lady Hamilton never succeeded in substantiating, to the satisfaction of the Government, the services which she said she had rendered in Naples, and Professor Laughton discredits them altogether.—ED.

spectators from the caravan. Sir W. was one of those who remained and he looked at the Serjeant to observe how he was affected: he stood with a raised colour and an eye fixed on the beast, one foot in advance and his sword half drawn the very beau ideal of daring resolution.

'At Bishops Auckland there are portraits of the twelve Apostles, finely painted by Velasquez: one of these has a dress not unlike that of a Laplander; and the Corporation of Durham coming to visit the Bishop, an Alderman surprised him a little by saying "So my Lord, I see you have got Robinson Crusoe in your collection."

'Last February a person named Lake sent a MS. copy of a Comedy to Sir Walter desiring his opinion: it came at the time of his distresses and was thought no more of: since he came to town he received a letter complaining of his not having restored the Comedy of which the Author had no copy: the horror of Sir Walter was not to be described: however he took heart of grace, and replied by every possible excuse, stating the unhappy time in which the MS. arrived, and promising a thorough search on his return to Scotland: he received to his great relief a reply, begging him to take no further trouble for the author had relinquished all commerce with the Muses, and having resumed his trade of a Taylor solicited his custom: "Guess ye how I was relieved to find that an order for a pair of Pantaloon would make amends for the loss of a MS. of which the author had no copy."

'Sir Walter had a client to defend, a clergyman of the Church of Scotland, who was prosecuted for using improper language in his sermons: these are two specimens. Preaching on the Revelations he said

“And there was a throne on a sea of glass, which shews, my brethren, that it had a very slippery foundation.” Speaking of Pontius Pilate he said “I have always looked upon P. P. as a much injured character: I have ever considered him as a greater benefactor to the Christian religion than any other of the nine Apostles.’ This man fortunately died before the trial came on.

‘Sir W. remembers the consternation of Edinburgh when Paul Jones in a frigate with three small craft came up the Forth as high as Inch Keith, and would have landed at Leith but for a strong west wind, which obliged him to give up his purpose: at that time Edinburgh was wholly defenceless, and not a gun in the town: the gallant old Stuart of Inverhayle (the original Baron of Bradwardine) offered the Provost to defend Leith with a body of men who were ready to follow him armed with the good Claymore and promised as soon as the Pirates had landed and were out of the protection of their guns, to give an account of every man of them before they could leave the streets of Leith.’

CHAPTER VII

LETTERS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT TO MRS. HUGHES, UP TO THE DATE OF HER SECOND VISIT TO ABBOTSFORD.

PROBABLY it is a safe inference that Sir Walter's visit to London and the warm sympathy accorded him in his financial trouble by Dr. and Mrs. Hughes resulted in drawing still closer the bonds of friendship. The next letter of any importance bears the date of December in the same year (1826), when he had returned to Abbotsford. There is a difference in the style of address in this letter—the playful and familiar ‘*Mistress Hughes*’—as well as a warmer tone in the signature, that show an increasing friendliness.

The ‘*flattering proposal*’ of which he speaks in the beginning of the letter refers to a request by Dr. and Mrs. Hughes that he should be godfather to their new grandson, who was accordingly named ‘*Walter Scott*’ after him, and in whom he took much interest.

‘*MY DEAR MISTRESS HUGHES* Your letter arrived between our leaving Edinburgh and our much more happy arrival at this place, so it is two days later in receiving an answer than I would have wished, I write immediately to express how much I shall feel honoured in accepting the flattering proposal of my friend Mr. Hughes & having one more link of friendship to unite me to a family to whom I owe so much

kindness. I am afraid I have little chance of discharging any parts of the more immediate duties of a Godfather, but then I have the salve to my conscience that the natural friends of the young Christian are much better qualified to discharge that important task than his spiritual kindred. I trust the youngster will live to be a happiness and honour to all concerned. By some chance I believe, excepting one intervening Robert, my grandfather, we are Walters for six descents, including my son. He is now rampaging up & down in hopes of going to Spain or Portugal, and his sister provoking him by singing in his ear

Oh set me on a foreign land
With my good sword in my hand
And the King's command to fight or die
And show me the man that will daunter me.

But the noble Captain frowns & considers this as trifling with the honour of the Regiment. For my part unless the French are perfectly mad I think there will be no long fight of it & though I would not spare in old border phrase my *calf's skin* in the service of the country yet when one counts chances you think otherwise when your children are concerned than you might have done had the case been your own.

‘ Will you undertake dear Mrs. Hughes to make my most respectful and sincere acknowledgments acceptable to the Duke of Buckingham for the splendid donations of the Irish Chronicles with which his Grace has been pleased to oblige me. It is a work executed in a stile of magnificence becoming his Grace's high rank, & with attention to the great object of historical importance which renders its magnificence as useful as it is imposing. As I am conscious how little I deserved

the high compliment conferred by his Grace's goodness I can only say that my sense of the obligation is proportionally increased by my own want of desert. My respectful compliments wait on the Duchess, whose kindness is not soon to be forgotten even when experienced during so short an interview as I had the honour of enjoying under your kind auspices. . . .

'your much obliged & affectionate

'humble servant

'WALTER SCOTT.

'Abbotsford Melrose

'24 December 1826.

'Here we are for three weeks or till our beeves & brewis all fail us; would you could get Prince Housseins tapestry for a trip & light on us one Abbotsford evening with cousins by the score & piper & dancers & old songs & a little good claret & whisky punch & people contented to be happy as their fathers were before them upon the same occasion.'

That which 'you wish to see,' in the beginning of the next letter, refers, as a note in Mrs. Hughes's hand tells us, to a copy of 'Götz of Berlichingen,' which he had translated in the very early days of his literary life. It was out of print.

Abbotsford

Sept 20th 1827.

'MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I have great pleasure in sending you what you wish to see. I have cause however to be ashamed of the thing itself. It was undertaken when I did not understand German, and I am not able to revise it now because I have forgotten the little I then knew. I remember among other comical blunders I gallantly translated *Glatze* a bald head, into glasses, and made a landlord's drunken

customers threaten his crockery instead of his noddle. It is quite at your service to keep or copy or do what you will with. When Lockhart & Sophia leave I will send you some similar attempts never published; one I think is a fine subject, the Fiesco of Schiller. I remember I used to read it to sobbing & weeping audiences, & no wonder; for whatever may be thought of the translation, the original is sublime. These were the works of my nonage—not quite literally, but when I was about twenty two or twenty three, and certainly had no hope of doing any thing out of my own head. Where are the people who then listened to them? Dead or thrown separate by the course of time & incidents which bear us asunder on the tide of time.

I have not forgotten the Duchess of Buckingham's condescending promise to accept a Mustard or Pepper; but it is difficult to get the real breed, & Spice who is the best I have seen has had no puppies this year. It is singular that the race is very difficult to perpetuate or preserve. Your horrible story of the brother & sister is admirable as it stands; but I think our literature does not willingly admit these odious involutions & perversions of passion in which the Greek poets seem to have delighted; so it is rather a tale for the chimney corner than a subject of anything for the public.

'I have been greatly delighted with Lockhart's & Sophia's visit, and cannot express to you my sense of your kindness to them. I shall always think it my particular happiness when I can express in any way my sense of the extreme obligation I feel on that and every other account. Prince Houssein's tapestry it is vain to wish for but as the interval between London and Edinburgh has been contracted in my lifetime to

one sixth part of the time which it formerly occupied, who knows how soon time & space may be actually abolished and Abbotsford be as near St. Paul's as White Chapel. Sophia will add news of us; the children are as well as possible. My kindest respects attend the kind and excellent Doctor & Mr. & Mrs. Hughes, and my blessing on my little Godson. I will send him a set of books one of these days to teach him Scottish history. I am in more than haste

‘Dear Mrs. Hughes

‘Most respectfully & affectionately

‘Yours

‘WALTER SCOTT.’

Towards the end of the same year, 1827, he writes again to Mrs. Hughes, with apologies for the interval of silence, a letter long enough to make amends. The reference that it contains to a book he is sending for his godson Walter Hughes (though scarcely of an age to appreciate it) is the first series of ‘Tales of a Grandfather,’ published about this time. Throughout all this time, while putting out his novels at the rate of more than one a year, he was at work at a variety of other literary business, notably his ‘Life of Buonaparte.’ The ‘valuable present’ for which he returns thanks at the end of the letter was a lock of Bonaparte’s hair sent him by a friend of Mrs. Hughes.

Edinburgh, Dec 13
1827.

‘MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I have been a great defaulter in not writing to you and the excellent friend to whose kindness I am so much obliged nor have I much to say in excuse for myself. The old divine tells us that the Devil’s privy parlour is paved with good

intentions ; in that case I am afraid a great many of mine go to his sable Highness's share.

'I admire your patience in copying out old Goetz, & I am sorry I have given away or lost a translation of Fiesco, which is I think a finer thing. Some others I have, made at the same time I was German mad. If you would like to see them I could easily send them up to town but I think they are in general sad trash and if you read ever so little German you would see how inferior they are to the original. The publication of Goetz was a great era however in German literature, and served completely to free them from the French follies of unities & decencies of the scene and gave an impulse to their dramas which was unique of its kind ; since that they have been often stark mad but never I think stupid. They either divert you by taking the most brilliant leaps through the hoop or else by tumbling into the custard, as the Newspapers averred the Champion did at the Lord Mayor's dinner.

'I am afraid you will find from my hand writing that I am becoming blinder than is convenient for my correspondents ; my eyes, good servants in their day, fail me now sadly, not that I have any complaint in them, thank God, save that which arises from course of years and hard working. How I regret the hours that I wasted when a boy in reading by fire light. However heaven bless the memory of the honest man who invented spectacles and did more good than twenty besides. It is a fine privilege to have, that one can buy a pair of new eyes for a guinea when the old ones go wrong.

'I have been writing of late for the benefit of those who need no spectacles, and the little book which accompanies this is designed for my Godson Walter S. Hughes, and I hope if it does him no great good it will

do him no harm. You will recognize Johnnie and the front of Abbotsford. I hope you design to make out your pilgrimage there next spring or summer, to renew your reminiscences; you will find it much improved, and all the groves & glades, of which the places were but signified, appearing in actual perfection.

‘You are so fond of music that I think you must be interested in some which I have lately heard. It was I think of an original character & which promised to be highly popular. I heard it first at Ravensworth Castle where my young friends the Misses Liddel sing like Syrens. The words were by Mrs. Hemans—‘Twas a trumpet’s lofty sound,’ Campbell’s ‘Lord Ullin’s daughter’ & ‘Roland the brave’ and one or two popular poems of the same character of poetry, and I have never heard music better matched with ‘immortal verses.’ I was at first told that [they] were all the composition of Mrs. Arkwright of Derbyshire, a daughter in law of Sr. R. Arkwright the celebrated inventor of the spinning machine, and daughter of fat Stephen Kemble brother of Mrs. Siddons & John Kemble; I remember her mother a most excellent actress & I believe the original Yarico.¹ But I have since heard from Lady Wedderburne that in fact Mrs. Arkwright only wrote some of those beautiful tunes and that others, and particularly one which I greatly admired and for whose popularity should it be published I would become answerable, to the words of Mrs. Hemans ‘Twas a trumpet’s lofty sound,’ is the production not of Mrs. Arkwright but of Miss Brown the sister of the Poetess—write or compose who will, it is I think very fine.

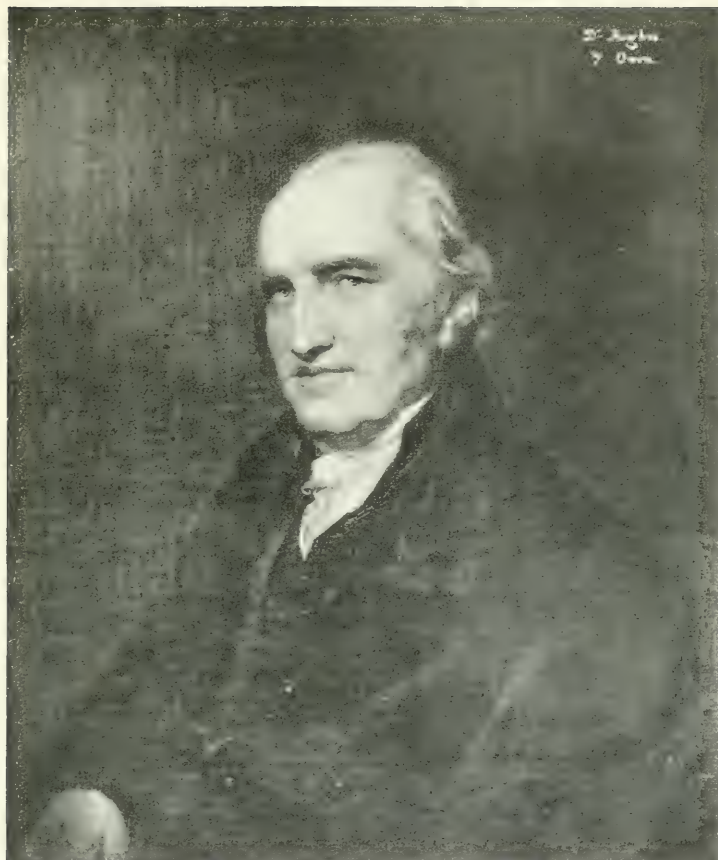
‘Now you will ask, what have I to do with all this?

¹ In Colman’s Play of ‘Inkle and Yarico.’—ED.

very little in truth only thus far, Mrs. A. is a wealthy lady & of course no one has any motive to obtrude opinions or interference ; but Miss Brown is otherwise situated, and the question occurs why this gifted lady should not profit by a talent which would speedily realize a considerable independence. I am sure any music dealer of character who could prevail on this lady to publish some of this music would make an immense profit even by affording the Composer a handsome profit. I do not know the lady and have no knowledge of the musical world ; but I am sorry that a person of such original genius should not turn it to some account. Now you know these good folk & may not be displeased to communicate to any respectable person the fact that such music exists and may, if I am rightly informed, be made the subject of treaty, and I presume it would not be difficult through Mrs. Hemans to put such a treaty into Miss Brown's power. The Mansfield family who are very musical and indeed all who have heard these melodies consider them as of the highest character. After all I am meddling in a matter [in] which I have not the least title to interfere excepting gratitude for the pleasure I have had in hearing the music of a lady that I never saw and am totally unknown to. I am vexed about Sophia ; but she is happy in having your affectionate care and Mrs. Terry's kindness, and for the rest we must comfort ourselves with the proverb

Well betides
Her who bides.

This was a proverb of my good mother's who had them applicable to all occasions of life in which emergencies were of course provided for. I hope from your diverting story of Johnnie that he also will be



DR. HUGHES

From a portrait by WILLIAM OWEN, R.A.

a proverb-monger ; he seems to have profited by that of Sancho—my Mother whips me & I whip the top.

‘ I enclose a letter to your most obliging friend acknowledging the receipt of his valuable present. My best love attends Dr. Hughes, Mr. Hughes, and I am always Dear Mrs. Hughes

‘ Your truly faithful & obliged

‘ WALTER SCOTT.

‘ I am happy to tell you that there is a small family of Mustard & Peppers. I have sent to Tom Purdie to keep such three or four of the two families as with the assistance of John Swan the forester shall be selected as the handsomest, in hopes I may be able, when I get to Abbotsford at Christmas, to select one worthy of the distinction of being preferred to the Duchess of Buckingham’s service. Charles is with me just now studying history & public law together with modern languages ; he begs most kind & grateful recollections to you, Dr. & Mr. Hughes.’

The drawing that much resembles ‘ Old Harden’s Crest ’ in the following letter was an absurd likeness of the baby, Walter Hughes, Sir Walter’s godson, done by his brother, and sent to the godfather by Mrs. Hughes. In the references to a desire to visit the Continent and to the Duke of Buckingham going up Etna on a mule we see the beginning, I think, of that journey to Italy which he made a year or two later in hopes of regaining his lost health.

‘ Decr. 25th 1827

‘ Edinburgh

‘ MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I received your note with old Goetz so you stand acquitted of that valuable work. I am not surprised at a good Welchwoman having the

same indulgences for a Minion of the Moors which are proper to our Borderfolks.

Taffy was a Welchman
And Taffy was a—Cymry the wise it call !

‘ Johnnie’s letter has tokens of an admirable Amanuensis ; his drawing seems much to resemble “ Old Harden’s Crest ” supposed to represent the spirit Threshie-wat who used to appear to light him through the Cheviot hills with a lanthorn in each hand, which for dignity sake has been since converted into the sun & moon by the Heralds. It indicates a hopeful disposition to the old trade & would entitle the little Walter to the old benediction of the border mother to her infant.

Weels me on your bonny craigie
If ye live ye’ll steal a naigie
Ride the country through & through
And bring home many a Carlisle cou.

Through the Lowdens o’er the border
Weel my baby may you further
Harry the loons of the Low Countrie
Syne to the border hame to me.

‘ How delightful to think the Duke of Buckingham has been to the top of Etna on a mule. It encourages me in an idea I have [of] going to Sicily ; certain troublesome matters are taking a favourable turn with me & whenever they will permit me I am resolved to visit the Continent. I am sure I am much more accustomed to endure any species of fatigue where my lameness does not impede me than most people, & have slept on the heather as soundly as ever I did in my bed, so I have great hopes I may get to the top of Etna ; Lockhart will tell you that even in my age I

can climb like a cat and in my boyhood was one of the boldest craigsmen in the High School, as the Cats-neck on Salisbury Crags & the Kittle Nine-steps on the Castle rock could tell if they would speak. So I may get to the top of Etna yet. . . .

‘Always affectionately yours

‘WALTER SCOTT.

‘I will be at Abbotsford till 10 January & afterwards return here. I need hardly say that my kindest & best wishes attend the excellent Doctor & your son with a blessing for the New Year for little Walter.

‘I am delighted you know Mrs. Barrington ; she is a delightful person & indeed, having the instinct of a dog who knows he is welcome, so I like the whole Ravensworth family much more sincerely & affectionately than most families whom I have been acquainted with of late date. Nobody knows better how to distinguish those who receive me as a *Lion*, (on which occasions I am however always civil,) and those who are kind in my human capacity.’

Spring of the following year (1828) finds Sir Walter again in London, engaged in business, but with leisure enough to take most kindly interest in the misfortunes of others, and notably in those of ‘poor Terry,’ the actor. The letter below shows his devoted and anxious attachment to his little grandson. The mutual affection between these two friends of such unequal years seems to have been unusually and touchingly great.

‘MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I have been ungratefully silent owing to the anxiety of the time which I have passed here latterly—now that our hopes begin to

assume a more cheerful prospect I hasten to write. I had not been here a week before poor dear Johnnie [Lockhart] became very unwell, spit blood, with a fever and continual cough, and became so debilitated that the physicians thought him in the most instant danger. He was posted down to Brighton without delay, his father, mother and Anne going with him and settling themselves there, with such effect that thank God the poor little fellow is much better, and we have fair hope of his weathering this bad turn. Whether the constant care of his parents will keep alive the feeble plant God only knows, and to Him we must refer ourselves. . . .

‘Poor Terry’s misfortunes have arisen from imprudence but nothing worse. . . . I apprehend he will be obliged to sell his share in the Adelphi worth about £5000 which will pay twelve or fourteen shillings in the pound. It is sad work. I lent him a sum of no great consequence intending that £200 should go to fit out his child when he could get an appointment; this too is lost in the wreck—what I may lose myself is of no consideration and I would give it all freely to see the poor fellow on his legs again.

‘I am trying what I can do for Alan Cunningham, and I trust may succeed—he is a real good fellow, and a clever one if he knew when he had said enough. Love to my excellent Doctor, your son, his lady and the Godson. The dogs for the Duchess are in health but have rather grown bigger than they should; I will send them by the next steamboat when I return to Edinburgh. Adieu dear Madam. God bless you.

‘WALTER SCOTT.

‘Sussex Place 24 Regents Park
‘7th May 1828’

His trust that he might serve Alan Cunningham was well founded, for by his request each of Cunningham's two sons was given a cadetship in the East India Company's service.

Dr. and Mrs. Hughes were now thinking of making a tour to Scotland, and proposed a visit to Sir Walter at Abbotsford as its chief feature and attraction.

'MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I write immediately on the receipt of your kind letter to express with how much pleasure Anne & I will receive your promised visit. You cannot come amiss to us in the week following the 14th, or any time afterwards you cannot come amiss, as we shall not be absent from Abbotsford where I have much to do—in imagination that is. You shall walk with me, and see if the pruners are doing their duty in the young plantations. I am happy Mr. Hughes proposes to accompany the good Doctor and you; his account of Boscobel and the subsequent adventures of Charles cannot fail to be interesting. It was a pity that same Charles was but a worthless dog whom even the school of adversity did so little for, & yet there were likeable qualities about him—a sort of Royal *Roué* whom one could not but like even while you could not esteem him.

'My two dogs went up from Leith about ten days since: they are grim tykes and should be hardy from their breed, but they are larger in size than I could wish owing to their being overfed; if they take the distemper Blane's medicine will cure them if given when the first symptoms of wheezing & running at the eyes are discovered; they should have a pretty strong dose but they are in fine condition & they have indeed been rather too much fed which has occasioned

their great size. Tom Purdie was afraid the distemper would attack them when low in flesh, when it is generally fatal. If the Duchess thinks proper to have them vaccinated as in the case of human beings, it is I think a preventive. I am glad you like the Gow¹ Chrom. He is rather a favourite of mine. But Henry Wynd's *Insouciance* always delighted me in the story. A man who played into such a mortal combat without knowing which side he was fighting on must have been a queer fellow any how. All this and much more we will talk of when you come to the North. I hope we shall have fine weather to greet you.

'Think of my luck in getting for honest Alan Cunningham two appointments instead of one; the last is for the institution at Addiscombe where so clever a lad is sure to get on the Engineer's establishment, the best in India. I protest I scarce felt more pleasure than when first a fisher I caught two trouts at once, one at the fly another with the bobber, and, joy on joy, landed them both. Adieu, my kind [friend], & most respectful compliments to the excellent Doctor. I hold it no mean honour that he should undertake a fatiguing journey, and am delighted Mr. Hughes comes with you to take trouble off the Doctor's hands on the road, as well as to add to the pleasure of the visit.

'Yours my dear Mrs. Hughes

'most gratefully

'WALTER SCOTT

'Shandwick Place Edinburgh

'26 June 1828.'

'Abbotsford Friday July 18, 1828.

'DEAR MRS. HUGHES, I have your kind letter and am sorry you had such a rough passage; but since

¹ *Fair Maid of Perth*, chap. xxv.—ED.

there is no damage all is well. Though not afraid of a breeze in a good sea-boat I should not relish it much in a *steamer* for if any part of the machinery goes wrong there must be considerable difficulty in *clearing off* as it is called especially where there are so few harbours as on our iron bound coast.

‘ However you are all well and we trust to see you soon in the course of next week. You cannot possibly come amiss to us and will be joyfully received. . . . Always dear Madam with best love to the Doctor sincerely yours

‘ WALTER SCOTT.’

On the occasion of their second tour to Scotland and visit to Abbotsford Dr. and Mrs. Hughes travelled by steamer from London and experienced some discomforts on the way, as told in Mrs. Hughes’s diary of their journeys to and from Abbotsford and of their stay there, which occupies the next three chapters.

CHAPTER VIII

MRS. HUGHES'S DIARY OF THE JOURNEY TO
ABBOTSFORD IN 1828

'July 12th. Embarked at Blackwall at 8 in the evening on board the Soho Steamer, Captain Beatour. Passengers Sir George Clerk of Pennycuick, Mrs. Warren &c.

'13th. Heavy gale and rain when morning broke and we were in the Swale: the wind favourable through Yarmouth Sands, and we had a good view of Yarmouth: at three the wind adverse, and a very strong gale came on which lasted through the night: a fearful night from the clanking of the Engine, the roaring of the sea, the raving of the blast and the sickness and alarm of most of our shipmates, the females I mean: the foresail split, the dead lights were put up, the sea washed over the deck and all was hurry and annoyance, but when morning came the wind sank considerably.

'14th. At seven we got across the Humber mouth where we had remained tossing during the greater part of the night making only twelve miles in eight hours, and passing Flamborough Head careered merrily along the whole day which I spent on deck: we had a noble view of Scarborough, and its fine old castle: landed one passenger and took in four: the ruins of Whitby

Abbey appeared most striking, and we thought of the voyage of the Abbess and her nuns, though too distant from the shore to identify the places named in Marmion. Sir G. Clerk pointed out Roseberry Topping, Sunderland and Tynemouth Abbey, Blythe &c. : the day failed us when nearly opposite Newbiggin, and after a more peaceful night than the last, I was waked at a little past four.

'15th. I went on deck as soon as I was dressed to see the Bass rock and the sun lighting up the glorious Firth of Forth. I saw Tantallon Tower, the Isle of May, Dysart, Kircaldie, Kinghorn, Burntisland, Largo Law, the beautiful little island of Inch Keith to the north : opposite (to the south) Preston Pans, Musselburgh, Porto Bello and the noble castle of Edinburgh with Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Craigs towering above it :—the Corstorphine and Pentland Hills, and westward the course of the Forth beyond Dalmeny and Bambougle Castle : we landed at Newhaven at six o'clock and came to the Black Bull to breakfast : then took a carriage and proceeded to Linlithgow where we visited the ruined palace, Queen Mary's room (her birth place), the King's chamber, the Chapel, where the old lady who acts as Cicerone insisted that the apparition appeared to James 4th : " Ye'll observe Sir Walter Scott has made it out in one o' his bonny rhymes to have been in the Church, but sure I hae a better right to know than he has, for me and my Forbears hae showed the palace these twa hunder years, and he never was here but once in his born days, that I ken of : Sir W. is a gude man and a great credit to Scotland, but he must have done it for the sake of some rhyme when he tauld everybody it was in the church ; I'll appeal to a leddy of judgment, if it was likely the

King wud fyle his feet by going out of doors to the church when he had sic a bonny chapel as this for his devotions." She pointed out a very small turret apartment at the top of one of the towers which she called Queen Margaret's Bower. "Ye'll ken the Queen was sair grieved when the King wud tak the field for Flodden, and when he had taken his leave she went to her bower to greet: she could na *see* the field of Flodden from where she sat, but muckle she thought and muckle she prayed—ye'll hae read Pitscottie?"—I was forced to say no, and I fear lost all the ground I had gained in her good will by the confession: "It is sair pity—I hae a copy and I read Pitscottie and the bible—I prize him like the apple of my eye—maybe, ye'll hae read the new work that I'm tauld *veendecates* Queen Mary—oh! Mem, but she's a very il used leddy"—. On our return we saw the fine range of the Ochill hills far beyond the Firth, and on a high bank above the river, Dumferline and its newly repaired Abbey: about half way and a short distance from the road, on the right coming *from* Linlithgow, is the fine ruin of Niddry Castle, where Mary slept the first night after her escape from Lochleven. (*Vide* Abbot.) Under the fine range of the Pentland hills we saw Sir William Forbes's seat, a large modern house, and the tower of Dreghorn Castle.

'16th. Saw a colossal statue of the Duke of York cut out of a single block of Lanarkshire stone by a common Mason, and wonderfully well executed: it was at the new building belonging to the Royal Institution at the foot of the Mound. Called on Mr. Naesmyth the Painter, a most interesting and agreeable old man: he shewed us a painting of the Old Tolbooth which he took while it was pulling down.

Dined at Mr. Blackwood's with Professor and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. Ballantyne &c. Mr. Wilson is one of the most animated and delightful companions (certainly the most original and imaginative conversor) I have ever met with : I looked at Mr. Ballantyne I own with a jaundiced eye, for he has certainly been in part the cause of dear Sir Walter's involvements. Mr. Miller sang two Scotch songs admirably : I wish Miss Stephens could have heard him, and had good sense enough to profit by it.

'17th. Crossed to Pettyear from Newhaven in steam packet—11. By coach to Cupar 22. Passed thro' Kinghorn a very miserable fishing town with detestable smells of stale fish : then thro' Kircaldie a town not less than two miles long,¹ the greater part very mean, but in the middle some good houses and shops, and the new church the scene of the late horrible accident, a very handsome building in appearance : as the road winds up the hill thro' Kircaldie, the old castle of Ravenscraig (*vide* Lay of the Last Minstrel) to the right : the beach appeared good, and I doubt not there is good bathing ; many persons resort to Kircaldie from Edinburgh for that purpose : the country is not at all picturesque, but a mile or two from New Inn it improves to the left ; a large tract of wood in a level plain is bounded by high hills, and there are several handsome seats, and a high pillar to the memory of Lord Hopetown, which diversify the scene. Cupar is a neat thriving town, cheerful and airy. To St. Andrews 10 miles thro' a well cultivated but newly planted country : everything in this part of Fife bears sign of late and active cultivation, but it is not a

¹ Often known as the 'lang toun' of Kirkaldy—the modern spelling.—Ed.

picturesque county. The old ruined, dusky town of St. Andrews looked respectable from its ancient dignity: the extensive ruins of the Cathedral, and the still older chapel of St. Rule with its high, square tower, are very imposing, and make you detest the fanatic bigotry of John Knox, whose intemperate zeal destroyed this very fine cathedral: without the wall of the burial ground to the north are some ruins of Cardinal Beaton's house, and in the broad street are the remains of the Monastery of the Black Friars, with a small circular chapel, very handsome, and many other old houses which it would be a joy to an Antiquary to explore: from the top of St. Rule's chapel, Dartsey¹ Moor the scene of Archbishop Sharp's murder is seen. To Newport 11 miles: recross the Eden and wind round the head of the bay: pass through Leuchars² a large village with a very curious church tower, the east end of the church appears to be very old; it is circular and of most singular construction: about four miles from Newport the road joins the Mail road from Cupar: the descent to the Ferry is most beautiful: the Firth of Tay, not less than two miles broad, divides Fife from Angushire, the banks slope gently to the water and on the Fife side are several agreeable residences with plantations and gardens; to the east, five miles distant, and on the edge of Tents Moor point, is Port-in-craig a ferry, with a lighthouse: opposite to it is a small town and bathing place called Broughty: there is a fine pier with two covered seats for passengers to wait in: the ferry boat is the most commodious possible: it plies every half hour from 6 till 8, leaving Dundee

¹ Query, Magus Moor?—Ed.

² I see in Boswell's tour that the church of Leuchars attracted the attention of Dr. Johnson.

at 6 and returning by 7 and so on : it has two steam engines which, added to its great breadth, give it a perfect steadiness of motion ; it has the appearance of a floating castle : the side lets down so as to allow the Mail coach to be driven in and out—the steerage is calculated to accommodate cattle of which great numbers are sent from the Northern counties into Fife : the smoky but respectable looking town of Dundee fronts you : one of the church towers has a very singular appearance. There was a child of three years old quite blind in the boat : very lively and happy and playing with its nurse : it has a passion for music and a very fine ear. The town of Dundee is very like one's idea of a Flemish town. I believe the very handsome town house with its high spire, and its musical clock which struck the quarters in a very singular manner put this into my head : the houses are high, and have an ancient appearance ; the Market place in which our comfortable inn (Bridges Hotel) stood, is a sort of square : the town house and Trades Hall, both very handsome buildings, stand in it.

‘18th. The scene of bustle (for it was market day) was very amusing to me, as my sprain prevented my walking about. We have remarked that all round Edinburgh, and wherever we have been since we entered Scotland, a very singular custom prevails respecting the hay ; it seems to be well made, and long finished, but instead of being ricked, it is left out in very small Summer ricks, some not larger than good sized cocks, and this we were told is the case for weeks¹ : another remark forces itself on the attention of *posting* travellers :—the very heavy turnpike tolls, though the finest materials for roads is close at hand, and labour

¹ This is a custom that still endures.—ED.

not dear : we never paid less than 1s. near Edinburgh, and in Fifeshire each gate was 1s. 6d. : by this means, (for the gates are frequent) you can hardly post under 2s. 4d. per mile, for they charge 1s. 6d. per mile except at Cupar, where we paid 1s. 3d. After dinner, we proceeded to Perth, in an excellent steam boat 27 miles : the Quays of Dundee are very extensive and commodious, and there is a considerable trade : we saw large piles of deals. The sail up the Firth of Tay is one of the finest things I have seen : nothing can exceed its variety and beauty : about a mile and half from Dundee the water is five miles across, but it gradually contracts till, just before you reach Newburgh, a very pretty town on the Fife side, it is about the breadth of the Thames at Blackwall, and afterwards nearly the width of that river at Lambeth, till we reached Perth. The Angus and Perth shores were diversified with many handsome seats, amongst which Kinfauns Castle claimed a proud pre-eminence, not only on account of the historical interest given it by Sir Walter, but from its commanding site, and the beauty of the situation : it is the best modern Gothic I ever saw, but I regretted the old castle : there were not however wanting some of these remains of former days : on the Fife shore we saw the castles of Bambreck and Elcho, both most picturesque, and the ruins of the Abbey of Lindores : we landed on the South Inch, opposite to the hill of Kinnoul which is covered with small cottages *ornés*, with hanging gardens and orchards. After we passed Kinfauns there was an island in the river, on which many fishermen were busy in casting and drawing their nets for salmon. Perth has a very imposing appearance, with its handsome stone bridge, but I have the vexation to find that all I most wanted to see, the

Gowrie House, the Dominican Convent &c. are pulled down.

'19th. *To Dunkeld 15 miles*: we drove over the fine stone bridge before we left Perth merely that I might see it; the North Inch with its fine walk round by the river, and the handsome houses at the upper end, is truly beautiful. The first name I saw in the town was "Connochar, Smith¹": we passed a handsome stone building erected to the memory of the Provost, Marshall by name, who made many improvements, but I bear him an everlasting grudge, for he was the cause of pulling down Gowrie House &c.—Saw Scone Palace to the right across the Tay: it looked gloomy, and inferior in beauty to Kinfauns; from thence, till within three miles of Dunkeld the road is really ugly. *Birnam Forest* is a high range of hills no longer covered with wood, and an army would find little more than a Whin bush or a Fern stalk to shadow them. At about three miles from Dunkeld the road approaches the Tay which comes sweeping round to the right, the banks well wooded, and Castle Murthly, a handsome place with a tower at the end of the building, is seen to great advantage. The river is broad and beautifully clear; on each side are high hills planted to the top, but chiefly with firs, which give a gloom to the whole landscape: this seems to be a great defect in the Duke of Athol's plantations; extensive as they are for many miles, and certainly improving the appearance of the barren hills they cover, the dark colour and formal shape of the firs considerably lessen the beauty of the scene. We crossed a handsome bridge built chiefly at the Duke's expence, but which I conceive must pay him good interest, for his toll on the public

¹ *Fair Maid of Perth*.—ED.

is exorbitant: you pay every time it is crossed, and merely going to change horses cost us 5s. 4d.: the tolls at the gates too are 2d. each for a pair of horses: there seems a good deal of Blenheim *greed* in the difficulty of seeing the grounds, which are not worth *going to see*, since the beauty is from the Tay, which can be seen without the absurd form of writing your name in a book, indorsing your ticket, and other formal fooleries contrived to fill the pockets of the servants: the situation of Dunkeld is beautiful but is surely overpraised by Dr. Clark and other travellers: the old Abbey is now connected with a spruce end of the parish church, which very much hurts the effect of the Ruin.

‘*To Taymouth, or rather Kenmore 24 miles*: nearly every step is amusing and beautiful; the Tay always in sight, broad, rapid, and lovely: sometimes the road runs directly above it on a high bank: after leaving the Duke of Athol’s woods, the view opens, and the mountain of Ferrogan is seen to the North: pass Logie Rait, where there is a ferry conducting to the Inverness road: a short distance further the Tay is joined by the Tummel, a wild stream which pours down from the North; several handsome seats are seen at intervals on the opposite bank: the road takes the bend of the river westerly: at about 13 miles from Dunkeld pass Castle Grandtully, an old high tower, with pepper-box turrets at the corners: an old neglected avenue leads to it, and as we passed through the small village of Grandtully, a whole troop of Collies came out and barked at us with great inveteracy and perseverance: I could not help thinking of Tully Veolan. A fine view of Ben Lawers’ Shehalion and Glenlyon is obtained to the North and West. The horses were baited at Aberfeldy, and Dr. H. walked meantime to see the falls of Menzies.

I sat in the carriage near two hours : from this place, the whole drive to Kenmore is beautiful : Castle Menzies to the right, on the north bank of the river. Lord Breadalbane's plantations are very extensive, and the road runs through them for more than three miles : at a mile from Kenmore a bridge crosses a very beautiful waterfall, and a good view of Taymouth Castle is obtained—it is certainly an imposing building from its size and situation, but the architecture appears not in such good Gothic style as Kinfauns. The little village of Kenmore with its neat, prim looking church appears to much advantage at the end of a long stretch of Loch Tay : the inn is close to the entrance of Taymouth : a pinnaced gateway admits to the Park : the few low cottages opposite the inn are covered with the white Burnet rose, and are by far the neatest and most comfortable in appearance I have seen in Scotland : they are a tacit proof that the noble owners pay attention to the comforts of their poor tenants. I should have enjoyed this day much had not my sprain kept me prisoner, either to the close, and not very clean inn at Dunkeld, or to the chaise, instead of rambling about as in my former tours I have been used to do : however there is much to delight the eye on the high road between Dunkeld and Taymouth tho' the previous road from Perth was dull and without interest.

'20th. We attended church at Kenmore and were delighted with the view from the churchyard which is on a high bank at the head of the lake : a good stone bridge leads to the road on the north side, which is just now converting into a turnpike road : from what we saw it must be inferior in beauty to that on the south, but it will be a mile and half nearer, and less hilly : the congregation was numerous, and the variety

of dress very striking: some modern belles; grave elders in ample blue suits of homespun cloth: some Dandies in gay striped Manchester waistcoats and plaid jackets, some with plaids over the shoulder, and a few in the full Highland costume. The caps worn by the old women, (the Mutch I believe) are hideous: over a mob with a plaited border and high cawl, they put a dowdy cap with a plain border tied under the chin and so contrived that an Angel would look plain in it: the hard featured, brown faces which peeped out were really appalling: just at the head of the lake is a small wooded island on which is the ruin of a chapel: I think it must be that described in St. Valentine's Eve.

'We left Kenmore, about two, in a gig (for no chaise or horses were to be had) drawn by a stout Highland Poney and driven by an intelligent lad who had a seat between us: we fidgetted along at a very good pace through the loveliest scenery imaginable to Killin, a distance of nearly 17 miles; we kept generally close to the lake, on a broad shelf above it, sometimes winding through birch woods, sometimes overhanging miniature bays, where the little waves dashed on the rocky shore in imitation of the sea; every part fringed with woods and waterfalls, backed by the bold Ben Lawers brooding in sullen majesty and blackness, and darkening the lake by his awful shadow: twice he took off his cap of clouds for us, when we left Kenmore, and when we entered Killin, but the rest of the drive he folded his summit in clouds. The rugged and beautiful outline of Craig Hallion which rises above Killin, was singularly developed by a bright light behind it, which threw the whole into absolute blackness, and sharpened every crag of this picturesque mountain. Lord Glenorchy's

seat at Ancharne, a mile and a half from Killin, is the sweetest place imaginable: it has all the variety of rock, water, waterfall, mountain and wood: it looks across to the old ruin of Finlayrig, and the rich woods in which it is bosomed. Sometimes the Loch widened to an expanse of three or four miles, and often the view to the west was closed by the towering summit of Ben More: about 6 miles from Kenmore we passed a large congregation assembled to hear an itinerant, who was vehemently exhorting them in Gaelic, using much violence of action, and "routing like a cow in a fremmit loaning." We met several parties returning from Killin, and I was struck with the bright colours of the women's apparel; scarlet and crimson shawls, and often scarlet petticoats. Killin is the most romantic of all villages; to gain the inn you cross a succession of small bridges over the wild stream of the Dochart which comes raging down the Glen to which it gives its name, and foams over the great rocky stones which lay in its passage to Loch Tay: from the north, down the fine opening of Glen Lochy which is closed by a sugar loaf mountain, the river Lochy comes dark and deep and flows at the foot of the pleasant inn, as it glides silently to join Loch Tay, as if it condemned its brawling neighbour while it offers a larger tribute to the lovely lake: the singular and insular graveyard of the McNabs is in the centre of the Dochart just below the bridges. We could not but remark the increased length of the day: at nine I could see to read and write perfectly. There is no question that the upper end of the lake is far more beautiful than the lower and that Killin is in every respect superior to Kenmore: the contrast offered by the two rivers, the wild Glen of Lochy, the bold outlines of Craig Hallion

and Ben Lawers, and the old woods and ruin of Finlarig all combine to render Killin one of the most striking scenes that can be met with. The inn is very good. A couple were asked in Kenmore Church in these terms by the person who acted as Clerk : "there is a report of a marriage between Roy McGregor and Janet Walker."

'21st. *To Loch Erne head 8 miles* of the ugliest and most desolate road imaginable : at three miles from Killin it turns from the long hollow valley called Glen Dochart to the south, and runs through a wild gorge with not one object to interest : the head of Loch Erne is pretty enough but in order to do it justice one should not have seen Loch Tay : about three miles from Loch Erne, we met Mr. Domford on a pedestrian tour, with a friend, and a Highlander carrying their baggage : the inn at Loch Erne is excellent. *To Callender 14 miles*, the first five dreary—a view to the west up the Braes of Balquhiddier, and in a wooded crag to the left is the grave of Rob Roy : a chapel-like building is the burial place of the McGregors. The road winds to the south and skirts the shores of Loch Lubnaig, a narrow lake on the opposite side of which Ben Ledi rises abruptly, and overlooks and throws his broad shadow across the water : the shore is partly fringed with young wood : at two miles from Callender the Lubnaig falls precipitately at the narrow pass of Leny, and forms the Teith, a lovely, noisy stream which constitutes the whole beauty to be seen in the weary drive of 16 miles from Callender to Stirling, except about Doune, where the fine remains of the old castle are very beautiful, and seen from the old bridge would make a charming subject for a painter. We saw Ben Ledi, Ben Venne

and Ben Vorlich clear, but had rain great part of the way : all the highland cottages have a wretched appearance, built with great stones, and hardly any cement, the roofs low and the thatch covered with long grass and weeds : the window, four sash panes, so obscured by dirt that they look like the horn of an old stable lanthorn : the floors chiefly mud. I walked to the castle after dinner, but the weather did not allow us to have a clear view.

'22nd. Embarked for Edinburgh in Steam Packet 48 miles : we were towed about a mile down the Forth in a smaller boat, till entering the steam vessel opposite the ruins of Cambuskenneth Abbey : the Belfry tower, a long wall and a corner of the Abbey dovecot with its numerous nooks for pigeons still remain, and tell a tale of former wealth, grandeur and plenty : the whole sail is enchanting. Stirling, and its proud castle backed by Ben Lomond, Ben Ledi, Ben More, and Ben Vorlich, the Ochill hills, the rich and varied scenery on the banks ; Lord Abercrombie's seat, the old tower and thriving town of Alloa, Castle Campbell in the distant recesses of the Ochills, Bannockburn, Culross, Grangemouth, Dumferline, Borrowstone Ness, Burntisland, Queen's Ferry, Hopetown House, Donibristle, Rosythe Castle, Inverkeithing, Dalmeny, the whole of the shores of Fife and Edinburgh pre-eminent over all, were the delightful objects (with many more) which greeted us. We had a violent thunderstorm about half way on the voyage : the lightning vivid ; the effects of light and shade were very fine. Returned to Black Bull. Mr. Holmes of Brook Hall near Norwich, a most agreeable, well informed man, our fellow passenger, called on us.

'23rd. Breakfasted at Professor Wilson's ; a most

agreeable morning: his Dog Brente is worthy of him. Mr. de Quincy the author of the *Opium Eater* there. Walked slowly round the Calton and enjoyed the matchless view. The High School now building there is on a noble plan: the *Parthenon* will probably never be compleated for want of funds. We drank tea at Mr. Naesmyth's, and passed a pleasant evening with him and his talented family: his two sons have just compleated a steam carriage on a new construction to go without horses; they tried it with full success on Tuesday, going at the rate of 10 miles an hour on the Leith road: they have four small boilers, and apprehend the risk of accident will be much diminished by this precaution.¹

'24th. Went in a coach with A. Blackwood to the end of the Canon Gate: looked at Queensberry house (not worth looking at) which has the appearance of a decayed Manufactory, and Regent Murrays. Then up the High Street, and saw the Site of the great fire, now fast filling up with new buildings:—to the castle, but the view was dim: looked down Blythe's close at Mary of Guises palace, but filth of all sorts made it unapproachable. Walked down by the Mound and called on Mrs. Wilson. In the evening went to the Play: Mary Stuart, a drama taken from the Abbot, in which Mackay played admirably, and the 40 Thieves.

'25th. Called at Mr. Colvin Smith's, and saw a most striking likeness of Sir Walter and another of Mr. Mackenzie: we called at the door of this venerable man, but he was gone to the country. John arrived by Glasgow coach at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11, well thank God! and much pleased with Loch Catrine and Aberfoil, which he seems to have seen most perfectly from Glasgow.

¹ N.B The first motor-car made.—Ed.

After dinner left Edinburgh: *To Abbotsford 57 miles*: we were forced to cross at Darnick bridge, for the Tweed was full, and this made it two miles further than if we had gone through Gala Shiels and crossed at the Abbotsford; as the Ostler of Torsonee Inn remarked, "ye wad na may be like to ride in the water." There is nothing very amusing in the road after losing sight of Edinburgh and its lovely environs.

'*To Fushie bridge 11 miles*—then Borthwick Castle comes in well to the left: after this, to Torsonee Inn, the road is somewhat dreary—distance 14 miles: from Torsonee, the Gala water accompanies and gives interest to this wild pastoral district, and when the road turns from that leading to Selkirk, and commands the Tweed, with a good view of Abbotsford backed by the Eildon hills, it becomes beautiful and interesting. Darnick bridge is a noble, substantial structure: the old Gipsy looking landlady at Fushie bridge (Mrs. Wilson) was most amusing, and she is I am persuaded the original Meg Dods: there was great difficulty to accommodate us with a chaise, but the instant she found we were bound to Abbotsford, she was unwearied in exertions to serve us; scolding, entreating, and energizing in every possible way with Ostlers, Post boys, and guests.—"Ony guests of Sir Walter's I'm bound to oblige, for ye ken he's a *grate* freend o' mine—oh! but he's company for Kings, and yet he'll mak himsel company for me, he's so *aiffable* and *pleasant* to a' ranks.—I hae na seen Abbotsford mysel, but troth I whiles think I'll gae for ae day if I thocht the folk could gang on weel without me." I could hardly help saying, "Oh! Mrs. Dods, order out the old whisky and make the trial:" she said to Sir Walter last week when he changed horses there, "Oh! Sir

Walter I'm blythe to tell you Mr. Irvine has put off the Millenium till twenty years.—I was greatly feared when I heard it was to be in *twelve* years, but noo I'm happy to say my tack will be oot before it comes." Mr. Irvine had the absurdity to preach everywhere on the approach of the Millenium and has altered the term more than once:—*now* he fixes it at 20 years distance. Mrs. Wilson has seen Sir Walter at the new church at Arniston when he was visiting Mrs. Dundas, and she said to him, "Eh! but it did my heart guid to see ye sitting as befitted ye, in our bonny new kirk at Arniston: but ye maun ken the parish are very angry wi young Arniston, for he has putten up the Ten Commandments; sae we a' joined and made a remonstrance, and what think ye he said?—that if we gaed to trouble him ony further in the matter, he wad just gae the length of putting up the Creed and the Lord's Prayer."—Anything like ornament, or what takes off from the Barn-like simplicity of their churches, the lower Scotch cannot abide. We found Sir Adam Ferguson and the Colonel his brother (very old friends and near neighbours of Sir Walter's) Mr. Haliburton, an old friend of the Pringles, and Miss Scott niece to Sir Walter. Sir Adam is so like the print from Wilkie's sketch that I should have known him anywhere, he is very lively and handsome; he and his brother went away in an hour and Mr. Haliburton on the following morning.'

CHAPTER IX

MRS. HUGHES'S DIARY WHILE ON HER SECOND VISIT
AT ABBOTSFORD

'26th. Sir Walter took us in the Sociable a lovely drive: we crossed the Tweed at Darnick bridge and followed the course to the junction of the Leader, a lovely stream on the banks of which Thomas the Rhymer lived, and commemorated in the song of Leader Haughs, which Sir W. repeated, as he did many other snatches of old ballads as we passed the spots to which they alluded. At the junctions of the two rivers, Cowden Knowes, a green, conical hill, the red soil appearing through in patches, rises high to the North above deep woods: a low two arched bridge crosses the Leader a little above in the glen, and a very handsome high bridge leads the road across the united streams; it was built by a common Mason, and is singularly well constructed, costing only £1800. We called to enquire for Major Scott a cousin of Sir Walter's who on his return from India had built a charming house called Ravenswood, which commands the scene we had just passed, and to the east looks up to the deep woods which surround the house of Bemerside, the property of Mr. Haig. Thomas the Rhymer prophesied as follows of this family—

Betide, betide, whate'er betide,
Haig shall be Haig of Bemerside,

and the Grandfather of the present owner trusted so implicitly to it, that after the birth of *ten* daughters in succession, he made a will leaving the property to *Male* heirs: his faith was rewarded by the eleventh child proving a boy, and there is no prospect of Thomas's prophetic wisdom being called in question. We then drove to the most beautiful residence I ever saw, Old Melrose, which was the original establishment of the Monks: they petitioned for a removal to the spot where the Abbey now stands, on the plea that their first residence was not healthy and that they were afflicted with constant pains in their bowels: they had however the good taste to keep it as a cell: it stands on a high bank at a spot where the Tweed makes an abrupt turn to the south, and the house commands a long reach, dividing a deep valley cloathed on each side with wood, thro' which grey crags and red rocks start out: the Eilden towers above to the West: the walks through the wood near the house are enchanting, and lead to a flat narrow meadow on the banks of the river: Sir W. says nothing is so amusing as a Fox chace in the opposite woods and steep banks, and, according to his description, I cannot doubt it gave him the scene of the same kind in Guy Mannering. Mr. Douglas who inhabits this sweet spot is of the Cavers branch of that family, descended from a natural son of the Hero of Otterbourne: his family possess the Earl's banner which was borne on that day, and more than that the Percy pennon, which was then taken. Sir W. has often seen, and once helped to mend it: the Lion is embroidered on it, in seed pearls: so dearly do the Douglas's prize this relic, that at a time when their fortunes were low, and they were offered by the Grandmother of the present Duke of Northumber-

land a £1000 for it, they refused it, saying they had rather sell their last acre than part with it. We returned through Melrose and had a fine view of the Abbey.

I am in despair that I shall never be able to enumerate all the interesting anecdotes our dear and honoured host relates, but I will *harvest* all I can. Speaking of Sir Ewen Cameron, the well known savage who bit a piece from his enemy's throat, and literally *worried* him, saying afterwards it was the sweetest morsel he ever tasted, he told us that when Sir Ewen was on an expedition with a band of clansmen, they were arranging their Bivouac for the night in the snow : his grandson rolled up a ball of snow to put under his head, and the indignant old Grandsire kicked it down the hill, exclaiming, "What, degenerate boy, do you dare to indulge in the luxury of a pillow !" This grim old Chieftain came to the court of James 2nd (of England). The King offered him knighthood, and to make the honour greater, asked for Sir Ewen's own sword to confer the accolade : there had been much rain on the journey and his sword was so rusted in the scabbard that it could not be drawn : the old man was so distressed that he burst into tears : the King relieved him by saying, "Never mind Sir Ewen : I am well aware that had the service of my brother or myself required it, your sword would have drawn of itself." We spoke of the young Duke of Buccleugh who promises to be all that can be wished from one whose power to do good is so great ; when he was only fifteen, the Abbey of Melrose was in such a state of dilapidation that Sir W. represented to Lord Montague the absolute necessity of repair : the estimate was £600, and Lord M. (a very liberal man of his own money) hesitated, as thinking

he had no right to use his powers as guardian to that extent: the young Duke said, "Uncle the money may be deducted from my pocket allowance; if the Abbey falls, the whole estate can never restore it"—of course the repair took place without subjecting the Duke to any privation: he was chosen last year a member of the Crockford club, and on receiving a notification wrote an answer expressing his thanks for the unsolicited attention, which he begged to decline, as it did not suit his arrangements to become a Member: he has been very indignant at the reports of his Marriage, particularly with the Sheridans, who have beset him in the most daring way. The eldest (now married) said to him—"Duke, they say you mean to marry me or my sister: I hope it will be me!"—he said to Sir W. "I hope when I do marry, I shall not disgrace myself, and depend upon it my friends shall not have the first intelligence from newspapers; you shall know it from myself." A vile veteran female gambler tried to induce him to play at unlimited *écarté*: the stake was high when limited and the Duke refused: she said scornfully, "Be it known to all and sundry, that the poor Duke of Buccleugh with a £100,000 a year refuses to play at unlimited *Ecarté*." He replied "You are very liberal—but why not give £200,000, and even then the D. of Buccleugh would not play at unlimited *Ecarté*." Sir W. now talks openly of his works, and told us a very ridiculous situation in which he was placed at a party this Spring: he heard a song set by Mrs. Arkwright which pleased him much, and he praised it adding "the words too are beautiful"—he saw a general smile, and the song proved to be one of his own from the Pirate beginning "Farewell to Northmaven" &c. which he had totally forgotten: he said, "I thought

I'd have died of the shame, and the fear of its being thought downright affectation." He told us much of the Liddesdale country in his early days, which he has described so well in *Guy Mannering*: the following story he had from an old farmer famous for his strength and courage, and known by the name of "fighting Charlie": he was a powerful, clean made, active man, and in advanced life able to cope with most men in attack or defence: he was returning from Stanshie Shaw fair with a sum of nearly £400 in his pocket: he stopped for refreshment at a little inn of bad repute, near Gilsland, called Mumps Hall: when he was about to set out for home in the afternoon the landlady anxiously endeavoured to detain him, and was so importunate as to give him suspicion that all was not right: when out of sight he examined his pistols, and did not find that the charge had been drawn, but as he went on, his mind misgave him more, and just as he entered the dangerous part of the Moss, where a narrow horse path intersected the bog, he once more inspected the pistols for fear the powder should be damp: he then found that the charge had been taken out, and tow substituted: he loaded them carefully and in about half a mile three fellows sprung from the side of the bog, and demanded his money; he was certain that one of them was the Landlord of Mumps hall: he faced them and presented his pistols: the thieves called out, "we don't care a damn for your pistols." Charlie, who was a good natured fellow did not want to commit murder, so he singled out the landlord and cried out, "Aha! lad the tow's out noo": on hearing this the rogues made off at speed and Charlie reached home in safety: "on this," said Sir W. "I founded Dandy's adventures": he spoke of the Gypsies who

tho' diminished, still inhabit in numbers some villages in the wild parts of Northumberland, and the Border : Yetholm, Gordon, &c. In the summer these places are nearly deserted, and only a few old crones are to be seen, but in winter every hut is full, and it would be still a dangerous thing to pass through them : the crimes they commit amongst themselves are hideous : Incest is familiar to them and murder frequent : seven years ago a quarrel took place near Abbotsford and a Gypsy named Kennedy literally wrung round the neck of his adversary, and turned the head hind before : the Gypsies took no heed of this atrocity, but Sir W. as Sheriff, took every possible means to detect the murderer : a large reward was offered : one night a man desired to speak to him alone : he said : " I hear you want Kennedy—what is the reward ? "—" A hundred pounds."—" You shall have him in two days—will you have him alive or dead ? "—" Alive, certainly."—" Well, be it so, it makes no difference to me, only I had rather it were dead, for his father killed my father : " he brought the Murderer at the appointed time, but owing to the shuffling evidence of a stupid surgeon who contended that the death might have been caused by apoplexy, the wretch was only transported for life.

An old farmer whose wife had been dead only a month applied to his minister to proclaim his Banns in the church the next day.—The clergyman remonstrated—" Ye're banns John—it is no possible Man—ye're wife has na been dead a month—she is na cauld in her grave"—" A weel Sir never heed ye that—do ye put up the banns, and she'll be aye cooling the while : " this story Sir Walter's mother related to Lord Hoptown who had had three wives with small space

between, and recollected it as she came to the end, and saw the offended look of her auditor.

‘ After supper the door of the library was open, and the light from the Gas lamp fell strong upon the statue of Shakspeare at the opposite end of the library, giving it the most awful and spectral look imaginable: this led to a most singular story which occurred here five years ago, before the house was finished and while the present drawing room was furnishing. Bullock the Upholsterer had been here from London and taken the order under a faithful promise that it should be completed by a certain time: this was nearly, if not quite elapsed.—About half past twelve one night, the whole household was awaked by a loud and extraordinary noise in the empty drawing room: it sounded as if half a dozen men were throwing about deals, and knocking them together again: Sir W. rose, called the servants, armed himself with a gun, Major Scott following with a Poker, and proceeded to the room from whence the sound came: on opening the door nothing could be seen and the noise ceased: every possible search was made within and without, but no cause could be found for the disturbance: next day Sir W. had to write to Mr. Terry, and desired him to go instantly to Bullock, and remind him of his promise to send the furniture, adding, “one would think that he and all his men had been at work here last night, from the uproar we had, which nobody can account for”—he then gave the detail, and strange to say when Mr. Terry went to Bullock with the message, it appeared that he had died on the very night, and at the very hour in which the noise had been heard. Sir W. said very gravely, “I do not wish you to take this entirely on my statement—when you go to town, ask Terry to show you my

letter which he still has, and he will confirm what I have told you." Miss Scott, who was one of the alarmed, described the noise, which she said must have wakened the soundest sleeper, and which she had believed was caused by a gang of thieves breaking in and throwing everything about. Tom Purdie is in high preservation, as well as his half bred pointer Di Vernon, of whose abilities Tom is very fond of boasting: he declares that if he stays longer than is wise at the Public house, the dog on seeing him prepare to mix another tumbler, will jump up, take him by the sleeve and yell loudly: if this remonstrance fails, she has more than once gone home, and brought Mrs. Purdie to the rescue, and to their united forces Tom submits.

Sir W.'s shepherd is brother to Hogg the Ettrick shepherd: he is a sensible, steady, unimaginative person, rather ashamed of his brother's poetical fame, which he fears may interfere with his agricultural pursuits: the shepherds here are remunerated by the feed of a certain number of sheep, which are their own, and this secures the care of the flock in dangerous weather and in snow. Hogg, three years ago, had ten Ewes, and each brought two thriving lambs: in the course of the summer, poor Hogg had a fit of sickness which brought him to death's door: during this all his twenty lambs died: Mr. Laidlaw said to him, "This is very strange, Hogg: I fear ye've been to blame in something: none of Sir Walter's sheep are dead and yours are all gone": he replied "It is like it may be for a punishment, and weel deserved, for when I was as it seemed on my death bed, God forgive me I had mair thought and care for the twenty lambs than for the state of my puir soul."

'27th. After prayers which Dr. H. read we had a long walk with Sir W. the ladies and all the dogs ; Tom Purdie and his four footed monitress Di Vernon in attendance : we went round the plantations to the south of the house, by Dandy Ker's stone, and home by a fine terrace called the Abbot's Walk.—An old Highlander who had been out in the 45, was persuaded to accompany a friend to a licensed chapel : when the Minister began to pray for King George, the Highlander fidgetted and snorted : when a prayer was put up for the Queen, his disapprobation was more strongly marked, but when the Minister went on, "May it please Almighty God to bless and preserve His Royal Highness William Duke of Cumberland" his patience could no further go : he rushed out at the door exclaiming, "May it please Almighty God to bless and preserve the Deevil."—Sir W. knew a lady who was a perfect match for Mrs. Martha Price ; she was called Soph Johnson, a woman of good family but small fortune : her father, tired of the expence of educating a large family of daughters, resolved to try the plan of not educating Soph at all : it is doubtful whether she was even taught to read, but she had a strong understanding and learnt to do everything, from the finest needlework, to the making a horse shoe, and nailing it on : she lived on a small income in Edinburgh, but having a great taste for the good things of this life, was content to give up a little of the spirit of a gentlewoman, to enjoy them at the expence of others, and was a constant dropper in at the dinner hour of her more opulent friends : but most of these left town in summer, and then she regularly had recourse to two, good, pious, single hearted maiden sisters, Miss Jacky and Miss Jenny Warrender—she used to take them on the weak

side and come in an hour before dinner, pretending that she wanted spiritual advice, and telling them "she was wae to think of the errors and vanities of her life, and the wicked wastrie of her time; that she hoped better thoughts were coming and did not doubt some good body would come in and gie a word of sound doctrine before dinner that might help her on the good way she desired to tread in future." The good old ladies were always ready to assist her conversion, and tho' she dined with them almost daily when the town was empty and as regularly returned to the pomps and vanities when the card playing set resumed their winter campaign, the good creatures hoped on, and every year expected to wash the blackamoor white. One night when Soph had been out to a late card party, and had retired to her bed and lodging at the head of one of the closes, a rapping was heard at the door. "Wha's that?"—she cried peevishly:—the knock was repeated: "In the deevil's name what want ye?"—A feeble voice replied, after another tap—"Can you help me to the speech of John Brown the taylor?": the poor Questioner was annihilated by Soph roaring out, "May God eternally d——n John Brown the Taylor, and all the Taylors that ever lived, and you too for breaking my rest."

'Sir Walter's grandfather who lived at Sandy Knowe exercised great hospitality to all the wayfaring tribes, who then wandered about more than at present: of course, he was in great repute amongst them: once when crossing a wild tract on the border with a considerable sum about him, he fell in with a large party of Gypsies who were merry making: they instantly crowded round him: "Eh! the Gudeman of Sandy Knowe; never did the hungry heart pass his door: many's the time we've dined at yere cost—no, ye maun

share our fare": though much disliking and somewhat dreading compliance, he thought it most prudent to appear satisfied: he alighted and was made very welcome to their repast: it was of a motley sort:—every kind of game and poultry stewed down together in kettles and cauldrons, and reduced to a kind of Hotch Potch: (the origin doubtless of the Mess with which Meg Merrilies fed the Dominie :) Brandy and Whisky were not wanting, and shortly seem'd to produce the usual effects: then two or three of the elder Gypsies whispered Mr. Scott; "An noo gude man tis time ye were awa'—steal awa cannily, ye'll find yere horse ahint the bushes, and spare na speed": he gladly attended to the warning, and rode off briskly, his pace quickened by the sight of three stout fellows who jumped up from the feast and pursued him for a few minutes.

'Mr. Martin of Galway was divorced from his wife, and the seducer married her: he was known to be a great savage, capable, and likely, to use her ill: Mr. M. wrote to him as follows—"Sir, I scorn to remind you of past events—the law has settled that question; but if ever I hear that you treat the lady who once had the honor to bear the name of Martin with anything but the strictest respect, you may be assured you shall answer it to me."

'Sir Adam Ferguson's father was visiting at a French Château: being a great lover of field sports, and seeing much game, he was much rejoiced to hear in the morning a flourish of horns, and a summons to a Chasse: out he went full primed, and saw his host and all his visitors armed with Cross bows and shooting the frogs in the Castle ditch, the horns sounding all the time to inspirit the Chasse.

'Sir W. says no precipices he ever saw are like

those of Shetland, and the boldest Cragsmen are to be found there: a father and two sons were engaged in the hazardous search for sea fowls eggs all tied to one rope: the old man was undermost, the younger son next: the elder found the rope failing, and called to his brother "to cut away," and let the father go: the younger refused with many reproaches, and the elder severed the rope instantly, and both his father and brother were dashed to pieces: Sir W. saw a woman who had been on a similar expedition with her husband: he also found the rope too weak, and she was undermost: he "cut away": the woman fell and he concluded her gone for ever, but to his infinite surprise when he came home she was the first to greet him at the door: *how*, may be left to the imagination: her petticoats were ample and substantial, the wind was high and she floated down like a sea fowl and received no hurt.

'A well known drunken Laird called Bonidale was returning home on a dark night with his servant behind: as they crossed the Ettrick, the Laird unable to keep his balance fell in: he floundered about, and called to his servant "Hech Davie, Man, I hear a great splutter in the water, wha is it that has fallen in?"—"Troth Laird," replied the man, "I canna give ony guess unless it be yersell": in the confusion the Laird lost his wig, which Davie with much trouble fished out of the stream, and restored it to him; it was turned inside out: the Laird very angrily declared it was nae wig of his and that he would not wear it, but the man coolly advised him to be satisfied, "for I'm thinking Laird, theres nae wale o wigs in yon water."¹

'Some years ago an execution took place under the

¹ This story is told very similarly, by Dean Ramsay.—Ed.

following circumstances: a Serjeant in the Army named Jarvie Matchem¹ was much valued and trusted by his officers, and was sent to receive a large sum of money belonging to the regiment; the only person who accompanied him was a little drummer: when he had received his money, and was on his return, he was so strongly tempted to appropriate it that he murdered the boy and made off by a cross road towards Portsmouth: he walked an incredible distance and put up at an inn on the Portsmouth road, desiring to be called early to proceed thither in the coach: when he reached the town a hot press was making to man a fleet about to sail, (for it was during the late war:) he enlisted on board a man of war: there he behaved with such bravery and steadiness that he was soon distinguished by his Captain and Officers, and in the course of a few years rose to be a non commissioned officer and was much trusted and patronised: he made a handsome sum by prize money, and after many years' service was paid off and set out for his native county: he was accompanied by a Mess mate and their road lay over Salisbury Plain: there a violent storm came on, which appeared to agitate him dreadfully: at last he cried to his companion: "Look how the clouds of dust roll up and pursue me!"—"I see nothing more than usual," said his friend: presently he called out, "See how that little boy comes after us, do you not see his bloody trousers, what does the little dirty villain mean by following us—cross over the road and see if he will come after you"—the companion complied, but assured him he saw nothing, and the Murderer shrieked out

¹ This tale was narrated by Mrs. Hughes to Barham, who cites Sir W. Scott's authority in the introduction to 'The Drummer of Salisbury Plain,' *Ingoldsbys Legends*, ii. 284, edition of 1894.—ED.

“No, no, he does not move towards you, but see, see, how he dogs my steps”—on this the sailor, a rough, honest fellow answered “I’m thinking you’ve done something bad, e’en make a clean breast and tell.” On this the wretch in great agony related every particular of the Murder and telling his friend he knew a great reward had been offered for his apprehension, desired he would deliver him up to the first Magistrate they could find: the other refused, saying, “Tho’ you’re bad enough, and deserve hanging, I’ll have nothing to do with the price of your blood: do what you will with your own life.” As soon as they reached Devizes the Murderer delivered himself up to justice, and made a full confession: the Magistrate questioned the companion, but he could only repeat what passed on the Plain: in a few hours the impression of conscience wore off, and he confidently denied all he had said, imputing it to delirium: the magistrate tho’ inclined to believe this to be the fact, told him it was necessary to detain him till he had written to the Colonel of the Regiment to which he had said he belonged: the answer was a full confirmation of the confession: he was tried, condemned and executed; the chain of evidence was compleat, and the waiter belonging to the little inn where he slept the first night recollected that when he went to call him in the morning to go by the coach he started and called out “I did not kill the boy.”

Mr. Thompson the son of the clergyman of Melrose, and the original Dominie Sampson, dined at Abbotsford as well as Sir Adam and Col. Ferguson. The Dominie vexes Sir Walter to the heart, for owing to his excess of absence and oddity, he does things so strange that everybody has some ridiculous story to tell of him which has hitherto prevented Sir W. from obtaining a

living for him : This, as he is one of the worthiest creatures breathing, really afflicts Sir W. : yet he says it would be impossible to appoint him to a town living, for he would be a constant butt to his parishioners : he taught for some time in Sir W.'s family and often when Mrs. L. and her brothers and sister watched their opportunity, they have stolen off through the window and left him deeply engaged in reading aloud to them as he fancied ; sometimes he would not miss them for an hour. When Mrs. Lockhart was brought to bed last year he came over in great haste, and bursting into the door ran up to Miss Scott saying, "I'm come to congratulate ye Miss Anne, on *Miss Sophia* having brought a little girl." Sir W. invited him to an Annual dinner he used to give to the Yeomanry with a day's coursing, and was in great consternation to hear him give a long appropriate grace beginning " Oh ! Lord who hast given the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air for the use of Thy servants," &c. &c. and mingling so much piety and exquisite absurdity that Sir W. knew not whether to laugh or cry, and the company were choking with laughter : Prince Leopold paid a morning visit at Abbotsford and was entertained with a collation : the Dominie was present and rather disappointed that Sir W. prevented his delivery of a very long Latin Grace which he had made for the occasion, he however rehearsed it at dinner when the Prince was gone : he is above six feet high and powerfully made, has a very martial trim and would have been an able and excellent soldier had he not lost a leg in early life, by the wicked prank of a school fellow whose name he has never been prevailed on to tell : he is a very deep and learned scholar. Last year he was tutor in Mr. Bembridge's family at Garton

Moor: a very strange man (whose nose is twisted at the end by a windmill) fell in love with one of the young ladies, and wrote her a letter proposing an elopement: he applied to the Dominie to deliver it who carried it a week in his pocket, and then gave it by mistake to the Maiden Aunt.

‘28th. Called at Yair, and returned in a thunder-storm. Lord Melville assured Sir W. that it was quite true the poor late King could not be prevailed on the last time he addressed the House of Lords, to begin his speech but with, “My Lords and Peacocks,” and whenever he was about to repeat it, those who were aware of what was coming made all the noise they could to drown the sound. Once when Sir W. was with Lord Melville in town, a deputation of the Scotch Clergy who came up with an Address to the King waited on Ld. M. to consult him how they should be dressed to go to court. Ld. M. told them they should wear their usual black clothes, with gowns and bands as if going to preach: this was apparently a great relief to the party, and the spokesman said, “My Lord, we know ye’re a great wellwisher to the church, and we’re a’ glad we’ve come to ye in our strait, for ye’ll ken we’ve been to the King’s Taylor, and he behoved to tell us we must have new garments of a fashion we never saw before, and mair to that swords by our sides which we thocht a-the-gither inconsistent wi our profession, and also bags ahint our heads, and whar the hair was to come fra to go intul them I am at a loss to think.” One of them, a Mr. Ritchie of Campsie, a most good and primitive creature resolved to see the levee, having been prevented going up with his brethren: he sallied from his inn in his gown and band and came as near as he could

to the palace: there happened to be in the range of carriages drawn up to see the persons going to the Drawing room, a lady of easy virtue seated in a very dashing phaeton: seeing Mr. Ritchie at a loss, she invited him to join her, and to the infinite amusement of all passers by, and particularly of his friends, he accepted the offer and sat happily by her side, much pleased with her affability, and when he got out of the carriage at her request he gravely interchanged cards with her.

‘The dreadful tragedy of Glencoe was the work of Lord Stair and Lord Breadalbane to the latter of whom the McDonalds had been troublesome neighbours. The murderous band were chiefly Campbells, and men well known to their victims who received them with all the warmth of Scottish hospitality: a few escaped over the snow where the murderers could not follow: the head of the small clan which descended from these joined Prince Charles in 1745: when the army approached the seat of Lord Stair, in the neighbourhood of which a halt was to be made, an apprehension was entertained that the McDonalds would, according to a spirit of revenge but too well justified in this instance, plunder and destroy the house: it was proposed to put a guard round the house: McDonald went to the Prince and said, “it is quite right to guard the house of Lord Stair, but it is necessary for my peace of mind and honour that my men form the guard: if I am refused, neither I or any one of my men will follow your Royal Highness one step further:” of course the request was granted and it need not be added that McDonald justified the confidence. Lord Breadalbane had the disposal of £30,000 from government, after the horrid tragedy at Glencoe shook the land of Scotland

from the centre : it was to be given to many who were likely to rise in revenge : the division was suspected to be very partial and unequal : an account was called for : his answer was only this : “the Money is spent—the Highlands are quiet and no further account will be given.” Campbell of Glenlyon commanded the detachment who did the bloody deed and it would seem as if some of his blameless descendants had impressions in consequence which one can hardly wonder at though they excite sincere pity : in the American war Col. Campbell of Glenlyon, a brave and excellent man was President of a Court Martial at which a deserter was ordered to be shot : Col. C. who was very humane obtained his pardon, but as it was wished to make a deep impression on his mind, it was arranged that the man should not be acquainted with the reprieve till he had undergone the terror of a supposed execution : he was therefore led out with all the usual ceremony, but most unhappily Col. C. by accident dropped his handkerchief and the men mistaking it for a signal fired, and killed the deserter : poor Col. C. was wholly overcome and exclaimed in bitterness of anguish “Oh ! God, the curse of Glencoe is upon me and mine.” Sir W. spoke much to us of the old Covenanters and related in the very words of old Peter Walker the pathetic story of the murder of Brown by Claverhouse : no recitation I ever heard so powerfully affected my feelings : after tea he read aloud a great deal from the scarce old tracts of Peter Walker, respecting “precious Mr. Peden” : there was much to interest and much which convulsed us with laughter, particularly the philippic of Mr. Peden against dancing of which Sir W. has made such good use in the Heart of Mid Lothian. Two great packets came by the

post from perfect strangers with the most unreasonable requests: one to present a petition to the King which filled four sheets of paper. Sir W. says these applications are incessant and that postage of this description cost him near £100 a year: this and the continual impertinent intrusions of tourists (often very slightly recommended) are part of the tax paid for his celebrity.

‘29th. A young English gentleman was killed at Aberlady in consequence of being told as a jest by the friends he was visiting near the place, to call out as soon as he came to the village, “Stick us a’ at Aberlady”: he did so, and the women rose and stoned him so severely that he died in consequence six weeks after. Many years ago a man of Aberlady detected his wife as an adulteress, and drove her out of the house pursuing her with a dirk: her neighbours interposed enquiring, “What gars ye gae to stick your wife?”—he related the provocation: “Hoot!—then ye may stick us a’ at Aberlady”—and this is now a by-word not to be spoken without mortal offence there.

‘The Fish wives of Musselburg, and Edinburgh are a singular race, they have customs of their own, and a custom to which they rigidly adhere: the husbands bring the fish to the water edge and go to their homes to refresh: the wives take the fish out of the boats, wash, sort it, and convey it to Edinburgh in great loads which they carry at their backs in creels, (baskets shaped like the French Hottes). They sell it and take the disposal of the money, the husband never having a penny but what his wife allows him. During the last war on an alarm of a French fleet being off the coast (which proved to be a Russian squadron) the fishermen went out gallantly in armed boats, and it was thought

fit to reward them: the city presented the fraternity with a large silver Punch bowl: at this the wives were much offended and waited on the Lord Provost in a body, their Queen at their head: she harangued him and said, "As *our Men* did the service, we ought at least to have had *some* of the reward." The Provost saluted the Lady, and a large gold brooch set with coloured stones value £40 was ordered and has ever since been worn by the Queen of the Fish wives on all festive occasions.

'Dwyer the Irish rebel was concealed in Sir Kevin's bed, a cave of most difficult access near the lake of Killarney: some soldiers suspecting it, climbed up in file, their bayonets between their teeth: he could have killed every one, but he sprung out and jumped over them into the lake, and tho' fired at repeatedly escaped.

'We talked of the catastrophe of the Master of Ravenswood: Major Scott saw three poor Irishmen and their horses ingulphed in a moment and disappear. When Sir Walter was once at the Holy Island and going to ride across with the gentleman he was visiting his careful old servant called him aside. "Mr. Walter, mind ye let the Saxon ride first."

'After breakfast we went to Eilden Hall, saw the Bogle Burn, Smaylholme at distance, and an extensive view over the Cheviots, the Carter Fell, Ruberslaw, the Liddesdale hills &c. Sir W. showed us a sheltered nook in the Eilden (which we nearly drove round) where the Covenanters used to meet for the prohibited preachings and prayings: the women sat on their side saddles, the horses being first unsaddled and bridled, and tethered: the men piled their arms in heaps in front to be ready for attack and sat behind: often they

were detected, severely wounded, imprisoned, and fined, but still they met: Sir Henry Scott of Merton, great Grandfather to Sir W. was fined £1500 (an immense sum in that day) because his Lady attended these meetings: he told the Commissioners he could not control her and begged to be released from the responsibility of managing her, but he was forced to pay the fine.

' We had much talk of the Highland customs and the 45. Cameron, son of Lochiel, when he returned from exile had a small farm restored to him out of the forfeited estate, but he had nothing to stock it with: in one night the poor tenants brought 400 cattle: if a man had but two, he gave his Chief one: the son of this Cameron, who now possesses all the estate, loves London and clubs, and grinds the descendants of these devoted creatures to gain high rents which he spends in England, while they are pinched with want, and many have emigrated to America: the young Lochiel his son, is of another mould and promises to be all that could be wished of the heir of that noble name. The head of the Grants is quite devoted to the duties of a Chieftain and popular beyond description. Six years ago there was a violent Election contest in Elginshire between the Grant and Lord Fife: the Sheriff had hard work to prevent open warfare and bloodshed: during the election, Lord Fife's people *abducted* a Baillie whose vote they knew would be given to their opponent: a report was raised in the Grants' country, that one of the Miss Grants, a maiden lady of 40 living with her sisters at Elgin, had been carried off: in one night 700 men gathered, all armed, some with pistols, guns, broad swords, dirks, and even scythes, and with pipes playing, marched into Elgin to the rescue of the

lady: instantly Lord Fife's men collected, and a fierce encounter seemed inevitable: the Sheriff however harangued both sides, went with the Grants to the house of the supposed missing Miss Grant, brought her out to convince them of her safety, and with great pains succeeded in procuring a surly peace: but then a new difficulty arose: neither party would move, because they would not be the first to turn their backs: after a long negociation it was agreed that the Sheriff should throw up his hat, as a signal at which both parties should begin their retreat.

'Glengary fractured his skull in leaping from a steam boat: some accident had occurred to the machinery, and he used every exertion to land the passengers, and then in jumping out fell on a sharp rock: he walked half a mile afterwards with his daughter and on reaching home and examining the wound said, "It is wide enough, but not deep enough to kill a Highland man": before any assistance could be had, and indeed in half an hour, he died, the skull being broken and pressed on the brain: his funeral was attended by more than 1500 persons, and he was carried to his last wild home, on the shoulders of his clansmen: it was winter, and they frequently went through torrents and streams up to their shoulders in water. When the Caledonian Canal was made, a part of Glengary's estate was in the way:—a black, useless moor not very extensive: a Jury was appointed to estimate the value: as soon as they were assembled, they saw Glengary approaching on horseback with four of his Dunne wassels and about twenty Gillies, followed by a dozen of his fierce Deerhounds: they did not much like the Array: Glengary warmly insisted on the value of the property, but in order to make it

more apparent told them they must cross a little Loch : before they had time to refuse he whistled loudly and three or four Berlings¹ with stout rowers, dashed round a headland : the Jury were bundled in *sans ceremonie* very much like sheep, and Glengary in great haste cut the girth of his saddle, tossed it into one of the boats and sprang after it, the horse swimming by : as soon as he was seated he began very coolly to mend his girth with some packthread : he rowed all round the Loch, expatiating on the great value of the property and the remuneration which he expected, and then took them to a little cove where good cheer and plenty of wine and spirits were provided : in short by these various means he obtained a valuation of £10,000, for what was to him worth *nothing* : it was objected to in the House of Lords, but Lord Melville remarked that Glengary would bring fifteen hundred witnesses to swear to the truth, and it passed.

‘An old Highlander aged 100 was presented to the King when at Edinburgh : he said, “I winna say I’m yuer Grace’s auldest subject, but I think I’m yuer auldest enemy” : (he had been active in the rebellion of 45.) The King was much pleased with him, and gave him a pension which he enjoyed two years, and which is now continued to his daughter.

‘Lord Melville had an old Gatekeeper who had also been out in 45 : when asked if he had been in England, he replied, ‘Ay, just as far as Derby—a fule business it was—I neither knew nor thocht about it till *he* called, (meaning his Chief)—I had just finished the barley and I was on the stack : sae I e’en slid down, cast off my lang coat, took to the short coat and

¹ A Berlin was a half-decked galley, or rowing boat. Vide *Guy Mannering*, chapter xl.—ED.

the Gun and awa', and for many a lang month I never saw home nor wife nor bairns : I'll never gae out again unless *he* calls " : (pointing to Lord Melville.)

'When Sir Walter first knew Liddesdale there were no roads except in the channel of the streams : the same application which Dandy makes to Pleydell, respecting the Law Plea, was literally and in the same words made to Sir Walter by a Liddesdale farmer, and he offended his client beyond reconciliation by refusing to engage in it. While he was collecting the Border Ballads he often rode 30 miles after one verse ; now, he says it would be impossible to find anyone that could repeat these old songs and legends.

'There is a road made to the top of Ruberslaw by a Dr. Douglas of the Cavers family which a coach and six may ascend : the Dr. was a Prebendary of Durham, and delighted, when he came to this country, in the drive, which he frequently took : a Mr. Scott lived with him as a sort of companion, and the Dr. had a passion for reading his sermons aloud to him : there was a sort of "paction 'tween them two," in the business : when the Dr. was in the mood for reciting, he ordered in a bottle of very fine Ale and produced the discourse, Mr. Scott during the progress of the discourse frequently turning the bottle before the fire while he listened : as soon as the sermon was ended, the Ale was drank, and if particularly good, Mr. Scott would say, " Ah ! Doctor you're in a happy vein to-day—that was the best discourse I've ever yet heard of yours : maybe you have another at hand," and the Doctor was ever ready to edify his friend, and ring for another bottle at the same time.

'There is a watchmaker at Jedburgh who has a very extraordinary genius for Mechanics : his tele-

scopes, watches and clocks are of the very first description, and he is nearly self taught: one day he ran into the street calling aloud to a friend—"I'm the happiest man in a' the world—I've just brought Lord Minto and Sir Walter to agree." "I did not know they had quarrelled," said the friend: it proved to be two timepieces which he was making for them: he came over to Abbotsford to consult Sir Walter about carrying on a lawsuit with his brother and was extremely enraged at being advised to make up the matter. "I'm thinking it is nae the business of a lawyer to *stap* a plea."—Sir W. reminded him that he was a reader of the Scriptures, where he would find that he ought to forgive his brother his trespasses."—"Aye, I've read the word often and often, and weel I know it, and I hae forgiven seventy time seven times, and sae noo I'll hae my ain."

'There is a secret chamber in Glamis Castle, the mystery of which is always reserved for the Owner, the next heir, and generally the confidential steward: many attempts have been made to find it out, by servants and even guests, but in vain, but no idea of its precise situation, or the means of access to it have been discovered. Captain Hamilton (author of Cyril Thornton) dined at Abbotsford to-day: he is a mild, quiet, agreeable man of very elegant manners and appearance, with a dark Spanish countenance and a very chivalrous figure: he seems out of health and has suffered much from the wounds he received in the Peninsular War: he is the last person who would be imagined to have written the comic part of Cyril Thornton or the diverting biography of Mansie Waugh.

'30th. Lady Johnstone (mother to the late Sir J.

Pulteney,) was present at an exhibition of rope dancing: the principal performer was singularly handsome and excited much interest in the ladies present. "Oh dear Lady Johnstone—he will be killed—he must be dashed in pieces!—oh! how can you sit so unmoved?"—"Ken ye, Jo, I care na," was her reply.

'Drove to Chiefs Wood, now inhabited by Capt. and Mrs. Hamilton: it is a sweet cottage surrounded by a garden and wild shrubbery, the Huntly Burn running through the small domain, and a path cut in the wood which clothes the sides of its steep banks: it was built by Sir W. for the Lockharts, and it makes him sad to see others occupy it. We walked through the wood to the house called Huntly Burn belonging also to Sir W. and tenanted by the Ferguson family: it is a good house commanding a fine view of the Eildon (under whose shelter it seems to stand), Melrose, the Tweed, and Cowden Knowe &c. We walked back through the plantations, visited the lake of Cauld Shields the bank of which is planted and looked across to Yarrow and to Ettrick: Sir W. pointed out Deloraine and much of the track of the Borderer who took his name from the property as described in the Lay.

'The two Miss Russels of Ashestiel, very agreeable women, and first cousins to Sir W. came to dinner: their father was a distinguished officer and stormed a fort in the Manillas with only a little drummer following, till he had made good his entry.

'The last Witch was burnt in Scotland on the Sunderland estate (owing to the folly and superstition of the Agent) as late as in the reign of George the 1st: she was quite superannuated and delighted with the crowd and the sight of the fire, and when tied to the

stake called out, "Hech sirs, here's a bonny grand fire to warm by, and sae many gude neebours to crack wi the while!"—her daughter who witnessed the execution brought a son into the world whose limbs were shrivelled and contracted as if they had been exposed to fire! Till his death which took place very lately, this poor object was supported by Lady Stafford.

'At the Scottish yearly assembly of divines there is often much violence of disputation. One Minister after being opposed by a very angry opponent got up and said, 'My reverend brother's answer reminds me of my wife's last dish of tea—very warm, and very weak.' A Clergyman of the name of Ramsay was chosen Moderator at one of the Assemblies: he had a neighbour Mr. Turnbull, a man of weight with the Assembly, who was in constant opposition to Mr. Ramsay on every occasion: there was a question which Mr. R. particularly wished to carry, but which he was sure Mr. T. and his party would defeat: it happened that the Lord Commissioner was prevented attending one morning from slight indisposition: Mr. R. rose, and proposed that a deputation should be sent with a compliment of enquiry, and as a mark of respect he named Mr. T. and a party of his friends: they swallowed the bait and set out for Holy Rood: the moment they left the assembly the crafty Moderator proposed the question, and carried it: but one of the Turnbull faction seeing how matters were going set off for Holy Rood and brought back Mr. T. at the head of his detachment, foaming with rage and heated by the haste they had made: he rushed in, and striding up to Ramsay called out, "I understand that an unfair use has been made of our absence, a measure has been proposed &c.—he was cut short by the Moderator replying,

“Tutti taittie, Tommy Turnbull, let us pray”—and the prayer began and Mr. T. of course was silenced.

‘There was a Minister of the name of Landie who had four sons bred to the church who had all been fortunate enough to procure livings: they were remarkable for the dullness of their sermons and prayers, but the father was vain beyond description, and conceived that the good success of all the set was owing to their merit: on their way to the Assembly, Mr. Landie and his four sons dined at Greenlaw, in the house of a very shrewd, independant old woman well known by the name of Luckie Buchan: after dinner, Mr. Landie swelling with importance at some carelessness in his Landlady’s deportment, called to her, “Ken ye Luckie wha ye hae the good fortune to entertain; here am I a placed Minister, and here are my four sons, ilk ane a placed Minister—did the like ever before befall ye?”—The old woman without ceasing from her employment in the house replied carelessly, “Hoot I ken na!—I mind I ha ance a Piper here, wi his four sons, a of them Pipers, and deel a spring could ane of them play.” Some years ago Sir W. asked her if she had made this keen retort. “Like eneuch,” she said, “he was sic a blithering, bleezing, bumming bodie.”

‘In Scotland there used to be only two professions to which the Gentry brought up their sons: the law and the army. A lady who had five sons was asked their destination.—“Oh! they’ll all be put to the sword.”

A Scotch gentleman went to Mass during a visit to the Continent but remained standing when everybody else knelt: the officiating priest happened to be a Scotchman, and without altering his tone he said as if it was part of the service, “Joak, and let the Law gae

by," a Scotch proverb implying "Yield to circumstances:" the Scotchman took the hint and knelt.

'Sir W. read to us in the evening a very striking scene from the "Lover's Pursuit," a play of Beaumont and Fletcher's: it is the appearance of the Ghost of a Landlord to two of his guests. We discussed the Pilgrim's Progress, the old copy of which, the delight of his childhood, he produced.

31st. Miss Douglas a lady of good family but small fortune engaged in business as a Milliner: she went to town in a public coach with her whole fortune £1000 about her to purchase a stock in trade: the conversation turned on highwaymen, and an old gentleman said he had left out a guinea or two to satisfy thieves if stopt, and had £20 well secured in the breast of his coat: they were stopt, and the highwayman not being satisfied with his booty, swore to search them. Miss Douglas addressed the old man who was a stranger to her as her husband; "Oh! my dear for mercy's sake do not let us be distressed and ill used; give the gentleman the £20 you have concealed in your coat"—of course this was complied with and the rest of the day's journey proved a cloudy one: but at night she called her fellow passenger aside, told him how she was circumstanced, and desired to reimburse him.

'We went in the Sociable through Darnick and alighted at the foot of the hill near Chiefs Wood: then walked above Huntly Burn through plantations into a newly made one which is named James Wood in compliment to Mrs. Major Scott: then through the Rhymers Glen, crossed a Burn and wound through the woods by the Pool where the Swan abides: (he goes by the name of "the Sherra's muckle Guse") a walk of at least four miles. The story of the Bride of

Lammermuir is strictly true : her name was Dalrymple ; the husband Dunbar of Dunbar¹ : the lover Hamilton² of Burganey : she died in three days after the catastrophe and never spoke word after saying "Tak up your bonny bridegroom."

'The father of the late Mr. Pringle of Yair was proud beyond all belief, and at all times much distressed for money : he lived in the old Tower of Whitebank keeping up as much state as he could, and making up for his privations by his extravagant opinion of his own consequence : when ladies came to call, he used to seat himself and call out gravely, "Come Lassies, come and kiss old Whitebank" : he was always under the necessity of borrowing, and his Attorney having negociated a sum of £300, sent his Clerk to get the bond signed : the old Laird received him with much state : "Sit ye down man : ye may sit in my presence :—read Man, dinna be feared—read, as if ye were only before yer ain Master—tak courage Man"—This last injunction proved not out of place, for when the Bond rehearsed the obligation of Alexander Pringle, Laird of Whitebank to repay Thomas Brown taylor of Melrose £300 on demand, the old man started up in an agony of passion, and bellowed out, "What Sir ! borrow of a taylor !—never—tak it away, out of my sight Sir !" &c. and it was not till the Attorney came over, himself, and assured him the money could not be had elsewhere, that he submitted : some time after, the taylor's wife died, and upon the strength of the Bond, and because the Pringles had

¹ This should be Dunbar of Baldon.—Ed.

² But was not Lord Rutherford the lover ? A Sir William Hamilton of Whitelaw is mentioned in the introduction to the *Bride of Lammermuir*. Miss Dalrymple was a daughter of Lord Stair.—Ed.

their burial vault elsewhere Mr. Brown ventured to deposit her in a vault in Melrose Abbey which had been formerly appropriated to that family : poor Mrs. Brown was not long permitted to enjoy her honourable grave, for in about a fortnight the news of this sacrilege reached old Whitebank and he speedily had her "houkit up" and removed to an humbler place of repose.

'Mr. Bruce of Clackmannan Tower, descended from Robert the Bruce, had a constant feud with Sir John Shaw his neighbour who was a staunch Hanoverian, while Bruce was equally zealous in the Stuart cause. A Falcon belonging to Sir John was shot in his absence from home, and his lady a proud, foolish woman, suspected Mr. Bruce to be the person who had destroyed it: she wrote him a very rude letter of accusation, concluding it with dictating an apology, which she said if Mr. Bruce would copy and sign, she would endeavour to conceal the offence from Sir John. Her messenger returned with a note inscribed, "To the honoured hands of my Lady Shaw, these humbly present:" on opening it she read, "Madam, I never shot the Falcon, but rather than make the apology your Ladyship has had the condescension to dictate, I would shoot the Falcon, Sir John, and your Ladyship also."

'Old Lord Auchinleck, Boswell's father, was very angry at his son's passion for strangers; "Jamie's gane clean daft—first he was demented about an old Landlouser called Paoli—and noo he has taken up wi an auld Dominie who keppit a schule whilk he called an Akeddemy." After the visit paid him by Johnson he tendered his son a shilling, saying: "There, Jamie tak awa yere bear—I've had eneuch o him." Dr. Johnson seems not to have consulted the old Judge's prejudices, for, knowing his politics, he began almost as soon as he

entered a famous attack on Cromwell, which the Laird repelled: the Doctor angrily asked, "What good could be said of the Usurper?"—"Ane good ye'll na deny; he taught Kings they had a lith in their necks, as well as their subjects." (a lith means a joint.)

'The Duke of Wellington was some years ago reported to have lost large sums at play, and he received applications from several rich Jews, offering to advance any money he might want, and stating the terms of accommodation which were exorbitant. The Duke replied in a note, assuring them with many thanks for their courtesy, that he had the pleasure to say he was in no want of the offered supply, but should be glad to furnish them with 60 or £70000 at the same rate of interest they had proposed to him. The Duke (Sir W. says) is a most agreeable companion and never says anything but what is to the purpose: has no waste words, no prosing, and has a strong taste for humour. If properly drawn out he will recount long anecdotes of his campaigns and with a clearness and precision which gives a perfect idea of the subject. The Duchess is too anxious to show her love and does not manage him well, her head being more in fault than her heart. (Yet should not the one excuse the other?)

'After tea we talked of Rob Roy, and Sir Walter was amused with my sort of feeling for him, while I in my turn accused Sir W. of having veiled poor Rob's faults so as to create a stronger interest for him than perhaps he deserved: it seems that Rob was not always disposed to fight, and has been known to decline it: once when Buchanan of Cambusmore picked a quarrel with him and challenged him.

'Sir W. intends next year to publish a new edition of the Novels with explanatory notes, yet he fears the

enormous Mass thrown on the market at the time of the fatal failure, "the unhappy bankruptcy which has cost me £50000,—may render this a bad speculation: but surely this fear is unfounded: how *very* interesting such a publication must be I can estimate from the manner in which he talks of his books and the anecdotes he mentions as the Ground work of his fictions.

'At a dinner given by Mr. Sotheby last Spring a large party of the Literati were assembled: of Mr. Coleridge's behaviour Sir W. gave us the following account. "After eating, as never Man eat before, and drinking with every person with whom he could possibly make an excuse to take wine, thrusting himself besides as Thirdsman whenever he saw two people drinking together; at last, when the cheese was brought on the table, he began in a most oracular tone, and without the least thing having been said which could have led to it, an Oration which lasted three quarters of an hour on the Samo-Thracian mysteries."

'*Aug. 1st.* The late Mr. Maturin¹ was profligate in expence and mean in his applications for pecuniary and literary aid: as soon as he obtained a sum of money either by his writings or by borrowing, he gave great balls and fêtes, indulged in eating quantities of Pine Apples, and as soon as possible exhausted his resources. Once when he gave a breakfast, he entered to the company with a red wafer stuck in the middle of his forehead: he made signs that he was not to be spoken to and soon retired and returned with the wafer taken off, and ready to converse: he said, that when he was in the act of composition he put on this signal to denote that he was not to be interrupted.

'Went with Sir Walter and John to Birg Cleuch a

¹ Author of *Melmoth the Wanderer*. — ED.

pretty farm on the Ettrick beyond Sunderland Hall and near Selkirk.

‘Lady Morgan’s sister has a knack of giving characters in verse: she was asked for her sister’s, and replied,

She is, though I say it, an excellent Artist,
A radical Jade, and a great Bonapartist.

‘When Sir W. was at Paris he received a deputation from the Dames des Halles, who presented him with a huge nosegay, and were splendidly attired: he luckily heard of the purpose of six ladies who had intended to crown him with flowers, at one of the Paris theatres, and had just time to avoid the *Scene* which was preparing, by staying at home.

‘In the year 1818 the Radical system shewed itself fearfully in Scotland, particularly at Glasgow where the disaffection was strongest: 1200 Yeomanry marched at an hour’s notice and not a soldier was left in Edinburgh Castle: by these prompt measures the mischief was quelled: but there was a considerable skirmish at Bonny Muir near Stirling, between about 12 Hussars and 30 of the Yeoman Cavalry, and a body of the Rebels well armed and amounting to a hundred in number, who were marching to raise the Canon workmen. When the troops came up the insurgents were posted as those of old were at the battle of Drumclog, with a bog in front, and defended by a stone wall. The Officer who commanded the party stopped to consider how they were best to be dislodged, and a Yeoman undertook to show the way thro’ the bog: over the wall they went, and shortly dispersed the Rebels, killing several, and wounding more: one man begged for quarter, which was refused by the Yeoman, who only three days before relieved him with three

forpets of meal at his door. Buchanan the Landlord of the Crown Inn at Penrith refused post horses to two London Delegates who were speeding to Glasgow to aid the work : they stormed and raved but he very quietly said, "I know your purpose and neither like that or your principles : you shall have no horses here—I have not stood by the Crown so long to desert it now," and they were forced to return for no other horses were to be had. During the worst of the alarm, the Magistracy of Glasgow sat up in parties in order to receive reports and give orders : they took care to be well supplied with creature comforts to which they were not averse : one night a constable came to announce that seven Pikes had been found in the Canal, and one of the Baillies desired that they might be instantly stuffed and dressed for supper : they were the Rebels pikes, of which immense numbers were made by Smiths who worked all night to compleat these dangerous weapons.

'Mr. Morrit of Rokeby, his two nieces, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton (he was Sheriff for Lanarkshire during the troubles above mentioned) and Capt. Anderson, Mrs. Hamilton's brother arrived. As might be supposed the conversation became more general and I almost grudged to hear anybody but Sir Walter : yet it was interesting to observe the manner in which he attended to every one, drawing out those who were disposed to be silent, and making everyone agreeable to his neighbour : he seemed the connecting band which united all around him in good will and cordiality : he is unrivalled as a Host, as in every other light.

'Capt. Anderson was at the siege of Acre, and has since been often in the Mediterranean station : he

speaks highly of the courage of the Turks on that occasion, and the gratitude which they expressed for the support of the English when he was stationed near them two years ago: it would be well if the Spanish and Portugese had some of this good feeling, of which the Turks gave the crews of our ships many proofs: of the Greeks, amongst whom he has lived five years, he spoke with abhorrence, as the most faithless and ungrateful people in the world.

‘Mr. Morrit described a fête lately given by that most absurd of women, the Duchess of St. Albans: the company were invited to assemble at nine: no one was present to receive them, and after walking about in the drawing room for a short time, the folding doors were thrown open, and at the end of a large apartment a green curtain appeared, which upon being drawn up discovered the Duke in the character of Hamlet: he spoke the Soliloquy and was then relieved by the Duchess who recited an address written for her by Mr. Roscoe thirty years ago when she was Miss Mellon. The Duke then reappeared without his black cloak and spoke the soliloquy in Cato: the whole closed by the Closet scene in Hamlet, performed by the Duke and Duchess, as Hamlet and the Queen, Miss Goddard the companion enacting the ghost, wrapt in a tablecloth and with a hunting whip in her hand, to indicate the masculine sex of the spirit: a very young man played Polonius and was killed by the Duke in due form.

‘When the King desired Princess Charlotte not to invite Lady Jersey to a party she gave, and declared he would not meet her, Lord Jersey asked an audience, and requested an explanation of a restriction which reflected so strongly on Lady Jersey’s character: the King professed his regard for Lord J. and his conviction

of his Lady's correctness, but added, "You must know the terms in which she speaks of me; I ask you as a man of honour, would you permit your daughter to invite, or would you meet yourself in society a person who spoke of you in the terms which I know Lady J. employs when she speaks of me?" Mr. Morrit said that when the news of the Victory of Waterloo arrived, an intimate friend of his had two ladies with her, who instantly cried out, "Good heavens! what will become of Lady Jersey—she will be in despair, we must go and see how she bears it." Mr. Morrit's friend who was well acquainted with her Ladyship, had the curiosity to accompany the enquirers: they found her drowned in tears, and in the very depth of affliction.

'2nd. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, and Capt. Anderson went away: the two latter are the grandchildren of the gentleman who showed Prince Charles the eastward path on the night of the battle of Preston Pans, which was the great cause of the success: the Captain told us more of the Turks, of whom he has seen so much, and confessed their cruelty to their prisoners, though he speaks well of their good faith in their dealings with us: he had to negotiate the ransom of 120 Turkish women (a whole Haram) belonging to a Turk of rank, who was employed by the Porte to receive a large sum from Ali Pacha: the sum demanded was 22,000 dollars, and the women were embarked in Capt. A.'s ship and by him conveyed safely to their Lord and Master: he saw five by stealth, the loveliest creatures imaginable: soon after, the Turk was suspected of having deducted the ransom of his women, from the sum remitted by Ali Pacha: the whole number of 120 were drowned by an order from the Porte, and the Turk had his choice of poisoned Coffee,

or the bowstring, which last he chose. A garrison of Greeks were taken: Capt. A. who some time after came into the Turkish harbour (I think Navarino) where the capture had been made, enquired what had become of the Garrison: he was answered that they were on a small island in the harbour: this was merely a bare rock without fresh water, and Capt. A. found only the skeletons of the wretched victims, mostly in the attitude of having crept down to drink the salt water: he was lucky enough to rescue five Greeks who were to have been strangled in an hour, by literally bullying the Pacha: he says the Greeks fully equal their neighbours in barbarity to their enemies: he had a young friend, Mr. Miller, son to one of the Lords of Session, on board his frigate, for his health: they put into a Greek harbour and were told a Turkish lady of some rank was to be sold for 30 dollars. Mr. Miller saw the Greek whose prisoner she was, and agreed to ransom her next day, not having so much money about him: Capt. A. and Mr. Miller accordingly returned in the Frigate's boat with the money, but on going to the Greek and asking for the poor woman, he very coolly answered, "I did not expect you would return—there she is." She was beheaded and they saw the body and the severed head in the court: at the earnest request of an old Turkish Lady Mr. Miller ransomed her daughter with the sum he had destined for the victim. I walked with Sir W. and Mr. Morrit to Chiefs Wood, and back by the Rhymers Glen which we explored to the end: it is hardly possible to see a more picturesque scene in miniature than this glen: the narrow path is close at the edge of the little burn, with high wooded cliffs on each side; it leads to a waterfall from which we climbed by rough steps up

the side of the Cliff to the woods above: two or three rude bridges and stepping stones enable you to cross the stream from time to time: it was some time before Sir W. could attain the purchase of this lovely spot, which belonged to a cross grained half crazy miser: the Duke of Buccleugh told Sir W. he would never be able to deal with a rogue and a madman: but he replied—"We'll see—he is a rogue,—I am a lawyer:—he is a madman, I am a poet." Lord Dudley who was one of the guests at Mr. Sotheby's condemned to hear Mr. Coleridge's oration on the Samo-Thracian mysteries exclaimed, "I am glad I have discovered the Summum Borum."

'We were caught in heavy rain which continued for three miles: Mr. M. left us to get home at a quicker pace but Sir W. and I were forced to proceed at a slower pace, walking through the paths of the plantation in file, very much like a duck and a drake, with the water running off our backs, till about half a mile from Abbotsford, when the clouds dispersed, and we had a lovely view of the valley each way.

'We found Mr. Hogg and Mr. Laidlaw arrived. Hogg is a very simple-mannered, pleasant person, much less rough in exterior than I expected, and has an open, good humoured face which must prepossess every one in his favour: he and Sir W. talked and laughed over the character of a Laird who they remembered living near Philiphaugh, and was known by the name of the daft Laird: he was riding through the Ettrick with his man behind him on a Poney: all of a sudden he called out, "Jock, I saw an Otter in yon Pool." In spite of a heavy fall of rain, Jock guided his poney to the spot, but after splashing, and plunging about some time while the Laird sat quietly

on his horse, he said, "I fear Laird we'll hae nae sport the day: I canna find trace o' the creature." The Laird replied, "Troth Jock, I'm thinking its na that likely, for it is twa and thirty years sin I saw him stravaging in yon pool." When the Laird's heir was hourly expected to be born, some giddy girls who were in the house, dressed a cat in the baby things and brought it down to the expecting father: he looked at it and said—"The bairn is well faur'd eneuch, but his mouth is unco near his nose."

'A few years ago Glengary was in great danger from a vicious Cow: Sir W. being in company with one of his Clansmen, remarked that the story would tell better if the beast had been a bull: "Oich," said the man, "it's a Bull nae doot, only she's just a calf wi' her."

'Sir John Ogilvie had a quarrel with a neighbour, and called on him to demand satisfaction; dinner was coming on the table when he arrived, and the master of the house unsuspecting of his errand invited him to partake of a roasted Turkey: Sir John, dined heartily, and drank in proportion, and then declared his business: the proposal was indignantly refused by his host: "Hoot! mon what are ye after—ye come and eat my Bubbly-Jock, and drink my Punch and then expect to ca' me into my orchard and spit me through like a Puddock—na, na, I'll hear of no sic havers."

'A Mrs. Johnson is author of the Saxon and Gael (of which Sir W. and Hogg spoke well) *Clan Albin*, *Meg Dods cookery book &c.* Mrs. Smith, a natural daughter of Lord Keith's, wrote the *Tales of the Moors*.

'In the evening while Mr. Hogg was conversing very eagerly in the drawing room, one of the Miss Morrits began to sing Venetian ballads in the library

of which the door was open: he listened very attentively for a minute and then looking up rather sorrowfully said, "Oh this is just Etawlian singing which I canna understand, but it will be coortesy to gang until the room and leesten: if it had na been a thing of ceveelity I had far rather sat and had our cracks here"—yet the Shepherd is a great proficient in Scottish music, plays on the Violin, and sings the ballads of the country, and composes many to the old airs: he gave us one of them in a very good style.

'3rd. After prayers which Dr. H. read to the family, Sir Walter took Dr. H. myself and John a ramble in the plantations. Mr. Hogg absented himself till dinner, and employed the time in visiting his old neighbours and his brother who is Sir W.'s shepherd: he never neglects an opportunity of showing kind attention to his early connexions, whatever may be the temptation in the Society at Abbotsford: it was rather singular to have him sent for from his brother's cottage where he had gone to sit an hour, on a summons to play at cards with the late Duchess of Buccleugh who was very partial to him.

'A very absurd French Count called at Abbotsford and had thrown himself into extacies, and uttered a thousand *betises* at sight of Sir Walter: he had taken it into his head that the Ettrick shepherd was in the service of Sir Walter, and his enquiries to the servants being rather confused, he was confirmed in his mistake and went in search of the Poet: he found Hogg (Sir Walter's shepherd) at the fold and astounded him by a warm embrace, and a torrent of expressions of esteem and admiration, half of which would have been unintelligible to a man much better versed in English idiom than his hearer was: as soon as the Count was

out of breath, and paused for a reply, Hogg very quietly adjusted his plaid and quietly said, "Ye're ow're (too) obleeing Sir—and I'm muckle yere debtor for a' yere ceveelities, but I'm wae to think ye'll be sorry to ken I hae na manner of right to receive them—for if it is for the sake of a matter of Pooetry, I must inform ye I never wrote a verse in my born days and I jalouse ye tak me for my brither for he's gayan at the verses."

'Moffat is chiefly inhabited by persons of the name of Johnston and Jardine: a poor woman came to the town late at night and asked relief from door to door: "Is there na good Christian that will tak compassion on a puir benighted bodie?—is there na good Christian that will open their doors?"—A person put out her head, "Na guid wife, we've na Christians in Moffat—we're a' Jardines and Johnstons."

'Sir Walter received a well written note sealed with black wax, respectfully asking his presence to attend the funeral of Ann Davidson, daughter to one of his labourers from the house to the church, (distant three miles) he intended going, and I was to have gone with him, but on referring to the note it was found that the hour was so far advanced we could not be in time: I should like to have seen him like Monkbarns laying the head in the grave:¹ he told us an anecdote which reminded me of the Witch women in the *Bride of Lammermuir*. Two old women whose office it was to lay out the dead were in the Churchyard when their Laird's son passed: he heard them say: "Hech, lass look to winsome Mr. Peter—he'll be a bonny corpse to streck": it so affected him, that he fell ill and died soon after.

¹ See *The Antiquary*, chap. x.; the phrase is 'carry the head to the grave.'—ED.

‘A Highland Laird ordered one of his people to be hanged : he was shy of mounting the Ladder : his wife called, “Hoot Mon, make haste or ye’ll anger the Laird.”

‘Some time ago a Puppet show was exhibited at Selkirk : some lads of Gala Shiels broke into the place where the puppets were kept and stole them, more from curiosity than the love of theft, but about two miles out of Selkirk they grew alarmed at what they had done, and left the puppets in the road : poor Punch, King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba with other worthies were seen in the grey of the morning by the Gudeman of Brig Haugh who was going to fold his sheep : he took them for the Fairies, and too much terrified to return (for he had passed them) he “raised the water,” as it is called, that is disturbed all the inhabitants of the Ettrick banks : the culprits were soon found out, brought before Sir Walter and made to pay for the frolic and the damage done to the robes of the puppets in the course of their Bivouac : Sir W. knowing that the country people are afraid to name the Fairies for fear of offending them, questioned the farmer for some time without obtaining a direct reply. “What did you take them for ?”—“I canna preceesely say what my thoughts were.”—“Come, come, did you think they were Fairies ?”—“Why, I’ll na deny that I did just gie a thought that they might be the gude Neighbours, but troth they were very grand little people.”

‘Sir W. often saw old Chisholm one of the Caterans who protected the poor Chevalier during his concealment in the Cave and when at his utmost need : four of these men provided for his sustenance and concealed him when the great reward was offered for his apprehension : Chisholm was a model of manly

beauty, six feet three inches high: in one of his excursions to forage for Charles he shot the servant of an English officer who was on the hunt for the wanderer: someone asked him if he did not sometimes think of the poor laddie whom he had shot—"Do I ever think of the bluid of the black cock I hae shot?" was his fierce reply.

'Not long after *Marmion* was published, a man wrote to Sir Walter saying he was about to open a public house near Sybil Gray's fountain and desired he would give him an appropriate Motto for his sign: Sir W. replied, it was already done by only altering one letter,

Drink weary traveller, drink and *pay*.

'Sir W. was in town during the latter part of the Queen's trial: one morning he was awaked early by a messenger who desired him to attend a Privy council which was sitting: when he arrived he was consulted on the Question how far the Duke of Hamilton's right as Keeper of Holyrood Palace extended; intelligence had been received of the Queen's intention instantly to go to Scotland and take up her abode in Holyrood house and the connexion with Lady Anne Hamilton left little doubt that the Duke would give every facility to a plan fraught with so much mischief. Sir W. said he did not think it could be safely opposed by force, but recommended sending an express with instant orders to put in fifty or sixty workmen to repair the palace, to paint some rooms and take up the floors of others and in short unfit it for the Queen's occupation: this was done, and the scheme was given up by the Queen.

'4*th*. Stuart of Stanton was one of the most active

partisans of Prince Charles : when the expedition under Wolfe went to Quebec he applied for a commission : a crowd of loyal expectants opposed it. "Did he fight well against me?" said George the 2nd : all agreed he was a most gallant soldier : "Then I'll try if he will fight as well *for* me," said the King and gave him a commission : he fully justified the confidence : in his passage home he had a quarrel with a brother officer, and they went on shore to decide the feud, on one of the West India islands : they fired their pistols without effect, and then began to hew at each other with their swords and dirks, for they were in the full Highland uniform : after about half an hour the other officers thought they had had time enough for the business and went to see after them : they were found on the ground, in a sea of blood, striking from time to time at each other, when they could writhe their bodies near enough : both recovered after long suffering from their desperate wounds : old Stuart used to put his hand under his wig and touch the desperate scars on his skull crying, "Whar were my twa hands, when I let the fellow mark me thus?"

'An old Clergyman named Pigot was preaching at Dunbar, and chose the subject of Jonah being swallowed by the Whale : when he came to the description of the Whale, he was puzzled : "Ye maun ken my brethren it is a deeficult matter to explain to ye what manner of fish this was :—it was a *grate* fish—a mighty and a grate one,—sic a fish as is not aften to be seen in these seas :"—a good old Fish wife who sat under him, and had listened with deep attention, wishing to help him in his difficulty, called out, "Aiblins, Mr. Pigot, it will be a Dunter :"—(a species of whale sometimes seen on that coast). Mr. Pigot in a tremendous passion,

replied, "Aiblins, ye're an auld *bitch* for taking the word of the Lord out of the mouth of his servants."

'At a diplomatic entertainment at Vienna given by Lord Castlereagh, by some unaccountable mistake Castor Oil was handed round instead of Chasse Café. Lady C. observing the wry faces made by some of the Plenipo's expressed a fear that the Liquor was not to their taste, upon which those of the second grade exclaimed, "Mais, c'est charmant, d'un gout exquis" &c. and many asked for a second glass to prove their sincerity.

'At a meeting of the Celtic Club, Sir W. saw so much Clan feeling excited, and so many hot spirits present that he resolved to stay to the end: it was well he did so: as soon as the Campbells left the room, McDougal of Lorn cried out, "Now these d——d Campbells are gone we'll sing the Battle of Inverlochy," on which a tall young man leapt up, clapt his bonnet on his head, drew his sword, and called out, "tho' I'm not a Campbell, I'm a friend to the Campbells, and the Battle of Inverlochy shall no be sang this night."—Instantly Lorn cried out "Dougal!" and his younger brother leapt directly over the table at one bound, drew his dirk and attacked the friend of the Campbells. Sir W. rose and by dint of strong remonstrance stopt the fray which threatened to renew the scenes of the olden time.

'When Miss Scott was in town last spring she went to see two Chinese Ladies who were exhibited; somebody told them who she was, and they instantly said, the greatest desire they had in the world, was to see Sir Walter Scott: he went and they would not let him pay at the door: this seems to me the greatest proof of his celebrity I have heard of.

‘At a trial at Carlisle Mr. Corbet a Scotch Barrister was in court, and some difficulty arising in the examination of a Scotch Pedlar, one of the English Counsel addressed the Judge, and told him they had the great advantage of the presence of a Scotch Barrister who could interpret: the Judge gladly availed himself of this and asked Mr. Corbet what a *Swatch* meant: (it means a pattern of anything:) Mr. C. dreadfully confused, replied, “My Lord a swatch means just a swatch, that is, a shaping.”—“And what is a shaping, Mr. C.?”—“Oh! a shaping my Lord, is just a shopping.” And the Judge gave up the enquiry.

‘Mr. Hogg and Mr. Laidlaw went early. At breakfast Sir Walter mentioned having visited a spot in Ross-shire, not far from the late Lord Seaforth’s (whose clan name is Capper Kay,) the scene of a dreadful battle between the McKenzies and the McDonalds in which all the former who were engaged perished. The day before the fight, a party of the Brodies (of McKenzie blood) came down to *Thig*: that is, when a wedding has taken place, the parties visit their kindred and friends, and expect, and do receive considerable presents. Kapper Kay bestowed a considerable number of cattle on his cousins but seemed not anxious to detain them: so, rather offended by what they deemed a slight, than propitiated by his munificent gift, they departed early in the morning, and soon met large bodies of the McKenzie clan, marching fully armed: on enquiry they learnt that a battle was to take place between that clan and the McDonalds: the Brodies were still more incensed at not having been invited to join the fray, but they turned back with the rest: as soon as Lord Seaforth saw them he said, “I’m sorry to see you here again, I did not wish to bring you into the fight

and therefore would not have you told of it : but since ye are come, ye must take the fare provided." The McKenzies were all cut down but a few, and these escaped to a precipice hanging over the river Dream, and took refuge in a large Birch tree : their merciless foes followed hard, killed all they could reach, and then cutting down the tree, precipitated the poor remains into the gulph below. Sir W. and Mr. Morrit have often heard the singular prophecy in the Seaforth family, (so singularly fulfilled) years before it happened and have heard the old Lord say, pointing to his two noble-looking sons, "these Laddies will bear me out still, and give the lie to the prophecy : " but in a few months of each other they died, and "the Lassie from over the seas" possesses the estates. The prophecy was as follows made by an old man named John who lived about 100 years ago on the estate. "When the Chief of the Frazers and the Chief of the Chisholms are born half witted and Mackenzie of Garloch will have a back tooth ; the chief of the Mackenzies will be born deaf, sell his gifted lands to strangers and bury all his sons : a Lassie from over the seas will have possession of all."

'Lord Seaforth was stone deaf and when he imagined he was whispering, often spoke loudly : once at a party he stood near Mr. Morrit by a card table, and putting on an air of mystery, and holding his hand close to his mouth he roared in Mr. M.'s ear, "I'll tell you a d—m—d good story of that ugly old crone in the blue gown," and as he believed he spoke in a whisper, was much surprised to see Mr. M. dart away into the next room for fear of hearing the remainder. This want of ear might have proved fatal to him during the riots of 1789 : he walked about with a military friend

in the midst of the Rioters, bawling loud enough for the mob to hear, while he thought he was giving confidential counsel—"My dear friend, it is of no use to spare these d—m—d eternal villains—by all means cut down every mother's son : they'll not stand a charge—fire upon them, you'll see how they'll run " &c. &c.

'Mr. Morrit told me he was at the Wanstead sale and followed a pair who were looking at the pictures : this is the dialogue : "My dear, what is No. 54 ?"—"King Charles the 1st my dear, by Vandyke." "No my dear, that can't be—it can't be a King, he has no crown on."—"But recollect, King Charles abdicated."—"Oh ! true, I remember now." Another time he met at the exhibition of Lord Lansdowne's statues a good couple who were going the round in like manner. "What is that queer looking thing—No. 1 ?" asked the wife. The old man put on his spectacles, and read "A *Spinx* in Bay Salt." A housekeeper at Lord Scarsdale's showed a picture representing a concert and people drinking wine : she did not know the Master, or what to call it : a gentleman told her it was a Paul Veronese : next time she went her round she said "I don't quite know the story, but it is St. Paul very uneasy." At Raby castle there is a large picture representing the Rape of Proserpine, with the field of Enna, a groupe of attendant nymphs, and Pluto bearing off his prey to a chariot drawn by four black horses breathing flames from their nostrils : in the catalogue it is called the Rape of the Sabines.

'The tutor of Gordon came to Edinburgh and was put into a Sedan without a bottom : he went down the High Street knocking his knees against the sides at every step, and remarked "that if it was na for the honour he had rather have walked." The gathering tune of the

Breadalbane is called Boduchan Brecham (the man with the breeches :) that air having been played when the clan were giving way in a fight, it encouraged them to rally again : when Sir Samuel Shepherd¹ joins the Celtic Club, he is the only man allowed to appear out of the Highland costume, and the band always plays Boduchan Brecham.

‘At a meeting of sports at St. Fillan, a great Chieftain appeared in an English dress : his health was drank with this addition, “May we soon see his Posteriors.”’

‘Sir Walter attended the funeral of an old Mrs. Scott of Gala : he said it was interesting to see her foster brother, an old man upwards of 91 and the Gardener stone blind and more than 90, following to the Grave. I walked through the western plantation on the banks of the Tweed. Capt. and Mrs. Hamilton, Miss Otley and her brother came to dinner, and about an hour before, a Russian of rank (we could not catch his name) arrived : he had preceded his letters of introduction, but Sir W. perceiving him to be a perfect gentleman, and well known to some of his friends, invited him to stay : he proved remarkably agreeable, and spoke English well : he told us all Sir W.’s works are translated into Russian and rival editions printed at Moscow and Petersburg. He had been under Secretary of State during many years of the Emperor Alexander’s life, and had estates near Saimka on the Wolga : he was with the poor Queen of Prussia when Napoleon met the Emperor at Tilsit, and witnessed her suffering when obliged to go there : he spoke of her with great feeling and enthusiasm : he said, that almost every evening she sang and played on the

¹ Chief Baron of the Scottish Exchequer.—ED.

Guitar, but the airs were always mournful : the present Empress of Russia tho' very lovely, does not resemble her mother, her countenance wanting the peculiar sweetness which he says he never saw in any other face.

‘ When Sir Walter was in London in 1814 he was introduced to Platoff: they had some conversation if so it may be called, in dumb show, for they had no common language, but they contrived to be pleased with each other. Afterwards when Sir W. was in Paris, and walking on the Boulevards, he heard a galloping of horses, and turning round saw the Hetman dashing along, with his long spear in rest, and followed by six or seven wild looking Cossacks: as soon as he came near, he reined his horse up so tight that he stood on his hind feet, threw himself off, gave his bridle to one of his attendants, ran to Sir W. embraced and kissed him on both sides of his face, and almost instantly remounting, rode off like a whirlwind.’

CHAPTER X

DIARY OF THE JOURNEY HOME IN 1828

5th. Left Abbotsford to our infinite regret. Sir W. would see us take our early breakfast. To Kelso 18. I had taken this drive when last in Scotland but a second view confirmed me in my opinion of its extreme beauty. Dryburgh, Merton, Little Deanstower, Smaylholme Crag, Makeston, Fleurs, the old ruined walls of Roxburgh Castle, all attracted us: the junction of the Teviot and Tweed at Kelso is magnificent, and the two bridges very handsome. Kelso itself with its open Market place, its thriving appearance and the fine ruins of the old Abbey, is a very interesting place: we found it in all the throng and bustle of an immense fair, to which hundreds of people were crowding from every direction: a large meadow on the banks of the river was crowded with tents, and everything wore an appearance of gaiety and pleasure: but to us it had nearly proved otherwise, for not a post horse was to be had: luckily the coach to Newcastle came in with vacant places, which we insured without loss of time and arrived at Newcastle a little before ten, 70 miles: the stages, Cornhill, Wooller, Whittingham, Welland bridge and Morpeth: as far as Coldstream the road runs by the side of the Tweed, and there are fine views of the Cheviots to the south, and to the north the bold ruins of Horne Castle: at Cornhill we entered England:

the country from this place is very agreeable, though wild ; the Cheviots stretch on the right for many miles ; Ford Castle (the seat of Lady Heron in Marmion) a very magnificent looking place to the left a few miles before you reach Wooller : two or three ruined towers and Peel houses, Poreys Cross, and Poreys Leap give interest to the journey and carry you back to old times : at six miles from Whittingham the road runs over high wild hills and we had a very extensive view of the Sea as far as Tynemouth : Flodden edge 6 miles from Cornhill is now ploughed up and planted at the top : I looked in vain for Sybil Gray's fount : Halidon Hill was pointed out at two miles from Wooller, and certainly the whole drive has the interest which association of ideas must give on spots where such scenes of strife and bloodshed have been acted. Nothing can be more wild than the views to the west—the eye carries you into the very heart of the Cheviots, a succession of round, heavy, barren elevations which reminded me of the description given in Rob Roy, and I could not help tracing in my mind Frank Osbaldistone's journey when under the guidance of Andrew Fairservice.

'At Welland bridge we crossed the Coquet, a busy river, swoln by the late rains. Morpeth is a dismal, dirty place, the only ornament of which is a splendid new Gaol : a gentleman in the coach spoke to a Grazier at Morpeth, who attends the great sheep markets there every week : he lives at 62 miles distance, near Selkirk and rides this over the Carter Fell in a day and returns the following day. We passed a great blazing Coal pit and saw numerous fires in the east.

'6th. Walked out in Newcastle before breakfast : the streets are broad, but we saw no very handsome

houses: it has a look of Birmingham, from its smoky atmosphere and dingy brick buildings. There is a handsome church of which the tower was repairing. A new Gothic Gaol was seen at the end of the street. We were much deceived respecting horses, and after waiting two hours, and hearing a succession of lies from Landlady, Waiters, Ostlers, and Boots, we discovered that neither chaise nor horses could be had: the Assizes were to begin to-day, and every conveyance was in requisition: we therefore availed ourselves of a good coach to Durham, and set out at 10. The drive of 14 miles is pleasant. After crossing the Tyne, we climbed a very steep ascent through the dirty, mean town of Gateshead: the part of Newcastle which we drove through before we reached the bridge was very like Shrewsbury, and many of the houses were very old. When we gained the hill beyond Gateshead, the view to the west was very good. We saw a long reach of the Tyne to the north, and drove on the edge of a rich valley interspersed with woods and handsome seats: Gibside and Ravensworth Castle the most conspicuous: the latter is large and modern gothic:—as far as we could judge at the distance from which we saw it, not in the best taste, at least it had none of the massy, *real* grandeur of Lumley Castle which we saw four miles farther on the left: this gives the reality of ancient Baronial splendour, but it is less ornamented than its turretted and battlemented neighbour. The descent to Durham answered the expectations which the many views I have seen, all taken from the same spot, had raised: here fresh difficulties beset us: the departures *from* the Assizes here, were as fatal to us as the Arrivals at Newcastle: neither chaise nor post horse was to be had: at last Dr. H. ferretted out a sort

of Car, and while it was preparing we visited the Cathedral and the College in which the Deanery and the Prebendal houses are situated: they form a long square, and some are very handsome: the Cathedral is undergoing a large repair both within and without. The Choir is finely carved and the great Aisle has immense Saxon pillars, scored in a very singular manner: I do not know that the effect is so good as if the stone was plain, but altogether it is a noble edifice, tho' far inferior to Winchester, York, and some others which I have seen: at the east end there is a large and very curious Chapel, divided by Arches running across and all scored like the great pillars in the church. Our vehicle was none of the most commodious and in pity to the poor, but willing horse, who I suspect had seldom known the luxury of corn, John walked nearly all the way to Harperly Hall, and as we were three hours in going the 12 miles he kept up, and at last distanced us. The drive was however extremely pleasant, and being hilly, gave us good views of the Valley of Wearsdale: we passed Brancepeth Castle, a noble place, recently enlarged, but so judiciously, that but for the slight difference in the colour of the stone, it can hardly be perceived: about a mile from Durham we went over the ground of the battle of Nevilles Cross. Bishops Auckland was visible at about seven miles distance from Durham, and many handsome seats. Harperly Hall is very well situated on a bank above the Wear: the woods on the opposite side, the pleasant cultivated country which it overlooks, the fine garden, the thriving plantations and shrubberies make it a very desirable residence. Mr. Wilkinson has a coal pit of his own very near the house, but not seen from it: the whole country is full

of pits between Newcastle and Durham and to the east of the city, and the distant views are deformed by the clouds of dense smoke which I think must affect the purity of the air.

‘7th. We walked in the Gardens. The Dean of Chester (the celebrated Dr. Phillpotts) and his daughter called: he is one of the most agreeable persons I have met with; his conversation lively and spirited, and his manners kind and courteous: he read a passage in the last book of Marmion so very beautifully that I wish Sir Walter could have shared the gratification we received.

‘8th. Prevented by bad weather from walking beyond the West Lodge which opens to the turnpike road to Wolsingham. Called at old Harperly Hall, now inhabited as a farm. A pretty vale opens round to the West, down which the Wear comes sweeping, but after passing Wolsingham which is seen at about three miles distance the country appears very wild and dreary.

‘9th. The Dean of Chester dined here, and confirmed us in our opinion of his agreeable manners, and extraordinary talents: he met the old Bishop of Norwich last May, who had for some time been very shy of him on account of his writings on the Catholic Question: the Bishop was then in great elation at the proceedings in the house and said, “I have but one wish in the world and this is to see the Pope triumphant, and it is likely to be accomplished”—“Yes,” replied the Dean, “you would then have another wish, and that would be, to be the Pope yourself.”

‘10th. We went to Bishops Auckland in time for the service at the castle and called on the Bishop and Mrs. Vanmildert: the distance is 6 miles and the road

is very hilly, but has pleasant views of Wearsdale. The Castle and all about it is splendid—the Chapel, newly repaired, is large enough to contain a considerable congregation: indeed the Bishop's own dependants are numerous enough to make a congregation. I hope he does not dislike as much as I should having a long black satin train borne all across his own passage and through his drawing room to the chapel, or the obligation of having six horses to his carriage if he wants to go into Durham: there is much unavoidable expence attending the situation, much that is perfectly proper and becoming, but by Mrs. V.'s account there is a great deal which might be avoided without detriment, or impeachment to liberality, and which now only tends to encourage idleness, and in many instances amounts to downright peculation: she says the whole income of the See hardly suffices to support the expences: at every Assizes the reception of the Judges alone cost £600: a great many people have obtained a footing in the palace on this occasion, who have no right to do so, and yet the Bishop knows not how to break through the abuse: the daily consumption during the Assizes was a Buck and a half, a Bullock, besides sheep, veal, and every sort of poultry in proportion: there are very fine single portraits of the twelve Patriarchs, by a Spanish Master, in the dining room, purchased by the late Bishop and left by him to the See: each one is in a different dress, and Simeon is so wrapt in skins that I do not much wonder that the Durham Squire took him for Robinson Crusoe, according to Bishop Barrington's account to Sir W. Scott. The terrace is fine and there is a charming walk, which crosses the little river by a pretty rustic bridge just rebuilt, for the stream tho' narrow is impetuous,

and about a fortnight ago, carried this away, and another bridge: it is however a beautiful feature in the Park, and runs under a high broken scar, partly planted, with frequent falls and windings, till it joins the Wear soon after quitting the Castle grounds: the deer house is a very picturesque building in the form of a tower with a range of open cloisters.

‘11th. Left Harperly: at Witton le Wear cross the Wear: Witton Castle to the left 3 miles from Harperly: at Leghs Cross on the top of the hill three miles further a fine view of Tees Dale, at this spot it is said James 1st stopped to contemplate his kingdom of England when he came from Scotland: fine view of Raby Castle to the West: to Piercebridge where we crossed the Tees and entered Yorkshire 11 miles. To Catterick bridge over the Swale 11 miles: fine view of country towards the East; the Cleveland hills in distance: the view also fine towards Barnard Castle. To Loaming Lane 11.—the views still rich and fine on each side: we saw Roxberry Topping at great distance. To Ripon 10—cross the Yare and the Nid, and the view at each bridge agreeable. To Harrogate 11. Lord Grantham’s seat Newby to the left—pass through Ripley a small town nearly rebuilt by Sir W. Ingilby, and the best possible specimen of good taste: the cottages stand in groupes, all in the gothic style, and built of the fine stone of the country: the Studley woods to the right: the country less interesting, and really ugly near Harrogate which is situated on a bleak, staring common. To Leeds 16 miles: seven miles from Harrogate cross the Wharf over a beautiful bridge, the river fine with a fall: the old ruined castle of Harewood and fine woods on the opposite bank: a mile farther a noble view of Harewood House, and

Park to the right. Leeds is an immense, dirty, smoaky town.

'12th. After breakfast proceeded to Wakefield 9 miles: crossed the Air at Leeds: for the first two miles or rather more all is dirty suburb, manufacture and coal pits: yet the country seen through the cloudy atmosphere is fine: Temple Newscam (Lady Harcourt's) to the right. About Wakefield the views are very good: a high ridge of hills to the south west (probably those of the Derbyshire Peak:) the town of Wakefield is old and the church spire very handsome: a beautiful little Gothic Chapel on the bridge over the Calder as we left the town, built by Edward 4th in memory of his father Richard Duke of York. The ruins of Sandal Castle very small and half hid by woods on the right two miles from Wakefield. To Barnsley 10—the same style of country, chearful, habitable full of good seats, well wooded and watered, but not sufficiently marked to leave distinct impressions on the memory: passed Sir W. Pilkington's on the left with a fine artificial piece of water, and Mr. Wentworth's (the great bankrupt) to the left. Barnsley is situated on a very high hill, and is a large thriving town with great linen manufacturies. We saw much out bleaching. To Ravensfield Park 13: we went through Wombwell and Wast two large and pleasant villages, and had beautiful views all the way: this is by far the finest part of Yorkshire: the country is broken by small hills, and it is well wooded: we crossed the Don at about two miles and a half from Doncaster to Sheffield: saw the Woods of Wentworth (Lord Fitzwilliam's) and a pillar in the Park, and more distant Wentworth Castle, both to the right. Thrybergh, a very handsome seat, surrounded by fine woods, is a

beautiful object from Ravensfield Park, but Ravensfield is in all respects one of the most delightful places imaginable: the scenery of the Park is singularly varied: there is a deep dell, partly wooded on one side, with a high crag above it, and a chain of fish ponds at the bottom so managed as to give the idea of a considerable Lake: the other side of the dell is a green slope with Fern, and ornamented by large trees at intervals: from the higher ground the views over the country are very fine.

‘13th. Walked three miles to Conisborough Castle: the ruins are very considerable, and stand on an eminence above the Don, which winds through a lovely, narrow valley, the banks clothed with woods and broken by rough ground covered with fern and low shrubs: the keep of the castle is perfect except the roof, and is a massy tower of immense strength. A steep and giddy flight of stone steps leads from the outside to an arched door way on the second story: from it you look down on the first floor, and beneath it is the dungeon which is so deep that the bottom is not visible: as the floors are all gone, the only means of gaining the stair cases in the towers, is by creeping along a sort of cornice which runs round the whole at the division of each floor, and by the same means the top may be reached where the walk is broad and the view extensive: the castle ditch is full of trees, above which this noble keep rises high: the village of Conisborough is neat, and has some houses of a better description in it: a lovely view of the most extensive kind is obtained from a hill about half a mile further on the road to Doncaster: to the east the Yorkshire Wolds stretch to great distance: the town and tower of Doncaster: several fine seats rising out of deep

woods, (Sir I. Copley's in particular,) the vale of Don and the river winding through it:—to the North high ground and richly cultivated Scenery, with Wentworth, and Thrybergh. Westward the boundary is the Derbyshire hills, the woods of Ravensfield from a second distance, and directly under the eye is the sweet scenery of Conisborough: it was impossible not to think of *Ivanhoe* and *Athelstan* and to trace in imagination the road by which the supposed dead man came dashing along to join his own funeral feast.

'14th. Left Ravensfield after Luncheon. To Sheffield 10 miles. Pass through Rotherham a pleasant town, the Don runs close to it, Sheffield is one degree better than Birmingham, which is as little as can be said in praise of any place, but I think it has not such a sordid dinginess, as that abominable town presents. To Chesterfield 12. I recollect nothing that left any impression on my mind, but the Steeple of Chesterfield which is bent in a manner to appearance most alarming, but has been in the same state these forty years, and a noble Newfoundland dog in the inn yard. To Alfreton 10 miles. About six miles from Chesterfield the country improves: a very lovely valley with two good seats to the right: we passed many coal works and iron founderies. To Derby 14.

'15th. To Burton upon Trent 11 miles. A good view of Derby at a mile distance. Country chearful: Newton Socney, a large white house on a high hill to the left. Cross the Dove at 8 miles. To Lichfield 13: here John left us to go to Boscobel. To Birmingham 16. Went to the play to see Macready in *William Tell*.

'16th. To Oxford through Warwick 63 miles. Our horses met us here and brought us home by half past nine.

CHAPTER XI

LAST LETTERS AND RECOLLECTIONS

THE second visit of Dr. and Mrs. Hughes gave no less of mutual satisfaction than the previous one to host and guests, and during the few remaining years of Sir Walter's life the correspondence continued between himself and Mrs. Hughes with breaks only caused by his increasing ill-health.

The translation spoken of at the beginning of the next letter was a translation into French of 'The Fair Maid of Perth.' Sir Walter had given Mrs. Hughes copies of translations into French of many of the novels when she was at Abbotsford.

'MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I add [to] your collection another translation as you seemed to like those which you cleared my hands of. I cannot tell how kind I felt your visit and how much I am obliged for your patience with wet days and slow movements. Alas! with every wish to make my weather & pace agreeable to my friends I have now as little power of mending the last as of improving the first. My

Jog on, jog on the greensward way

is degenerated into a sad hobble; but while I can get good friends to keep me company I will not greatly regret it.

‘All are well here ; dogs women and men—only Tom Purdie has cut his foot with an axe, so I want for a time his prop and stay. We have had a very pleasant visit from the Miss Ardens who filled the blank of evening melody which you left behind you. . . .

‘Believe me always

‘My dear Mrs. Hughes

‘yours most faithfully

‘WALTER SCOTT

‘Sept 4th Abbotsford

‘1828’

The mention of ‘Trulls’ at the beginning of the next letter refers to some small, thick Berkshire cheeses, so called in the local tongue, which Mrs. Hughes had sent the year before. By this time the authorship of the famous novels was public property, and it is interesting to note the quaint, unapologetic attitude in which he refers to the truth, which he had denied, being forced out of him. The ‘best news’ of the letter, as he says, consists in the wonderfully better account of his grandson’s health.

‘MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I sent to the residence in Amen Corner not one book “as big as all dis cheese” but some score or two of books as big as a score of Trulls ; they form the continuation of the translations of which you were kind enough to accept the first series. About these novels you know my feelings are something like those of Macbeth

I am afraid to think on what I’ve done

Look on ’t again I dare not.

As however the course of things have return’d them to be my property, I have thoughts (though it is a *great*

secret) of making a revised edition with some illustrations. Amongst them I think of inserting the account of the affair of Cumnor Hall from Ashmole's antiquities of Berkshire; but to this I would like to add some notice of their present state, & of any traditions which may be still current about them, & for this material addition I must trust to Mr. John Hughes' and your kindness, as also for some thing, no great matter what, about Wayland Smith's stone; there is no hurry about this, and in the mean time I beg the favour of you to say nothing about the plan as I do not wish to lower the value of such copies as may be still in the Booksellers' hands, which an annunciation of my intention might perhaps do. They are now getting very low in number, though the market was inundated by the sale of the roguish bookseller's great stock. We must try to make the new edition superior by illustrations and embellishments, as a faded beauty dresses and lays on a prudent touch of rouge to compensate for want of her juvenile graces. Your kind assistance in this matter will oblige much your indebted friend; the thing is really of very considerable importance, and if it succeeds will do much to rub off old scores incurred by the bankruptcy of my publishers.

'Poor Alan Cunningham was like to lose one of his Cadetships by Lord Melville's removal to the Admiralty, but Lord Ellenborough has most handsomely engaged to make it good.

'I dined with the Ettrick Shepherd, and an excellent rural feast we had; he had not forgotten your kindness. On that occasion I visited my old acquaintance, the Grey Mare's Tail, in a tremendous storm of wind and rain. The path was a perilous one but the sight of the torrent tumbling from an immense height into a

bottomless cauldron swelled by rain, and contending in its fall with a tempest of wind, was very grand; indeed the solid rock on which we stood rocked to the roar of wind and rain. I wished you to have seen it.

‘But my best news you have probably already heard which is the apparent renovation of poor Johnnie’s health, which I know you would learn with as much pleasure as any of his nearest friends; he is allowed to walk upright, and the spinal affection is said by Dr. Brodie to have ceased altogether.

‘Adieu, my dear Mrs. Hughes. Remember me most kindly to the dear and respected Doctor and to Mr. John Hughes. Your visit made us so happy that we cannot renounce a hope of its being renewed in spite of the recollection of the Steam Kettle.

‘Yours my dear friend with sincere respect & regard

‘WALTER SCOTT

. . .

Abbotsford Octr. 9th or 10th 1828’

Mrs. Hughes had sent Sir Walter an account of the Uffington legend of Wayland Smith for the new edition of ‘Kenilworth,’ together with some anecdotes of Cumnor Hall. Terry was still in trouble, and in spite of all the efforts of his good friends they did not succeed in extricating him.

‘MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES Your active benevolence starts the game while others beat the bush. I think the Benefit is the best thing that can be devised for poor Terry! I have not the least interest with the dramatic sovereigns of the day; my old friends of the theatre are gone with John Kemble or become old with his marvellous sister, and I have not been even in a

London theatre perhaps for ten years except the ill-fated Adelphi. I cannot say I have room for thinking that Terry had hard usage from his partner. His misfortunes were solely, so far as I could see, originated in his undertaking an enterprize requiring a free capital while he was under the necessity of meeting hourly a quantity of secret debt which was becoming daily more heavy by the addition of interest to principal. But the public always like to relish their benevolence towards an individual by making his misfortunes the medium of blaming some other person, so that their charitable feeling may have the flavour of a little scandal to take off its insipidity. All I could [do] would [be] to send my mite, and to try to scribble some doggrel by the way of prologue or epilogue. Good puffing might certainly be commanded and with the assistance of such I think a good thing might be made out for him. We might then try Edinburgh, where I think £100 or two might be [obtained]. I fear sadly his playing days are done.

‘The notes upon Wayland etc. are exactly what I want and make my task an easy one. For once you have told me of

a wood

Where a wood should not be.

I know few positions which trees do not ornament but to plant out the curiosities whether of nature or antiquity is certainly a great mistake. I remember old Lord Abercorn, the uncle of the late Marquis excluding with great care from his walks & points of view, Gazebos & so forth, the fine old ruin of Craig Millar Castle which he termed a common prostitute, the beauties of which were seen all over the country.

‘The cheeses are arrived, and are excellent. They are some comfort to us in coming from the country, which we left with great reluctance on Tuesday last. So, like Ossian’s, my dogs are howling in my empty hall. Christmas comes however with its blazing logs, fat beef and brown beer, and we look forward to Abbotsford once more. I forget if I had begun my manufacture of flakes (not flakes of wood) which Highlanders call Leggals and English hurdles. I made up about five or six hundred of them out of the young larches, weedings of my plantations, and I am happy to say they are selling very *bobbishly*; the amount is a trifle but seems to promise future sales which will be every year more important.

‘Pray remember me most kindly to the Dr. & Mr. Hughes. The brace of Annes send kind remembrances, to which pray dear Mrs. Hughes add my kind compliments.

‘Always most truly

‘yours,

‘WALTER SCOTT

Edinburgh 15 Nov 1828’

In the letter that follows, and again later, Sir Walter refers a good deal, and in a way that shows how much the horror and the human interest of their inhuman crime attracted him, to the murders committed by Burke and Hare. It was not merely as a student of human nature that he took a peculiar interest in them, but rather that the whole of Great Britain, and more especially Edinburgh, was at that time full of the case, with a sort of astoundment that such unsuspected possibilities could exist in our human nature, even in its most brutal degradation.

DEAR MRS. HUGHES I am delighted that you & the good Doctor approve of the picture. It has one great advantage over the original that such as it is it will remain while I myself feel strongly increase of infirmity with increase of time. I hope it is only this cold weather which benumbs me but I feel my lameness, which used to be little more than unsightly, is gradually increasing, and my walks have been much shortened since I saw you. But I should rather be thankful for the strength which I have enjoy'd under such adverse circumstances than surprised at its not being continued to the end of the Chapter. That my hands may not laugh at my feet I have turned child again and taken chilblains which almost prevent me from holding the pen. So much for grumbling; for the rest we are all as well as possible amid a scene of sickness; a typhus fever is almost universal here chiefly amongst children of the higher ranks who one would think secure from the disease by good living and healthy habitations; but so it is—and the disease does not affect the lower ranks whose dwellings and diet one would think expose them to such a scourge.

‘In the mean time we have the horrors of the West port to amuse us, and that we may appear wiser than our neighbours, we drive in our carriages filled with well dress'd females to see the wretched cellars in which these atrocities were perpetrated, and any one that can get a pair of shoes cobbled by Burke would preserve them with as much devotion as a Catholic would do the sandals of a saint which had pressed the holy soil of Palestine. I suspect Justice has done her best or worst to avenge these enormities, and one's natural feelings revolt to think that so many of the perpetrators must escape punishment. But you must recollect that

it is a thousand times better that the greatest villain should escape than that public faith should be broken or the law wrested from its even tenour for the purpose of punishing them; & the Lord Advocate could not have convicted Burke without the evidence of Hare & his wife, and even succeeded with difficulty, having their support. To break faith with the wretch would be to destroy, in a great measure, a great barrier which the public has hitherto enjoy'd against crime from the want of reliance of the wicked on each other. Hare therefore I fear must be left to the vengeance of heaven, unless the rabble were to make another Porteus job of it. I did not go to the scene of action, although the newspapers reported me one of the visitors. . . .

‘I am always with kindest wishes

‘Dear Mrs. Hughes

‘Your truly obliged

‘& faithful

Edinburgh

‘23 January

‘1829

‘WALTER SCOTT.

‘All the good wishes of the new year attend you & yours.’

The ‘valuable & much valued token of regard’ spoken of in the beginning of the next letter was a folio work on Pompeii from drawings by Colburne, which Dr. Hughes had sent Sir Walter. This letter is without date or signature, but the reference to Burke’s execution fixes the date at the end of January 1829. It is pathetic enough to think of the scribe of the immortal novels fumbling down the inspired words with his poor chilblainy fingers.

‘ MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES I received yesterday your valuable & much valued token of regard & looked over the engravings with pride & pleasure ; they are a great monument of modern art & console me for the little chance there is now left that I will ever see the places they represent. I have not looked over them save once, determined to have them immediately secured by the binder to save risque of accidents. Your wishes have been nearly accomplished ; the she-hare has been well nigh hunted to death ; she was recognised on the bridge, with a blind sickly child in her arms, and instantly assailed by the mob with snow balls & stones & even personal violence. I am told she was at one moment suspended over the banisters of the highest arch, & only held by the cloaths ; it was well for her that her supporters had no chilblains. At length the Police rescued her, but I think it a chance that she loses her life if she ventures into the country, & in Edinburgh she cannot remain. Her Husband remains in Gaol till a deliverance is obtained from the court of Justiciary ; the trial comes on on Monday. This Hare is a most hideous wretch, so much so that I was induced to remark him from having observed his extremely odious countenance once or twice in the street, where in general I am no observer of faces ; but his is one which there is no passing without starting, & I recognized him easily by the prints. One was apt to say, & indeed I did say to myself, that if he was not some depraved villain, Nature did not write a legible hand.

‘ Burke was executed yesterday morning ; he died with firmness though overwhelmed with the hooting, cursing & execrations of an immense mob, which they hardly suspended during the prayers & psalm which in all other instances in my memory have passed un-

undisturbed, Governor Wall being a solitary exception. The wretch was diseased with a cancer¹ which the change of diet & the cold of his cell made cruelly painful. He was rather educated above the common class, which makes his Case extraordinary. The deaths amongst us are fearfully frequent and all the mirth and festivity of the season are silent. . . .

‘As for my old bones they continue pretty considerably tarnation stiff, as the transatlantic friends express it. We grow old as a garment & I never heard of immortal suits except in Chancery. Our snow is cleared off with immense rain, & the weather I hope will be more temperate.

‘Sophia’s levee of masons, smiths, joiners, & so forth must be teasing, & she may reckon on at least 25 pr. cent additional for the very name of a *decorator*. But then they do their business well, whereas in Scotland, although our masons are most admirable & eke our plaisterers, our joiners, smiths, & Jacks of all trade are atrociously bad. Not a door opens or shuts with accuracy, even in our best houses, for we do not or cannot get any thing but what are called *factory* locks, keys, hinges & so forth which, with want of exact *ruitering* as it is called, makes our rooms, however showy, rather uncomfortable.’ . . .

No date or signature is given, but the letter must have been written January 29, 1829.

All through these letters there are continued signs of anxiety, ups and downs of alternate hope and dejection, in regard to little Johnnie Lockhart’s health, all revealing the charming tenderness and affection of Sir

¹ Said to have originated from a bite given him by one of his victims.
—ED.

Walter's heart. Only a month after Terry's death Sir Walter lost another very valued friend, Mr. Shortreed, sheriff-substitute of Roxburghshire, to whom Sir Walter had not long before sent a set of his works with an inscription.

'MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES A thousand thanks for all your kindness about Kenilworth, Wayland Smith, Abingdon, Cumnor Hall, & other particulars. I am not sure how far they may be all useful, for perhaps there may be no great policy in making holes in one's own work for the pleasure of darning them. Of course I know nothing more than Camden and his commentators told me about those places, and the rest so far as localities are concerned would be *hit or miss* work. But I am interested much in knowing the reality, as it really exists. I have got a list of Leicester's furniture at Kenilworth which seems to have been of the most splendid description. I will get some good hints from it. . . .

'So poor Terry is gone—in a situation where life was not to be wished. It is a cruel view of human life to consider what small obstacles impede our voyage. . . . A little more nerve and courage to face his own affairs, and he might have been wealthy and prosperous. But there is a better way of thinking on this subject. . . .

'I am

'Dear Mrs. Hughes

'sincerely & affectionately yours

'Edinburgh

'WALTER SCOTT

'1st July 1830'

In the following letter where Sir Walter refers to Sir Henry Lee's picture, the reference is to an account

that Mrs. Hughes had written him of a portrait she had lately seen in Wales, at Newallyn, of Sir Henry Lee of Litchley, with a dog exactly answering to the description of Bevis in 'Woodstock.'

'MY DEAR LADY . . . I ought to be ashamed for having sent such Van-loads of stuff into the world, instead of which here am I *taylorizing* as my good mother would have said, that is capeing, collaring & turning my old novels to give them novelty [?] in some degree. *Entre nous*, the success has been hitherto more than our warmest calculations anticipated. This leaves me little time for any thing save exercise which I will not give up either for wealth or fame, but it cuts my correspondence sadly short.

'I will be delighted to receive the drawing of Wayland Smith's dwelling which, with the anecdotes you have supplied me with, will make me rich in illustrations of Waverley.¹ . . .

'The accident of Sir Henry Lee's picture is very odd. When I was a boy I used to be told that there was risque in presenting your pistol at people even though I knew they were unloaded, for the Devil might load them for the purpose of putting me to shame. Now I really sometimes think some little mischievous Demon takes a pleasure to guide my pen to realities when it is running as the owner supposes on some fiction. The publishers will be certainly desirous to have the picture copied if permission can be obtained. . . .

'Your obliged & faithful friend,

'WALTER SCOTT

'Abbotsford

'August 24. [1829]'

¹ *Kenilworth* must be meant.—ED.

The next letter records the making of yet another gap in the thinning ranks of Sir Walter's surviving friends of his youth, by the death of Tom Purdie, his very faithful factotum and bailiff at Abbotsford, between whom and his master the bond was very much one of friendship rather than of servitude.

‘MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES Were you ever engaged in a fair bout of setting to rights? but I need not ask; I know how little you would mind what annoys my ponderous person so much, and in my mind's eye I see you riding on the whirlwind and directing the storm like the fairy Whippity Stourie herself. Dr. Hughes will comprehend the excess of my annoyance in the task of turning all my books over each other to give a half yearly review of the lost, stolen and strayed, which disturbs my temper as much as the gallery stairs do my person. . . .

‘I have had a very severe loss in my old & faithful Gillian a Chriah, that is Man of the belt, Thomas Purdie, and though I am on most occasions like Edward Bruce “who used not to make moan for others, & loved not that others should lament for him,” yet on this occasion I have felt very acute sorrow. I was so much accustomed to the poor fellow that I feel as if I had lost feet & hands, so ready was he always to supply the want of either. Do I wish a tree to be cut down, I miss Tom with the Axe.—Do I meet a bad step, and there are such things in my walks as you well know, Tom's powerful arm is no more at my command. Besides all this, there is another grievance. I am naturally rather shy, you laugh when I say this but it is very true; I *am* naturally shy, though bronzed over by the practice of the law and a good deal of commerce

with the world. But it is inexpressibly disagreeable to me to have all the gradations of familiarity to go through with another familiar till we are sufficiently intimate to be at ease with him. . . .

‘ Abbotsford.

‘ I am sorry, but not surprised, at Sophia’s illness ; she is a most established coddler, and I think would be better if she would think so. But every one can bear an ill save the person that has it. I have Walter with me as large as life. I hope this cough and cough-like weather will not affect him. I do not know what his youth has to do with it. From fifteen to fifty I cannot boldly say that I had any complaint worse than a head ache of my own procuring.

‘ Edinburgh.

‘ My unfinished letter has skipped to & fro with me and has been written by fits & snatches. I sincerely hope this will find the excellent Doctor in good health. I will not forget to thank Mr. John Hughes for his extreme kindness. I have no news to send, unless I could suppose you would like to hear the quintessence of a debate between two gentlemen of the long robe about an Annuity of five pounds a year which is going on at my ear, for I am sitting at the receipt of custom. I am dear Mrs. Hughes

‘ most truly yours

‘ WALTER SCOTT

‘ Parliament House,

‘ 1st Dec.’

In the spring of 1830 Sir Walter was in London for a while, but seems to have been very quiet there. In February, while in Edinburgh, he had been taken with a paralytic or apoplectic seizure, and although he wrote as copiously as ever during the remainder of the

year, struggling to pay off liabilities incurred through no manner of fault of his own, it is certain that he was never again quite the man he had been before the attack. The following letter to Mrs. Hughes shows that he accepted this affliction, like every other, in a most brave and cheerful spirit of resignation. He was quite glad, however, when changes in the arrangements seemed likely to make it acceptable to the government that he should give up his position as clerk of session in the Edinburgh courts. In the reference in this letter to his official duties, that 'connected me with the world as far as they went, & prescribed a certain number of duties which required attendance without demanding exertion,' we see, I think, both his motive in keeping this comparatively humble office during all the days of his splendid fame, and also its real value to him.

'MY DEAR MISTRESS HUGHES I denied myself the pleasure of seeing my children & friends in London this spring in order to gather my health together a little more firmly, for a town life is not very favourable to stomach complaints, especially to one who is on a short visit & like to be much about in London. I think I have been the better of my self denial, for two months of Abbotsford with daily walks have made me as stout as an old lion can well expect. We cannot be young again if we would, & I feel disposed to say, what perhaps is like the fox's judgment of the grapes, that I would not if I could. My domestic establishment is increased by a dog of Nimrod's kin, as large, but in make rather like to the greyhound, a most beautiful dog & well entitled to the Celtic name of Bran; he was bred on purpose for me by Cluny Macpherson the chief of the Clan Vonrigh, of course a high Highland chief;

he is quite a puppy though Cluny tells me he has killed three deer and a roe, perfectly good tempered, & sociable with Nimrod, Spice etc. etc. He is a dog of such high spirit that in chasing half a dozen of deer he would not touch the last but never rested till he turn'd the headmost stag who is usually thought the finest & boldest ; so much for Mr. Bran the new favorite ; you see he is Ossianic even in name. I am about, it would seem, to resign my official situation ; if this Scottish bill passes I become a supernumerary, no very pleasant office to stand on, and I think it is most probable, by some sacrifice in point of income, I will be permitted to retire upon a superannuation. Altho' I have no doubt that in the present days of economy Ministers will drive a hard bargain with me, yet I may make up the difference of my income by saving the expence of my house & residence here in the summer & depth of winter, & if I gain six months' time it will be hard if I cannot make something of it to balance my deficiencies. Besides I have some desire to go abroad, like the post horse in John Gilpin—

right glad to miss
The lumber of the wheels.

And at any rate Abbotsford is a snug residence with plenty of walks in summer & of billets of wood in winter & room enough for exercise without doors, in good weather, & within doors when it is bad. At the same time, like the rest of the world, when I find an object long wished for become probable, I cannot term it certain, I am beginning to feel misgivings. My profession & official duties connected me with the world as far as they went, & prescribed a certain number of duties which required attendance without demanding

exertion. I have seen other men miserable from laying down a routine of this kind and I cannot help thinking I shall regret even

The drowsy bench the babbling hall

and the whole employment of the day of Session, the attendance of my Brownie who prepared my papers mended my pens and like the Brownie of old time did every thing for me in the world without his principal having to reimburse him—a duty which fell on the unfortunate litigants. The society of my brethren, excellent friendly men whom I prefer for general society to what they call a literary set, as Gil Blas preferred his Commis to the poets of Fabrice, will leave a blank to be filled up, & I sometimes doubt if I shall love the country so much when I am at liberty constantly to reside there. But every thing yet is in dubio so do not say anything about it. The bill may not pass, or, passing, they are not unlikely to drive a bargain with me which would be too sore to submit to, for I am firmly resolved I will retain a sum large enough to keep me in case of illness or incapacity, and if they will not grant it me, the old story goes on, for thank heaven my place is under the great seal of Scotland and cannot be diminished unless with my consent, and so I am provided with philosophical reasons to be contented, wag the world as it may. . . .

‘Yours always my dear Madam

‘with great sincerity,

‘WALTER SCOTT

‘Edinburgh

‘May 22. 1830’

The next is a very interesting letter, as showing Sir Walter's probable views on what we should call to-day

problems of psychical research. It is a model letter in its manner of telling a lady and a friend that you do not believe her statement.

‘DEAR MRS. HUGHES I have just got Boscobel & was just about to write my thanks & express the pleasure I had in the perusal when I beheld your kind letter to which, contrary to my rule, I dispatch an early answer. Your recollection is very vivid, & I doubt not sufficiently correct; still it falls short of legal testimony; the recollection of our childhood on such a topic as that of ghosts & goblins is apt to be strangely mixed with exaggerations, a sort of embroidery which your fancy is so apt to lend such strong colouring as misleads even its owners. Our law has wisely I think introduced a prescription of crimes, from the idea that human testimony becomes unsettled by the lapse of time & would be directed more by the imagination than the absolute recollection. I therefore, my dearest lady, paying the utmost credit to your testimony,¹ yet the occurrence of so old a date must not alter my doubts; it winna believe for me. It would be very curious to see the Ghost diary properly certified, but on my word I cannot believe it ever to have had an existence; the story is never told the same way, though there is a kind of general resemblance.

‘My ghost was that of wicked Lord (name forgot) who appeared & peeped into candles. Something there was too of a child’s bones being discovered, but I never, I think, heard of the hoarse Butler, which is a well imagined circumstance. In short, the facts are all different, & yet the same, & hence my disbelief in apparition evidence. I do not believe my own experience

¹ Can this use of a kind of nominative absolute be defended?—ED.

would convert me ; though I might tremble I would reverse the part played by the devils & certainly *not* believe. I wish you would write down Mrs. Ricketts story as well as you remember it. Every such story on respectable foundation is a chapter in the history of the human mind. Still I think the balance of evidence preponderates so heavily upon the side of imputing all such appearances to natural causes that the mysterious stories "winna believe for me." I am sorry for it ; I liked the thrill that attended the influence of these tales, & wish I were able to wander back through the mazes of Mrs. Radcliff's romances. But alas ! I have been so long both a reader and a writer of such goodly matters that

Dourness familiar to my slaughterous thoughts
Cannot e'en startle me.

'Let me be thankful that better & more valuable feelings remain uninjured, amid this apathy and indifference to things beyond our mental sphere. I was delighted with your account of the babyhood, and no less with the nursing, of my Godson. I suppose you are already quite Mistress of all the Chief-Wood annals, the crimes of Nimrod,¹ and the history of the half strangled cur, not forgetting how Wat's Poney [?] pinched his master & robbed him of his loathed bread on the King's highway with high overpowering force and mastery.

'Our halls & chambers are now emptied of their autumn guests and Anne & I are drawing our chairs near to the fire with the view of a long & solitary

¹ One of the crimes of the deerhound Nimrod is mentioned in Lockhart's *Life of Sir W. Scott*. He mangled a harmless cat. The incident of 'Wat's poney' I cannot identify. Wat is probably Sir W. Scott's eldest son.—Ed.

winter. As the youngest of the two seems not to flinch from the prospect, it would be a shame for the old one to entertain any alarm. Sometimes however I think that a certain habitual routine becomes as natural to our habits as snuff to a snuff-taker; the practice gives him no pleasure but the absence of a means of employing time may in such cases become a want. For example, I can conceive that were we suddenly to get a shaggy skin like Bran, & dispense with all the operations of buttoning & unbuttoning which takes up so much of our time, we should feel at a loss how to dispose of half an hour in the morning and at night, which the most moderate at present employ in the toilette.

‘I send for the benefit of my Godson an order on Mr. Whitaker, Cadell’s London associate, for little Walter’s tales, as you can then give full directions about them in case you are out of town at Christmas. My kindest & most respectful compliments attend the Doctor, the excellent Bishop & your son & all friends. I send my blessing to the little youngster, which, like the Pope’s, if it does little good can do him no harm. Always my dear Madam with sincere regard

‘Yours

‘WALTER SCOTT.’

And then we come to the last in the long series of correspondence :

‘MY DEAR LADY I have been what a Citizen calls in a sad melancholy way, from a disposition of the blood flying to the head, and I therefore am in arrears to all my correspondents including your esteem’d self. I forget what it was you wanted; a specimen of writing or some such matter for a friend which I will supply

with pleasure. I do not know of any person in London who trades in low-country plaids, but they are very cheap, & easily come at. Lady Barrington's brother, Mr. Liddel, is here just now (in this house) and is to be here again before he leaves Scotland with his lady, who is just recovering from confinement. He could take care of any such number that you want, if I know the precise purpose. I am upon a regimen, & convinced of the necessity of it, though it is less genial than I could wish; but I hope I shall finely recover, as I am not yet at the conclusion of my sixtieth year, so my old age as Othello says is *not much*. Harry Liddel leaves me this morning but returns again with his Lady & supposing the plaid to be one of our shepherd's Plaids, I will have the pleasure of sending a pretty one to my fair friend.

' . . . I should have been well long ago but for the worry of the times & the apprehensions they naturally [excited]. They will be worse I fear before they are better. Meantime excuse a short letter. I generally dictate my lamentations to Mr. Laidlaw & even now lessen the practice of writing with my own hand more than usual. . . . My excellent friend Dr. Hughes is I hope well. It is very true I had almost no audible voice at the Roxburghshire meeting, though they heard me pretty well, nor can I walk half a mile nor ride above two or three. Thank God what mental faculties I have are unimpaired, and I am without pain of any kind, eat well, drink well, & sleep well; but that is all, as the man in the play says. I am however,

' Always sincerely & affectionately

' Yours

' Abbotsford

' WALTER SCOTT.

' 4 April 1831.'

The last words are not long to tell, the short clew of the remaining years of his life all too soon wound up. This last letter to Mrs. Hughes was written in the spring of 1831. In course of that year he finished and published 'Count Robert of Paris,' and wrote, even after his seizure in February, the whole of 'Castle Dangerous.' But his health constantly became more troublesome, and in the summer he set out on the voyage to Italy which had long, I think, been in his mind. He spent the winter at Naples in much content, with rather tentative schemes of literary composition. Perhaps the brain to plan was more at command than the energy to execute. There are records of various expeditions to interesting places, in which he took great delight; but his health made no real improvement, and on the homeward journey he was taken with a second and more alarming seizure. With much difficulty he was conveyed home, first to London, and at length to Abbotsford, where he died September 21, 1832.

I do not think I can conclude these pages better than by reproducing the last recollections of Sir Walter, written by Mrs Hughes at the end of her journal.

'Kingston Lisle, 1840.

'I HAVE often thought of noting down my last recollections of my dear and valued friend Sir Walter Scott, but whenever I addressed myself to the task it gave me so much pain that I desisted from want of resolution to conquer the bitter feelings which on many accounts arose in my mind: now, the minuter circumstances have passed from me, or rather, perhaps the same cowardly desire of sparing myself pain deters me from

taxing my memory ; yet all that concerns such a man must interest all who may ever read his works, and my grandchildren may like to know my last intercourse with him whose friendship honoured their dear grandfather and myself. We were in residence at St. Paul's in October 1831—and arrived there at the close of September : Sir Walter and Miss Scott were at Mr. Lockhart's in Sussex Place preparing for the voyage to Malta and Italy : I saw him almost every day till the 17th, frequently accompanying him in his drives round the Regent's Park and to different parts of the town. Words cannot describe the fearful change which had taken place since our last meeting : heavy and helpless he seemed hardly able to drag his limbs along—a sort of imbecility at times overspread his countenance, a fixed look of sorrow hung upon his brow : alas ! he was quite sensible of the alteration : during our airings he frequently told me the same stories twice or thrice, and then would after a pause say “Tell me, I beg you, did I tell you this before ?” —sometimes I would reply, “I believe you did say something of it before,” and then he would strike his forehead and exclaim “Oh ! my poor head !”—With me he was always kind and gentle but I remarked that often to his daughters and his servants he had a fierce impatience so wholly different from his nature that it struck me more than any other alteration : he did not dine out anywhere but kindly said he would make the effort of breakfasting with us, and on the 8th of October he came with his daughters, and the Bishop of Llandaff¹ met him : when he entered the hall, which he seemed hardly able to crawl across, he held out his hand to my husband exclaiming “You see a broken

¹ Coplestone. He was also Dean of St. Paul's.—ED.

down man in every sense, my dear Doctor!"—but he was chearful during the breakfast and eat heartily, being particularly pleased with some Yarmouth bloaters which were at table: he brought with him three little volumes, the last series of the Tales of a Grandfather, as a gift to his Godson Walter: I requested him to give them additional value by writing his name in them as in the other series he had given: he complied and then said "Give me some paper and I will write him a letter." I did so and he wrote a letter which I trust Walter knows the value of: he sealed and directed it, and then looking at the address found that he had written to *John* instead of *Walter Hughes*—he pointed out the mistake and with a sort of groan and a mournful expression of countenance said "Oh! my poor head"—and for a few minutes seemed to deeply feel the lapse of memory: he desired me to chuse a new Watch chain for him, showing me one he had worn for 25 years and saying as he was going abroad he thought he would treat himself to a new one: that he wore was a remarkably massive one, and very long: I told him that if the bottom link which was worn, were taken off, the chain would be perfectly good and serviceable and laughingly accused him of extravagance, but he replied gaily, "I do not care, I will be prodigal for once, but remember I shall sell this for its weight, so look me out a chain quite plain and strong and I shall like it the better as your choice:" next morning I sent some chains for his selection and took care to secure from the Jeweller the old chain which he took in exchange: this I gave to my son and he values it above the brightest gem of India. His time of sailing was uncertain, but it was believed would not be till the end of the month: we were asked to pass two or three days

at Tunbridge Wells with our good friends the Twinings, and making sure of finding Sir Walter when we returned we left town on the 19th and returned on the 22nd—Alas! on the morning of the 23rd at 7 in the morning he departed for Portsmouth, and when I arrived in Sussex Place in pursuance of a note I found on my return, I learnt that I had seen him for the last time: that last time was on the 17th when I had passed the morning in Sussex Place and he had taken me home in his carriage; I left him at his publishers, Whitaker in Stationers Court, where he had business to transact: on entering Amen Corner I found a present of a black-cock, and knowing how capacious was the appetite of an invalid and how much the circumstance of the bird coming from Scotland would make it welcome, I ran with all speed to Whitaker's and luckily found Sir Walter in the Counting house upstairs: he seemed extremely pleased and when I gave the bird into his hand, he pressed mine strongly and said "Ever the same, the best and the kindest to me"! These treasured words were the last I ever heard him speak, though little did I imagine it when he spoke them: they were very dear to me at the moment: ever since they have been invaluable.

'I add a trifling circumstance but it shews that neither infirmity of mind or body could change the kind nature and consideration for the feelings of others which formed so marked a part of this admirable man's character. In the course of the Winter of 1830 Mr. Tilt the printseller in Fleet Street had requested me to send Sir Walter a print representing the ancient Manor house of Woodstock as it stood at the period of the Great Rebellion: he was much pleased and wrote a most kind and obliging letter of thanks to Mr. Tilt:

almost overpowered by such a return, Mr. Tilt, not content with shewing this letter to everyone who entered his shop, had it lithographed and distributed copies to all his friends; Sir Walter was much amused with this exuberant gratitude; as we were passing through Fleet Street, I said "there is the shop of your devoted servant Mr. Tilt."—He said, "Do you think he would be gratified by my calling and telling him how much I liked the print?"—of course I assented: we stopt at the door and I got out and prepared Mr. Tilt for the honour, and if I may judge from the effect it produced I did well to apprise him of what seemed to produce positive intoxication: Sir Walter could not get out, but Mr. Tilt had five minutes' conference at the carriage door and was treated with the kindest consideration and gratified by the value Sir Walter expressed for his present, and I doubt not will consider it as an event in his life. In the copy of Capt. B. Hall's last reminiscences which I gave to Donnington I have rectified an error in a story he gives relative to a fishmonger which he says he heard from Sir Walter: I do not doubt the accuracy of Capt. Hall and that he tells it exactly as he heard it, but Sir W.'s memory was at that period so defective that it is probable he did not narrate faithfully: the circumstance pleased him particularly and he referred to it continually after it happened, and it is not likely one so similar should have occurred: the fact is as follows. Sir W. was so much pleased with the Yarmouth Bloaters on the day (Oct. 8th) on which he breakfasted in Amen Corner, that Mrs. Lockhart desired me to procure her half a hundred: as soon as they drove away I went to Mr. Bateman a great Salesman in Billingsgate, and I gave the order: he replied that such a number would not suit a private

family, for owing to the manner in which these fish are cured they will only keep good a short time: I then desired half the quantity to be sent to Sussex Place: he answered decidedly but civilly, that it was not their custom to send so far: I do not know what prompted me, but I said almost involuntarily, "I am very sorry, the order cannot be complied with—it was for Sir Walter Scott"—The rough fishmonger started back and pushing forward to me through his piles of fish cried out most loudly—"Sir Walter Scott—did you say Madam! Sir Walter Scott—God bless my soul!—he shall have them directly if I carry them myself—Sir Walter Scott—! they shall be with him to-night"—then pausing—"No, not to-night—for to-morrow morning at 7 o'clock a fresh cargo comes in, and he shall have them for his breakfast—Sir Walter Scott!—" then with a very grave look and in as soft a tone as his loud voice could be lowered to, he said, "they say he has been ill, and is not well now—*how* is he?"—Mr. Bateman kept his word and Sir Walter was more pleased than I can describe when I related the words I have been writing: he laughed and said "I do not think my works ever produced an effect so much to my taste before."

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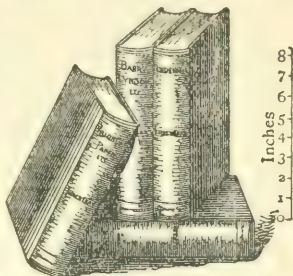
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